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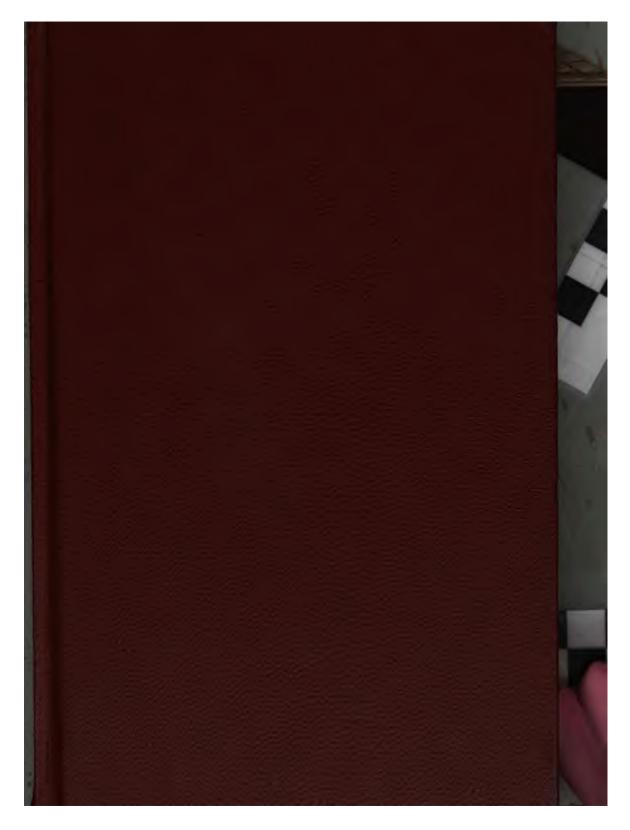
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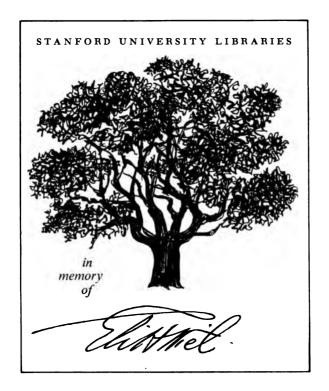
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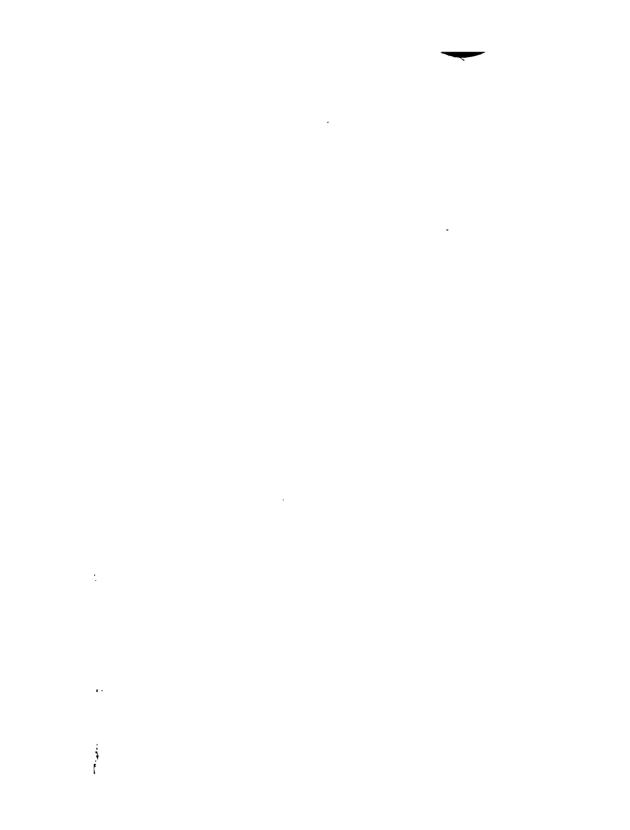
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THE

POEMS

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THOMAS HOWELL,

(1568-1581.)

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
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INTRODUCTION

INDULGED the hope up to the eleventh hour, of being helped to family details on Thomas Howell, by a living cultured bearer of the name. But it turns out, that his collections relate wholly to James Howell of "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ" celebrity, and his brother Thomas Howell, bishop of Bristol—the latter monopolizing all Wood's Atlenæ has to tell under Thomas Howell; while his Fasti (vol. i, p. 6) has only a solitary Thomas Howell, archdeacon of Cardigan, under 1501. It was a pleasure to learn that materials exist for a much more adequate Life of James Howell than any hitherto; but it was disappointing to get nothing whatever on our Poet.

As my wont has been, I have made personal researches and letter-inquiries in all likely sources; and absolutely, in vain. Beyond the Bibliographers I find nothing anywhere. RITSON includes him in his Bibliographia Poetica, but betrays that he copies from Herbert, and that he knew him only at second-hand.* Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER incidentally notices him, but is equally ignorant of his books.† The

^{*}Ritson, e.g. He enters "Newe Sonets and Pretie Pamphlets" as "New foncts & pratie pamphlets," under a non-existent Thomas Holwell—from Herbert, albeit under Thomas Howell he guess-s that it must have been the identical book by Thomas Howell. He errs in supposing that any bookseller, save Thomas Colwell, published 'Newe Sonets.'

[†] Collier. In his Bibl. Account under "Mythomystes," &c. . . . to which is annexed the "Tale of Narcissus briefly mythologized" (1630?) Mr. Collier assigns the entire "clume to H. R., .e., Henry Reynolds, to whom Drayton addressed his famous epistle "Of Poets and Poesy" (vol. i, p. 553); but in his "Additions, Notes, Corrections" (vol. i, xxv*), oblivious of such assignation, he notices "The Fable of Ould treating of Narciffus, traflated out of Latin into

late JOSEPH HUNTER'S Chorus Vatum MSS. (24487, p. 147), in the British Museum, like the SOTHEBY MSS., in the Chetham Library, Manchester, yield only the title-pages, imperfectly. So with other authorities, e.g., Brydges, Haslewood, Lowndes, British Bibliographer (vol. i, p. 105), Hazlitt. All that remains, therefore, is to glean such slight personal references as the three books of our sweet-Singer give us.

Unless I misinterpret the place, he was a native of Dunster in Somerset. For in his lines, "The opinion he hath of his Friend absent" (p. 104), he sadly recalls (as I think) his birth-place home:

"Loe what mishap hath maymed me so fore,
Like one of thine that there I may not dwell;
Esteeme we not the lesse of Dunster store,
Sinos hart is there, where care doth corps expell.
Quaint fortune frownes on me so egerlie,
Unatine soyle that best I may not be."

By 'Unative' I understand 'on native.' In his Arbor of Amitie and News Sonets and Pretie Pamphlets, he is careful to designate himself 'Gentleman' — much as

Englysh Mytre, with a moral ther vato, very pleasante to rede" (1560), and assigns it to Thomas Hackette, printer and publisher. But the "Tale of Narcissus," annexed to "Mythomystes," is a quite distinct poem from that of 1560. It is a mere hap-hazard guess to interpret T. H. as — the Publisher. But having read the "Fable of Cuid treting of Narcisius," &c., I cannot agree with Ritson's giving of it to our Thomas Howell.

After above was written, and just as I was going to post my MS. to the Printers, in came a pleasant letter from the Rev. Richard U. Todd, M.A., of Dunster, informing me that his Church-Register begins in 1559 (Baptisms)—the late to furnish Thomas Howell's baptism-date, seeing that having published the Arbor of Amithi in 1567-8, he must have been born, say ten years at least earlier. The same consideration explains the absence of his varents' marriage, &c. But one-early entry shows that a Howell was at Dunster—"1577 Thomas Howell and Marye Ffemall were married y xith of October." This might be an uncle, younger brother of our Howell's father. The poet's brother William prefixes a copy of verses to New Somets (p. 116). I shall hope, now that the Poems are revived, that some local Somersetshire antiquary will endeavour to get at Thomas Howell's family.

NICHOLAS BRETON and THOMAS CHURCHYARD pathetically did—the last pleading that he might be buried 'as a gentleman.' In agreement with this there are several intimations in these Poems that perchance it had been better for him had he not been born at all, or not born of 'gentle blood,' inasmuch as born a peasant he had limited his thoughts to his lowly condition. Thus in his poem headed "He declareth his greate mishappes, and lamenteth his forevves of harte," he exclaims:

"Would God when I began, to enter first in life,

That present death had pearst my hart, and rid me cleane this strife.

So should my Parents not, have been at such great cost,

To bringe me up on whom by fate, their great good gifts are lost;

No yet have lest to me, no whit such wealth at all,

Whereby from wealth to miserie, might chaunce a soden sall,

But should the same els where, have well bestowed I say,

Which they in leaving unto me, did naught but cast away,

Whose heavie helplesse haps, increasing enery hower,

Doth force me weepe, when others sleape, where fortune doth not lowe[r];

So I do playnly fee, eche wight that wealth hath tafte,
And afterwardes dooh wante the fame, with forrow is imbrafte,
Wherefore fith life appointed was, in me this longe to last,
In fimp[i]cft sorte would God I had the same to this time paft,
Then should I sure haue liude contents with this my pay,
Which now because of carefull change in we do wast away."

Again:

"As like the Potters pottes, be made to fundrie vfe,
So fome men ferue and fome are ferude, here needes no fine excuse:
The labouring man to toyle, that spares ne night nor day,
Get[s] skarce to seede his samely, when some howrde heaps that play;
Yet doth he not dispayre, nor yet from labour site,
But lines contente when worldlinges make, of wealth their miserie,
Who gripte with greater greis, if Fortune list to lowre,
Then suche as earst did seede at fill, vpon hir fruitfulst flowre: [— than]
Which change full oft hath chauns, through hir unconstantnesse,
And whom she lately laught vpon, throwne downs remedilesse." (p. 132.)

There are many like notes, tremulous with feeling, throughout the Poems. It thus appears that well-born, well-educated, well-left, Howell had somehow run through

bis 'fortune' and entered on service that had 'pav.' At that period to be a 'servant' in a nobleman's house — and it is clear that such was our Poet's position - carried little or nothing of menial in it. Such were called 'servants' just as the Oueen's highest ministers were (and are); but often they were secretaries or personal confidential attendants. Whatever was Thomas Howell's post he chafed under its bondage and pecuniary payments. He was a 'gentleman,' and his 'pay' had the feel of dole or alms. In the Epistlededicatory of the Arbor of Amitie to the "Lady Anne Talbot" (- Lady Anne Herbert, daughter of the first Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and wife of Francis, Lord Herbert, son and heir of George, Earl of Shrewsbury), he acknowledges "the good undeserued report" that his "friendly wel-willers doe conceiue," and his experience of her ladyship's "worthinesse and vertues" as "proued" by being in her "daylie presence." This seems declarative of . 'service' in the Shrewsbury family. A still more illustrious house he did 'serve.' In the Epistle-dedicatory of His Deviles (1581) to "the Right Honorable and most vertuous Lady, the Lady Marye Countesse of Pembrooke," he addresses her in this manner: "I prefume to seeke ayde of your Honor, bicause I am your poore scruant Your Ladiship (I trust) wy!l be my protection, bicause I honor and ferue you; which I have done in tymes past, now doe. and euer hereafter wil do, in fuch forte, that the worlde should be wytnesse if my abilitie to shew it, were as great as my wil is ready to performe it The credite and estimation your vertuous life and rare wifedome hath procured you: the honorable curtesie and sweete behauiour wherewith Nature hath plentifully endued you, shal not be eyther vnfitly or vnfruitfully used, if you shal vouchsafe to imploy the one in defence, and shew the other in good acceptance of the slender worke of your servant, which as I did wryte at ydle times in your house, to auoyde greater ydlenesse or worse businesse: so I present it humbly unto

you as a testimony of my bounden dutie" (p. 166). It was supreme honour to 'serve' "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

Elsewhere, besides those named, LADIES SAVILLE, CAVENDISH, SPEKE, and others, are addressed in such a way as to indicate easy access if no more; while HENRY LASSELLS, Gentleman, in the Epistle-dedicatory of Newe Sonets and Pretie Pamphilets, is his "approued Freinde." He could hardly have been that HENRY LASSELS, who, under Colonel Lane of Bentley, was associated with him in the preservation of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester in 1651, as told in the 'Boscobel' tracts; but he was probably of the same line. He seems to have been a true 'friende' at 'fundrie times' to his 'affured freinde' Howell.* Francis Flower, his commendator (p. 104-6), had to do with the court-masks and entertainments.

The whole burden of JOHN KEEPER'S somewhat noticeable poem of "The Unfertaintie of Seruice"....."to his friend Howell" in "His Deuises" (pp. 153-8) convinces me that our Thomas Howell was just such a 'genteel' "seruingman" as he of whom the "aged man" is a representative. Keeper himself being in the church, the thing could have no application to himself; and hence the conclusion is inevitable that he sought to sympathize with and sooth his down-hearted 'friend.' Howell's answers bear this out. En passant, John Keeper writes so frequently of and to our Howell-besides contributing the fore-mentioned and other poems to his volumes—that it is noteworthy, that he too was a native of Somersetshire. As natives of the same county, and not improbably of the same town (Dunster, as seen), their remarkably warm and life-long friendship ('auntient amitie,' p. 49) is explained.†

See Blount: also Wood's Athena., vol. iii, p. 819. A Jhon Lassels was "burned in Smythfielde." See Wicklieff's Wiches, n.d.

[†] John Keper or Keeper, according to Wood (Allama., vol. i, pp. 416-17), was born (as 1110ra) in Somersetshire; became a commoner or batler of Hart-

Besides the worries and annoyances and 'shifts' of his .

changed circumstances and 'seruice,' there is throughout the Poems no little of passion and penitence, aspiration and despair, shine and shadow of the "old old story." His loveverse is frequently inartistic and poorly wrought; but again and again you have a real human cry and the gleam of genuine tears. If I am not much mistaken he had looked higher than his position and condition warranted, though he moaned "let not want of welth in place, retract thy loue" (p. 22), and "Thy person not thy pelse, is all I wishe and crave" (p. 195), and "I curste the arte that cause me to aspire" (p. 222), and—faint prelude of Clara Vere de Vere—

"Her might on me pore man she ment to prooue,
Whom I had thought, should heale my wounded harts." (p. 249.)

Whether or no, and whether encouraged or merely self-deceived, he was in the end—disappointed. I do not say he was 'jilted'; for the facts on both sides are imperfectly known. His own words, indeed, are a confession that the 'love' was on his side only, e.g.:

"... neuer one I euer loude,
more then I loued thee:

But out alas farewell,
I did it to my coft:
I liude in hope but all in vaine,
my labours all are lofte.

Thou art my wofull wounde,
and cause of all my smart:
Which doste me hate, and cleane resus,
the loue of faithfull hart.

Nowe doe I well perceyue,
and proue it to my paine:
How great a griese it is to loue,
and not be loude againe." (p. 88.)

Hall anno 1564, aged 17 years or thereabouts; took one degree in arts [viz., B.A. 11 February 1568, along with John Norden]; went afterwards to the city of Wells; lived mostly in the close there; "where he improved himself much in music and poetry." Wood missassigns Abp. Parker's verse-Psalter to him. He add, "I suppose he had some dignity in the church of Wells." I do not trace him in Le Nevo's Fasti.

He held of himself that he was "neuer founde false or vn-trewe." But here was the sorrowful issue:

"She that I did honour, aboue all the reft,
To whom I referued, the harte in my breft,
Hath me quite forsaken and broke hir beheft,
And another taken, to love and like beft." (p. 131.)

He reveals that he remained unmarried, e.g.:

"... By proofe thefe rules of mariage,
I doe not furely know:
But men of more experience,
the fame to me did flo."

(p. 4)

(p. 47.)

I place below, other references to his 'love' experience. They will reward study. Some have a graciousness and music in them that witness to reality.² I for one like the quaint plaintiveness of "When he thought himfelfe contemned" with its pitiful "O Hart why doft thou figh, and wilt not breake" and "O hart now die" (p. 23); while this small snatch might have gone into a play of JOHN FORD or PHILIP MASSINGER—to look no higher;

Of Mijerie.

"Corps clad with carefulnesse,
Hart heapt with heauinesse,
Purse poore and pennilesse,
Eacke bare in bitternesse,
Lips laide with lothsomnesse,
O get my graue in readinesse,
Faine would I die to end this stresse.

Remedileffe." (pp. 38-9.)

So too "The Rose" (p. 63), and "All of greene Laurell" (pp. 183-4), and "The ende of lyse" (pp. 187-8), and "To the Lady of her doubtfull aunswere" (pp. 210-11), and "Of the Golden World" (pp. 213-14), and "Bewtie" (pp. 222-3), are worth committing to memory.

That his life was a hard struggle with poverty is all too plain. It goes to one's heart to-day to come on his lamentations in "Being destitute of money, the complaint

[•] pp. 20-1, 23, 31, 37, 67, 69-70, 86, 88, 91-2, 103, 151, 152 (note here the further allusion to his 'natule foyle,' 1, 6 from bottom), 183,

to his Friend" (p. 33), and of 'Golde' (pp. 59-60, and 64, 79). Let the Reader turn to the first and to "Being destitute," and to the 'Aunswere' (pp. 33, 59-60). Nor will he be unrewarded by similarly studying the self-respecting little lilt of 'Knowledge' (pp. 27-8), and his simple piety in "Of Ladie Fortune" (pp. 41-2). He had come to rest content with his lowly surroundings, having evidently laid to heart his friend Keeper's words:

"Thou hast the guodes that cuer dure, my friend then doe not faint." (p.75.)

Thus:

"All dignitie, is daunger hie,
and pouertie is harde;
All welth is doong, no loyes be long,
why should I then regarde?
The man is bleft, that lyues at reft,
ist his estate content." (pp. 79-80.)

Better still:

Of Degrees.

"The higher estate, the greater searc,
The greater welth, the lesser cheare.
The poore degree, that liues content,
He sings although his goods be spent,
And who can sing so merie a note,
As he that cannot change a grote." (p. 80.)

The penultimate line bursts on us like the first cuckoo's unexpected note in a wood.

He was a 'youth' when his Arbor of Amitie was published, or rather when the poems collected in it were published. John Keeper (p. 115) augurs from the 'cunnyng verse' of his 'youthly yeres,' that he will display 'graue actes of age.' By 1581 he was, if not aged, seeble and sick (pp. 24-26, 202). He disappears utterly after the publication of his 'Deuises.' So that our last view of him is extremely touching, as witness his "Helpe best welcome, when most needefull" (pp. 211-13), and "I. K. to H. being sicke" and his 'Aunswere' (pp. 257-59). In all likelihood he died of this sickness in 1581-2. I do not make any very lofty claim for Thomas Howell.

late

But it takes careful and deliberative neading to discover how genuine is a good deal of the workmanship of his books. Superficially, i.e., hastily regarded, there is much that is thin and poer, and awkwardly and unmusically put. Even when the versification is flowing the thought is empty. But a sympathetic student will find ever and anon bits that 'take' us and linger, at once from their revelation of the "red-leaved and confused book of the heart," and their vividness, their brightness, their tenderness, their sweetness. their felicitous (occasional) wording. His "Men ought to be promoted to dignitic onely by worthic deedes" (pp. 80-82) has the ring of a true man, and his "Being vexed with the care of the worlde, he comforteth himselfe" (pp. 77-80), none but a real Maker could have given us. His "Dreame" (pp. 240-3) in a measure ennobled by ROBERT BURNS, opens charmingly, and, with admitted lack of 'filed phrase' or fineness of art, has perfect touches. The second stanza is a fine golden Spenserianism, and an anticipation of Kubla Khan's 'pavilion.' "Good aduise to his faithfull friende" (pp. 127-8) has the aphoristic terseness of old Tusser and saintly George Herbert. "To her Louer, that made a conquest of her and fled" (pp. 224-6) has tenderness, if also a dash of the grotesque. "He wysheth well" (pp. 231-3), is picturesque and dainty. I appraise highly his capital dialect-poem of "Iacke showes his qualities and great good wyll to Ione" (pp. 89-91). It takes its place as an equal beside HUMPHREY GIFFORD'S kindred one in the Posie of Gilloflowers.

On the same lines (though not in dialect) is "A Dialogue touching the matrimoniall degree" (pp. 142-3), and "A friendly admonishment" (pp. 150-1). His 'Epitaph' for 'the Lady Gartrid late Countesse of Shrewsburie' has a sweet under-song.

I regard the 'Unsertaintie of Seruice' (pp. 153-8) — with every abatement — as a poem of mark in itself and as a graphic picture of the time. The Reader will profit by

comparing it with Nicholas Breton's Song of 'the Ladye's Page' in his "Floorish upon Fancie and Toyes of an Idie Head" (pp. 20-30 in Breton's Works: C. W. Lby.).

The Notes and Illustrations will yield some noticeable words, e.g., tidy, plumpe, nifing, laid him, &c. There are also a few noticeable allusions, e.g., the Masque scene in Romeo and Juliet, and Romeo's speech as candle-bearer, is illustrated by this:

"Who fo doth hold the light, whilft others Maske, No Masker is perdie," &c. (µ. 182.)

Similarly 'nifing' (p. 233, l. 15, 'Being charged,' &c.) illustrates Raleigh's 'The Lye.' It is — over niceness, i.e., primly precise, finical, or Scotice 'pernickitie.' Their 'lookes aloft' hint humorously at their up-turned nose's, not necessarily always 'tip-tilted.' With reference to 'Gnatos fecte' (p. 180, l. 15) and 'glofing Gnatos' (p. 181, last line), the meaning is the Gnathonici or parasites, after Gnatho in Terence's Eunuchus. By 'Corebus' (p. 181, l. 24). I suppose similarly disciples of Croesus were intended.

Then there is a euphemism for 'don't count your chickens before theyre hatched,' over which Lamb had chuckled, "Counte not the byrds that vndisclosed bee" (p. 221). I like too to come on the occasional mentioning of Chaucer and Gower (pp. 10, 12, 32).

As mentioned in the Note before 'His Deuises,' sometten of the poems in the earlier volumes are repeated in it, e.g., 'An humble fute,' 'Themistocles aunswer,' 'The lamentable end of Iulia,' 'Man's lyse likened to a stage play,' 'In mediocritie,' &c., and related pieces, &c., &c. They are by no means the best.

It is difficult to account for the going out of sight of the Poems of Thomas Howell. That only a single exemplar of each volume remains, puzzles one, especially as 'Newe Sonets' had passed through at least one prior edition. Perhaps they were more gift-books than publications, and limited in the impressions.



Were it for no more than I have quoted and referred to, none worth minding will dispute the rightness of rescuing these Poems of Thomas Howell from the hazards of solitary copies. I owe cordial thanks for the painstaking transcripts of the Bodleian volumes and various suggestions by my friend the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A., of Molash Vicarage. He is almost morbidly careful in all such work. As invariably, my aim has been to reproduce the whole in integrity.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, 13th September 1870.

chanced on a few mistakes of my Printer of the long f for f and f for f; but this is easily corrected by any intelligent reader. I note also Author's misprints that I had meant to correct, p. 54, last line, 'if' should be 'of'; p. 77, l. 6, 'past' should be either 'post' or 'fast'; p. 100, l. 5 (from bottom), 'are' should be 'an'; p. 118, l. 2, 'gists' should be 'gists'; and p. 132, l. 17, 'lost' should be 'list' probably. The punctuation, especially the colon (:), is somewhat difficult; but evidently the colon represented an intended pause. G.

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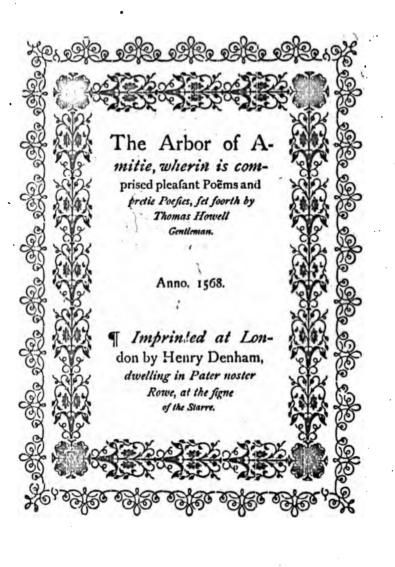
THE ARBOR OF AMITIE,

Pleasant Poëms and pretie Poesies.

1568.

NOTE.

For the 'Arbor of Amitie' I am indebted to Selden's copy in the Bodleian. It seems to be the only known exemplar. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this volume, for a few notes on the 'Arbor'; also the Introduction.—G.





To the ryght Noble and most vertuous Lady, the Lady Anne Talbot, Thomas Howell wysheth long lyfe, with en-

crease of honor.

WORDES SONE EWE amended as reporteth the Proverbe, inferring thereby that filuer fentence

Philosopher Zeno (worthis for lency of it to be graven in duace, with Letters of the most Folde) that nature had given ares and one mouth, to the ene than we utter in wordes, as way of wisedome, wisely to be eater vertue it is, and labour o suppresse thy tongue, then to he same, for in filence is wifeike fooles are knowne. Which vith my felfe (right honorable before to practife my pen to the

tent. it is filen more fecke dom thin Lad

utterance of juine un numer, toorde as was gathered in my unskilfull head, and to offer the prefent thereof unto your honorable Ladieship, yet these rathing sentences thundring along as it were Gunshot by the souldiers amased eares, so abashed mee, that I was utterly discouraged to thinke, much lesse ytitoe so farre as to present a patterne of my rudenesse unto YOUT

The Epifle.

your honor, least in manifesting mine owne weaknesse in words, I should appeare even such a one as were wholy drowned in the lake of ignoraunce, or washed in the Fountaine of folly, to the onerthrow of the good undeferued report that my friendly welwillers doe conceine. But now (right honorable Ladie) I have by experience prooved of my selfe being in your daylie presence, the fame of your worthinesse and vertues to be certain true, which eftfones before I had heard reported by others, who in eche respect of vertue may be comparable to the noble Lady Argia the worthie King Adrastus his daughter, who in beautic being inferiour to none; in curtefie, in noblenesse. in clemencie. in liberall bountie, in prudence a superior, & in manie courtlike qualities, in more vertuous knowledge. in all godlinesse was equal with the that surmouted the chiefest: Whireby she was reputed to be, to hir enertasting fame, of a golden nature: so curteous in words, so friendly in deeds, so comely of countenance, so youthfull in yeres, so auncient in talks that shee was no lesse adorned with these venerable vertues, than with a number of the rest hir princelike graces and giftes which sweetely sprang in hir, as the flagrant flowers in the delectable month of May. Yea, hir vertues were excellent, and especially in hir true and amiable hart, beautified - with louing affections to continue in the same towardes hir spouse the noble knight Polynices: as in the bloudy battell of Theres when the worthis Polynices was most lamentablie flaine, gored to the fore wounded hart, with his brother quelled before his dolefull eyes, and an innumerable fort ouerthrowne, and a generall Edict by cruell Creon was let forth that

pater

The Epifle.

that under paine of death no one should adulture to bury the. but leave them a pray to dogges & rauens. Notwithstanding the cruelty, notwithstanding this dreadfull daunger of commandement, notwith flanding he had laine so long till the flink was so horrible that he was infective, notwithstading a thoufand present perils, yet this most honorable Lady. of only loue. of only hartie affection, only accompanied with hir good fifter the Ladie Antigone (who bare lyke love to hir brother) in the night season shee spared not to go among an innumerable fort of carcasses stincking most lothsomly and ceassed not to tumble them up & downe with hir fine hands, untill she had espied hir deare husbands body, whom (although his face with gorie bloud and granell was pitteoufly defiled) she disdayned not to kiffe and embrace, washing his face with the teares of hir eies, tooke it up in hir armes, flole it away, and as farre as hir womanly power could extend, she interred the same: fuch was the vertue, such was the affection, such was the noble hart of this loyall Lady Argia, whose figure in eche qualitie your honor doe liucly represent: no curtehe, no comely countinance, no grace, no gifte, no one vertue at all in kir but that they have alreadie taken roote and doe harbour in your bleffed breft. These honorable ornaments (O noble Argia) afterwardes I did plainely perceive to be abundantly in you: the inward fcare which before overflowed my quailing ad-And presuming on so noble a uenture, is cleane put to flight. nature, I am now boldened, yea overbold humbly to give thefe rude phantafies collected unto your honor, as the worke of a welwiller. Although better it were for me to be filent, than

والسمه

The Epistle.

in speaking to showe my nakednesse in wisedome. But you are that princely Argis, which will rather accept these toyes of my poore penne, proceeding from the good will of my Jeruiceable hart, then the riche present of a froward friendly foe: wherefore I humbly crave (right honorable Ladie, O noble Argia) that you will consider, the hart not the hande, the giver not the gifte, the trustinesse not the toyes, the meaning not the matter, my minde, not my madnelle, my paine not my penne, whereby I shall be most bounde daylie to lift my prayers to the protectour of all, that you with that right honorable Lord. the Lord Talbot your husbande, may most profeseroully treade the trace of this painefull pilgrimage, to your hartes defire, to the encrease of your honors, & perpetuall maintenance of that right honovable and Noble MAMA.

Your honors most humble Orator T.

Howell.

Another to the same his honorable and very good Ladie.



Ome blafe in chosen wordes, and filed phrase so fine,
The passing praise of Ladies great, extolde of wyt deuine.

And howe the Gods aboue,
haue given their giftes of grace:
To plant in them the vertues chiefe,
in bodie head and face.
But I will this omit,
my Muse in vaine to waste:

For needlesse tis into the seas, a water drop to caste.

You neede no trumpe to sounde, to spread your noblenesse,

For why your wyt, your workes, your workes, doe well the fame expresse:
Your worthinesse eche where,

your curtesie at home:
Your friendly Face, your bountie blest:
your grace in great renowme.

Your vertues excellent, that fpring in noble Well. Shall neuer die: no skill I haue,

one part thereof to tell.

A. iiii.

And

Epiflle.

And God hath gieuen his giftes, to you so large and kinde That eueric man may it conceiue. onelesse he will be blinde. Penelope in fayth, vnto the Talbot hie: Pandoras pære for qualities, that shine as funne in skic. The Flower of Fame you are. for euer freshe to spring: As Fame will blow hir restlesse trumpe, your lasting name to ring. If I had Tullies tongue, and thousand wittes thereto: If Chaucers vaine, if Homers skill, if thousand helpers mo: Yet tongue, nor wyt nor vaine. nor skill nor helpe at all Can well descrie your due desarte. in praise perpetuall. Therefore my skillesse Muse, doth ende his tale to tell As one that wanteth might to will. D. Noble Fem farewell.

Your Honors T. Howell.

To the curteous and gentle Reader, Iohn Keeper student.



He tender graffe that growes in groue, that tooke the flock but late: Frō flender fpraies his leaues he flootes but fmall and young of rate.

Which length of time will strengthen strong, his yerely Fruites to beare:

Whose braunch then buddes in stronger stem, least froward wight it teare.

So Howelles hart and hardie hande, hath plight his pen to fet

And graft this braunch, the fruites whereof, are young and tender yet.

Late roote it tooke in feemely foyle, which now beginnes to fpring:

And eke on Twigges fo trimly growne, doth now his profites bring.

Small gaines at first, yong trees do yeeld, lowe things youth handleth right:

Of matter small the Poets young, at first began to write.

As Horace first his trifling toyes, in booke did place and plat:

And Virgils youth occasion tooke, to praise the field gnat.

But length of lyfe, shall Howell holde, on stronger stem to stay:

Ву

The Preface.

By cunning skill of setled braunch. to beare the bell away. Then cease ye not, to helpe the grounde, where this good grasse doth growe: Who can but give deserved praise. and thanke his Muse I trowe. Which sweetely springs in sugred sap. of euery grace full meete: Which wife Minerue in lap hath nurst, and gaue him fuck fo fweete. Whom I doe iudge, Apolloes Impe, and eke our Chaucers peare: What scnselesse head of malice mad. will feeke fuch branch to teare. But learned wits will further forth. and laude his lore thats rare: For Zoils-fnar[1]es and doggish snuffes, no wiseman neede to care. Then hope I well my Ho to plie, some greater woorke to see: O pittie tis this Golden Muse. should vade and die with thee. A dewe good friends yee Readers right, maintaine this braunch now shute: Then will he fpring in time full trim to yeelde you larger fruite.

Farewell.

He vanitic of Beautie.	I
To his Friend.	1
Describing his losse of libertie and cra-	
uing returne of loue.	I
He accuseth his tongue.	2 4
When he thought himselfe contemned.	3
To hys Friend.	•
Being fore fick, aunswereth his selow enquiring	
whether he were willing to die.	•
An admonition to his Friend.	3
	4
Víe Vertuc.	4
At his Friends departure.	5
Of knowledge.	5 5 5 6
Of Auarice.	5
Of blinde Cupid.	
To his friend, whose friendly loue he craueth.	б
To D. M.	б
To his Friend being absent shewing hys good	
will.	7
To one who after death woulde leave his lively	•
picture,	7
The destruction of many.	8
Being destitute of money, the complaint to his	_
Friend	8
The Louer describeth his trustie loue.	8
An admonition to his Friend.	-
He craucth regarde of the cares he taketh.	9
	9
Desirous to requite for many giftes, one to hys	
dea	re

deare beloue.	9	
Time alwayes causeth some noueltic and sur-		
thereth Knowledge.	10	
Being in extremitie, the Louer bewayleth hys		
restlesse lyse.	10	
Of mileric.	10	
To his Friend H.	11	
To be learned.	11	
Flatterers.	11	
The prayle of vertue.	11	
Of counsaile.	11	
Of Offence,	11	
To one that matcht with a froward woman.	12	
Of Ladie Fortune.	12	•
To his faythfull Friend.	12	
To a Friend requesting his opinion in mariage,		
he aunswereth thus.	13	
Few care for the foule, all for the body.	15	
To his Friend Tho. Howell.	15	
An auniwerc.	16	
The vanitie of riches.	17	
An Epitaph made uppon the death of the right	- •	
honorable, the Ladye Gartrid late Countesse		
of Shrewifburie.	17	
Of ingratitude,	18	
Of death.	18	
Answere,	19	
To one that faine would speede, yet doubtfull to		

proceede.	19
The Louer being in the Countrie, showeth hys	
good wyll to his Ladie in the court.	20
To his Friend. R. H.	20
The Louer to his L.	20
Aunswere.	21
Golde corrupteth.	21
Aunswere.	21
A Poesie.	21
The vncertaintie of thys worlde.	21
A diet prescribed to his Friend G.	22
Allution.	22
The Rofe.	23
Of Golde.	23
The Louer forfaken, bewayleth his estate.	23
Being betweene two doubtes, he taketh aduife-	•
ment.	24
He sheweth hys restlesse minde tormented for	•
want of reliefe.	25
Libertie corrupteth youth.	26
The languishing Louer to his Ladic.	26
Bycause no aunswere was returned in long	
time.	26
H. to K. his Friend.	27
I. K. to his Friend H.	27
A Poesie.	29
Another,	29
The Louer whose loue begon in time of spring,	-)
راممان	***

declares how natures force then workes in	
euery thing.	9
A Poesie.	0
Being vexed with the care of the world, he co-	
forteth himfelfe.	0
Of Degrees.	I
That men ought to bee promoted to dignitic,	
onely by worthic deedes.	I
A Poesie.	2
Another.	2
The Louer to his L.	
I. K. to his Friend H.	
H. to his Friend K.	
That learning and knowledge is furest riches. 34	
The Louer receyuing no recompence, for en-	•
tire loue, compareth himselfe to the vnlucky	
Souldiour. 34	4
E. P. 31	•
Aunswere H.	-
To T. A. 30	
Aunswere.	
Iacke showes his qualities and great good wyll	-
to Ione.	5
The Louer almost in dispaire, sheweth his great	
griefe and craues redreffe.	7
I. K. at his Friends departure.	
H. his aunswere to his Friend K.	
A Poesie.	-
To	_

The Table:

To his C.	40
To his fayned Friend.	40
A Poesie.	40
Another.	40
A farewell to his Friend T. Hooper.	41
To his froward Friend.	42
The opinion he hath of his Friend.	43
Fraunces Flower in the commendation of the	
author.	42

FINIS.

The Talbot true that is, And still hath so remaynde Lost neuer noblenesse, By sprinck of spot distaynde. On such a fixed fayth, This trustie Talbot stayth.

The Arbour of Amitie.

The vanitie of Beautie.

Orme is most frayle, a sading flattering showe,
As brickle glasse, it vadth as grasse doth growe.
The more it comes vnto the crease of yeres,
The more it saylth, and lesse the front appears

The flagrant flowres, and goodly rubie Rose. The Violets trim, and Lylies white that grofe. Doe not alwayes retaine their fap and fent And florishe gay, with smell most redolent. So though thou fpring of beautie passing all. And bearst the flowre and fame as principall. Whose peercles view hath blasde thy forme in sight. Which thou to see in glasse takste great delight. Yet time on face so saire shall forrowes plowe. And writhed wrincles peere on blemisht browe. That thou shalt loath to see thy ragged hewe And hate thy forme in liuely glasse to vewe. And that which thou hast most delighted on. Thou shalt it hate and wishe to die anon. This is most true, by right experience, The fayrste that euer were are sone gone hence. Lo Ladie faire, of forme there is no trust, It foone doth flip, an thou shalt reele to dust. O greedie eyes bewitcht with things so fraile, That causeth retchlesse youth in love to quaile. Whose witlesse heads on fansies fonde debate. Such is the flender threed of mortall Fate.

B. j.

To

Plesaunt Poëins

To his Friende.



Eware my friende, Liue warylie At back behinde Pale death doth prie

Eche howre and space Account the last, Let Lampe of grace. With Oyle be fast.

Then shalt thou stande In ioyes to raigne, When Virgins sonde Shall knock in vaine. God graunt us all To liue so right That when he call Our Lamps giue light.

Describing his losse of libertie and craving returne of love.

Nce free I was at libertie,
My merrie minde was voyde of woe:
My hart had great felicitie,
I passed not for *Cupids* bowe.

Thus free most free in ioyfull prime, I passe the sportes of youthful time.

Untill thy vewe as Goddesse grace
In heavenley shape that did appeere,
Had hent my hart in captiue case,
Such was thy voyce, such was thy cheere.
That thy fine forme of natures frame,
The Gods above might well instame.

[It]

and pretie Poefics.

It Venus past in forme and face,
Thy corps thy lims eche part so fine,
Thy cheereful cheekes thy gentle race,
Thy curteous hart thy wit deuine.
That hart did smart in heavie part,
My freedome fled, bounde was my hart.

When first I cast my carelesse eye,
Upon thy hue that drue the dart,
I little thought thou shouldest lye
So deep sunck downe in my poore hart.
I would full faine forgo my holde,
My free estate by wit to folde.

As birde alurde in winters fore,
On limed twigges that often bee,
Thinkes he is free as late before,
Untill he fayes his flight to flee,
He cries, he flies, in vaine he tries
On twigge in bondage there he lies.

So I by lure of thy good grace, That thought my hart at libertie: Was wrapt vnwares by featurde face With most extreme captivitie.

> A Beautie hath me bondman made, By loue fincere that shall not vade. B. ij

Alas

Pleafaunt Poëms

Alas my panting hart fo fore,
That doth lament in fobbing teares:
Most greedie gripes doe prick and gore,
To groning graue my corps that weares.
My cares and griefes doe rack my vaines,
Consider thou my restlesse paines.

Alas most faire and peerelesse gem,
Haue mercy now, draw pittie neere,
And count me not the least of them
That loue thee best in hart sinceere.
So thou that madste my wound so wyde,
Shall for the same a salue prouyde.

My Ladie faire, ah Ladie dere,
Perpend in hart my dolors great:
And looke vpon thy prifonere,
Whose chaines hath through his hart ysreat.
And let not want of welth in place,
Retract thy loue to runne his race.

He accuseth his tongue.



Hy Fearefull tong: what menst thou thus To sayle, thy maisters paines to paint, In matters vaine: and friuolous, Thou runst at rainge: & needes restraint.

But

Accuses
HIS
OWN
TONGUE
P2

But fewer wordes: my greater paine. The greater paine: the fooner ende. The fooner ende: the better gaine. For lesse offence: shortst life doth lende.

When he thought himselfe contemned.

Hart why dost thou figh: and wilt not breake. O dolefull chaunce thou haft: a cause thereto For thy rewarde in love, and kindnesse sake. Is recompenst by hate and deadly wo.

Haue I so plight my heart and mind to thee: Haue I beene bent fo whole vnto thy hande. And others now obtaine the fruit from me. Thou art vnkinde forfooth: fuch foe to stande.

O dolefull hart, thus plungde in pinching paine, Lament no more, but breake thy truth to trie: For where thy comfort was and joy did raigne. And hate returnes, no newes, O hart now die.

Lo thus the breeding birdes, their nests do builde, But others take the gaines and fruites of them: The crooked clowne fo earth the toyling fielde. But oft the crop, remaines to other men. B. iii.

Well

Plefaunt Počms

Well time may come, wherein my fruitlesse part, So ill bestowde: some others may bewaile And wish they had, received my yeekling hart, Whose louing roote, tooke grounde to small availe.

To his friende.

I N hart and mind
Your owne am I: I
Till death by kinde
Shall force to die.

Good vertues plant, Let truth take place: Where that doth want, There is no grace.

Being fore ficke, aunswereth his felowe enquiring whether he were willing to die.



Ee flourish now, but Flower shall fall, and withered sade as srayle, As yeres returnes, so length of time, causeth man and beast to quaile.

Now Lady Ver in lively greene doth showe hir grace in fielde.

Now Estas spreads the parching heate, That Titans beames do yelde.

Now Autumne showes the harvest sheaves that growe on sertill place:

Now Hiemps heapes the dyke with snow and shewes hir frostie sace.

So first we spring in lustie youth, at state of childish yeeres,

Now

Now deeper wit as Estas ripes in grauer acts appeares. Then manhood makth a stabled minde. none youthly prancks we haue: Now hored age with stealing steps creepes in, prepare thy graue. And thus we fleete and fall away. aswell the vong as olde: Then youthfull impe trust not on yeres. short life may make thee colde. And thus by course and chaunge of time. things mortall chaunge their way: One age doth passe, an other comes, loe Time will all decay. For thin is twift or fatall threed. on mortall wheele fo foun: Deathes howre may chaunce vnhoped for. to lofe that life hath woon Then why shoulde I once feare to die. our byding is not heere: But earth shall rot in earth againe. till righteous judge appeere. When worlde and worldly things shall passe: but God shall dure for aye. Whose grace I craue with hart and soule, on whome I stande and stave. Now stretch my steps O Lord to run,

by length of time to bee:

B. iiii.

That

Plesaunt Poëms

That I may live to die a right, and die to live with thee.

An admonition to his friende.



F thou wilt be rightfull,
Alwayes stande thou faithfull,
To doe well be carefull,
Note friends and be thankfull,

Vaine talke flee, and learne wit,
Marke wife wordes, and loue it,
Alwayes pray, and boaft not,
Eschue pride, and vaunt not.
Hate not man, disdaine not,
Take time, and sleep not.
Each vertue traine instlie,
Regarde betters wiselie.
Offend no Wight wronglie,
And declare alwaies truelie.
So God then will loue thee,
And good men will prayse thee.
When vertue shall clad thee,
All same shall embrace thee.

Vse Vertue.



Oe well, abstaine from vice, obey thy parents will, Remember God, and learne, be wise, imbrace sweete vertue still.

Marke

Marke God before thy face,
vprise and pray betime:
No ydle howre let passe, seeke grace,
detest all heauie crime.
Trie ere thou trust, take heede,
haue God thy chiefest gaine,
Esteeme the time before all meede,
and godly lyse retaine.
Alwayes let vertues rule to thy good rest:
If grace shall growe within thy youthfull brest.

At his Friends departure.

MY Muse which once with loyfull voice, to thee should welcome tell:

Alas to late, as now she comes, more fit to bid Farewell.

But since my dolefull Farewell must, approach in welcomes steede:

And eke at parture hence from me, welcome should yll proceede.

High Ioue I praye thou mayst sarewell, alwayes in prosperous rase:

And eke in loyes to make returne, that welcome may haue place.

Of Knowledge.

WHen death is bent,
Yet stands thy praise
Wit, same doth raise.
When

Plesaunt Poëins.

When Golde doth faile, Is learning tride:
When riches quaile,
Good letters bide.
The more tis prest,
The more it springs:
It is the best,
Of mundane things.
It bydth with thee:
Doe what thou wilt:
Till dead thou be,
And breath be spilt.

No burthen tis,
To charge thy back:
Most wretch he is,
That this doth lack.
Eche thing that groes,
Doth likewise die:
Still learning floes,
Aboue the skie.
Than knowledge craue
Let riches go:
If this thou haue,
Welth needes must gro.

Of Auarice.



He childishe yeres in youth,
doth take the parents trade:
And are full oft against their wils,
compelde by Fathers harde.

To Auarice fo vilde, in Lucres gaine to game: And Father is a happie man, when fonne fuch lyfe doth frame.

So fecrete vice doth lurck,
with cloke of vertues Face:
And greedie gaine the shadowe shapes,
of thrist in godly race.

And

And so from Sire to sonne, from sonne to thousands mo:
By sonde conceyte continually this cloked vice doth gro.

Thus eche man for himfelfe,
And poore laments in thrall:
For rauening wolfes by greedie gaine,
hath beggard deuill and all.

Thus one doth care for one,
and one doth learne by one:
Till luft be puft and chokte with gaine
and eche man turne to none.

But poore and worldly wights,
fhall neuer freedome finde:
As long as men take goodes for Gods,
by greedie hart fo blinde.

Of blinde Cupide.

Ybido lewde: hath sainde a God of loue,
Whose pestlent powre: to blase which can anoy
A title fierce: is added through behoue,
A Furious God: an Archer blincking boy,
Whome Venus sonde: doth make to range amisse,
Hir pretie boy: hir proper sonne he is.

Plefaunt Poëms

He rashly files: in vnadussed way,
Which heavens do pierce: by his so little hande.
Though least he bee: he beares the greatest sway,
Of doubtie Knights: he hath a witlesse bande.
Alack good childe: of wanton soolish crew,
Thou makst them sooles: wh thy fond badge of blew.

O little boy, thou shootes thy raging dartes, Full well he paints: that makes the bussard blind, For right, nor rule: nor reason hath there partes, Where Fansies fond: doth fire an yeelding minde. What euer thou art: all Furies sierce that bee, I rather wishe: than meddle or make with thee.

To his Friend, whose friendly love he craveth

Doubtfull hap, O paines and panges ye moue: Thou yet wats yeres to feele my smarts of loue Mee rue, take age alas to think on mee, My earnest life, and death is set on thee, Hart true I glue, though most yu wouldst me hate, Untill hart breake in woes and staruing state, I erst doe craue, regarde me once or neuer, Die though I must, yet loue I thee for euer. Time trieth all, that slieth without retorne, Nought swister is then yeres, yt kils things borne, Whose stealing steps I wishe more fast to slo, To make thee apt thy timely sayth to sho.

Time

Time absent still, we wishe to come and stay, And thus vnwares we crave our dying day. None is content his present state to see, Yet thou my friend content mayst onely mee. And eke in time I hope thou wilt regarde, For service true, the servant takes rewarde. As time shall give the tried trust of mee, Accepted so, let mee thy servant bee.

To D. M.

I Craue who will not loue,
Who loues I cannot craue:
The thing that doth me moue
I feeke and cannot haue.
Amids the flouds I stande,
And yet shall die for drinke:
Of foode great store at hande
Yet hunger makes me shrinke.

To his Friend being absent shewing his good will.



He hart that lyues in penfiue doubt,
His wished loyes shut farre him fro:
He drawes his dolefull tunes sull out,
In griese, in paines, in cares and wo.

And

Plefaunt Poëms

And eke in thende it may befall
So my vnluckie choyfe to fpie,
That guiltlesse hart thou make full thrall,
By thy decree to liue or die.

Then flinted stones and barked tree, The sauage beasts on mountaine bred: Shall waile my wofull hap by thee, As simple lambe to slaughter led.

My hart hath wonted ioyes refignde Rejecting all for cause of thee. A grounded loue in yeelding minde, Flees wit and shoouns vtilitie.

To one who after death would leave his livelie picture.

To leave behinde a picture fine to fee,
It may fmall time well stande in steede for thee.
But picture faire of noble actes of minde,
That farre excelles to learne to leave behinde,
Which will maintaine a noble name for aye
As Tullis tongue and Cafars acts can saye.
As Chancer shewes and eke our morall Gowre
With thousands more, whose same shall still endure.
The

The destruction of many.

No friends, no skill, bagges pennylesse to bee.
And pride doth presse, to passe the degree,
These brings lewde heads, to great miserie.

Being destitute of money, the complaint to his Friend.



F all the haplesse hap,
That chaunce to mortall sone;
Goldes want to stop a gap,
By proofe I finde is one.

No paine to fore doth freat, No pinfons fo can rent: No fmoking fmart fo great, That makes the hart lament.

For emptie purse no game, No soode, no friende, no cote: For monie all doth frame, Whose slaue we are by lote.

Where money friend doth faile, There fawning Friends be gone: Farewell poore wretch all haile, Light purse makes heause mone.

These

Plesaunt Počins.

These paynes by proofe be gest, What neede examples cost: Where purse is so deprest, As clapt in Sampson post.

Stormes past, yet soone retires, And drowsie dumpes decay: So God graunt iust desires, To drive these plagues away.

The Louer describeth his trustic love.

Hough horse so wylde in thousand partes
Should teare my corps most dolorous:
Though Fryde I were wh piersing smarts
And boy[1]de in lead most pitcous.

Though fworde shoulde pierse my hart so colde, In bloudy woundes my death to frame, Though paine of hell to me were solde, Most retchiesse wretch and yll by name.

Though thousand miles on foote I fare, With naked legge in frozen stormes: Though bloud of hart I spend in care, Through countries farre in thousand harmes.

Though dread in feares doth worke dispaire, And hope alone doth cherishe mee: Yet rack that rendes eche lim so saire, Shall not by smart take heart from thee.

An

No

An admonition to his Friend.

Let person, time and place, regarded be.
Serue God in hart and loue his statutes true,
Then thee with goods and heauen he will indue.
Flee ydlenesse alwaies, to labors frame,
Of thone comes good, of those, sinne and shame.

He craueth regarde of the cares he taketh.



He crooked clowne that drawth the plowe with all his yerely toyle:

Receiues at last rewarde of worke,
bestowed on sertile soyle.

And shall my paines and restlesse woes, thus varewarded bee:

Shall I be prest in simpler fort and vylder case then hee?

The sethred soule that slees alost, obtaines the things he seekes:

And sundrie where his fostring soode, with chirping bill he peekes,

Esteeme me so.

Desirous to requite for manie giftes, one to his deare belove.

N O man of sturdie thornes doth seeke, the swelling grapes to haue,

Plesaunt Poems

No man of flouds that vacant are. can waters justly craue. No man of candle cleane put out. Can liuely light obtaine: No man of Codrus simple foule, a princely gift may claime. Such let right judgement stand for me. of thee my parent made: For I to writhing thornes am lyke, in course of present trade. Therefore receyue this simple figne, my fprings yet dried are: But yet of thorns account this one, which now my briars are. My budding trée cannot as now, fome other fruits disclose: My Garden gréene for thee alone. preparde this onely Rose. But I a Briar well doe seeme, restore which nothing can: And I a Briar now perceyue, that I a Bryar am. For still the busic Briar pricks. But doth no gaines pretende: So I with charges presse thee still, but no rewarde I sende. But if in time from thornes I may, of Uine tree take the shapes.

Thou

Thou shalt in steede of Briars sharpe, receyue my springing Grapes.

Time alwayes caufeth some noueltie and furthereth knowledge,

No man so old, but vse, or tyme, or place, Shal teach him newes though he passe Nestors And learne him skill vnknown to him before (race, To shoon the things by which he set great store. That he shall judge he knew not that at all, Which as he thought he knew as principall.

Being in extremitie the Louer bewayleth his restlesse lyfe.

Oft greedy gripes with plunging paines,
do pierce my ruthfull hart:
I passe the noysome night in grones,
through rent with dreadfull dart.
When all reloy on wished sport,
my moning minde doth crie:
The harmes so huge in dolefull dumpes,
compels me wretch to die.
My languisht limmes in lothsome lyse,
are rent from bone to bone:
The reins the vaines are clene consumde
with hart so colde as stone.

1

Plefaunt Poeins

' I cursie eche lingring howre of day, my bloudie woundes to stratch: Once comes I know the vrksome ende. that shall my cares dispatch, The furies fierce and fierie flakes. that burne in hatefull hell: Cannot surmount my passing plunge. my carelesse corps to quell. O heavie hart when wilt thou breake. when wilt thou rent in twaine? For that alone my happie helpe, is ende of all my paines, More is my griefe, for privile paines, I onely wretch doe know: Nor durst my flashing flame, to friend, Vnfaythfull men to show. I rage and rewe I fire and freefe. Vpwhelmde in woes full fore: My fmarting eies have spent their teares, farewell for evermore

Of Miserie.



Orps clad with carefulnesse, Hart heapt with heauinesse, Purse poore and peanilesse: Backe bare in bitternesse,

Lips laide with lothfomnesse,

O get my graue in readincsse, Faine would I die to ende this stresse, Remedilesse.

To his Friend H.



Ope hart well, dispaire not,

The truth tell and spare not.

Ere God say thou shalt not,

Hart holde aye and halt not:

Yet better tis thou spakst not, When wisedome prouokes not. Then wiseman thou seemste not, When silence thou keepste not.

To be learned.

F learned oft, atke good aduife, aduifed counfell kéepe:
Things kept below bestow on others wife, sie vice of slothfull sleepe.

Flatterers.

They sawne in words and eke with tuizing eie,
They will deceyue, trust thou no flattring spie.
For vnder view of Honnie lies deceyt,
And eke there lurcks of tongue the poysonde beyt.
C iij.
The

Plesaunt Poëms

The praise of vertue.



Ot worldly welth, nor rich aray,
nor Pearles of coftly rate:
Nor goodes nor Golde that fhynes fo gay,
can make the gentle ftate.

But vertue linckt in learned lyfe,
that fprings by noble paine:
In them thy famous factes fo ryfe,
for euer still shall raigne.
Besides the same all turnes to dust,
throughout the worlde so wyde:
To ashes good and Gold shalt rust,
And thou to earth shalt sivde.

Of Counsaile.

Thou must doe well, Faith true obtaine: Wit none repell, Friend deere entraine.

Sécke rage to presse, First trie hart true: Thy sinnes excesse, Lament and rue.

To

Of Offence.



Ow much a man the greater is,

By his Offence that wries amisse:

So much the more the common crew,

That stately crime will note and vew.

To one that matcht with a frowarde woman.

To get good wise tis harde, sayth Cheremon,
Tis better burie two than marrie one.
Who marrie will, his hart will sone be spent,
And after that he will also repent.
A necessarie yll the wise they call,
But this is worst, it is perpetuall.
Wherefore my Friende thou dost me warie make,
Whome I to wise and daylie mate shall take.

Of Ladie Fortune.



Fortune frayle, why dost thou take, of me so mightie powre:

To wicked men thou pleasant art, to good men doest thou lowre?

To those that nought by deede deserue, thou honours dost restore:

To those that nought offende at all, thou plagst in rage sull fore.

The men that iust and godly are, thou bringst to great decay:

But those that most vnworthy bee, thou richely doest aray.

Thou driust to death the youthfull imps, and men of age doe bide:

C. iiij.

Plefaunt Polims

O fortune fonde vnequally: fuch times dofte thou devide. That which thou takst from worthy men thou giuste to persons yll. Thou no respect of vertue hast. but fondly workst thy wyll. Unconstant, fraile, sharp, false, vntrue, is Ladie Fortunes grace: To brickle glasse most like she is, with that hir flattring face. Nor doste thou kéepe in honours still those men of riche estate. Nor alwayes dost thou frowne on men. which first thou dame didst hate. But truth it is Ichouah hie. in throne imperiall, He Fortune guides and giues rewardes, he is the Lorde of all.

2'o his faythfull Friend.



Leere *Phabus* runnes in circle rounde, in course both day and night:

And eke a heate dame nature giues, to firie flames so bright.

And fleeting fishe the surging seas, to haunt doe never cease:

And still hir fruites the worthy soile, gyuth forth as due increase.

I pray therefore as long in course, as *Phabus* bright shall dure:
As long as stame shall give a heate, and sish the seas procure.
And earth doth give increase, so long that thou thy yeres mayst tell:
And leade a happie ioyfull lyse, in blifful state, sarewell.

To a Friend requesting his opinion in mariage,

Hen ryped yeres in wisedomes schoole, in maridge faine would match,
By dailie doome these precepts vewe, to scape the bayted fnatch.

Perpend the grace, the trust and trade, of foreobteyned wyse:

Hir manners marke, with warie minde, respect hir wanton lyse.

Hir mothers minde and nature scan, with fathers factes also:

As is the Uine, such is the sappe, that on the grape doth grow.

Beware the route of rowling eyes, which secretly doth prie:

When shamesastnesse is put to slight, then grace beginnes to flie.

The

Plesaunt Poëms

The virgin chaste of slowing time. no howre will vdle spende: Lucretia applyde her paines. bir corps from vice to fende. Penelope at distaffe spoon, hir vndefiled thred: Untill hir long defired mate. approchde to spousall bed. For ydlenesse confumes the lims. and bréedeth vices vaine: No Matrone chaste, no grace there is, where sleing sloth doth raigne. Thy foule it spoyles, thy life it spilles, it weakeneth stayed strength: The mighty holds, and trimmest townes, it drawes to ground at length. Refuse therefore suche mate to matche. though faire she be of face: For inward vice, with colours spreade. doth outward vewe difgrace. No credit giue to other men, to choose a wife of see: For oft that other men displeasth, may pleasaunt seeme to thee. If love be linckt, and mate be curst, and bende hir frowning brow: Applie thy tongue to fugred speeche, that she may leave to crow.

How to

Exhort

Exhort, perswade, desire. entreat. and praye hir still to be: Embrace hir corps in louing armes, and friendly amitie. And sweetely kisse, hir cherrie chéckes, with gentle giftes hir deck: And close thy handes most louingly. about hir Iuorie neck. Thus fécke all faves hir fore to falue. by good and honest way: If this help not, but froward fem. will stiffely stande astray. Then pleasant speech suppresse, and saine a sowre unsauerie looke: As though thou wouldst devour the walles, and hange the house on hooke. With bitter words beswindge this dame, let no perswasion lack: Let homely stripes sometimes on fall, on yong vnrulie back. But modest be, thy strokes to strike, let reason rule thy rate: If fewe ferue not, hir hart to help,

thou mayest repent to late.

Take faythfull spouse of humble hart,
and graft, in godly grace:

that beautie beares in face.

Graue, wife, discreete, lernd, meeke, and one

11/1

Plefaunt Poims

Who doth forgo hir deerest friendes, and parents leauth eche one: Hir selfe, by troth shee freely plight, to husbands powre alone. In kylling cares, both ficke and whole, Shée faythfull is to thée: Shee is thy joy, and comfort sweete, though rich or poore thou bée. Shée will obey at all commaundes. in stormes and cruell smart: In mirth, in griefe, in poucrishment, Shée bydes and takes hir part. If fierce disease shall crase thy corps, hir wylling helpe she dightes: She cherisheth thee, she sweetely speakes, Shée watchth both dayes and nightes. When crooked age shall creepe on thee, with stealing steps so blife: Shee still prouides, shee runnes and goes, to heale thy sicklye life: Of bodies two, one corps is made, fo linckt in lotted loue: Which streming stormes and bitter blast. can not by paines remoue, Yea after death shee life doth lende, when pale thou rotit in grounde; In fonnes by hir thy formed face, may alwayes plaine be founde.

So that the corps and shape be forme. with long retayned name: Doe florish fresh as springs the flowre. to thy long byding fame. But who so lapt in lyuing lewde. with harlots vile remaine: These fruits doth lose, with name and same and spends his goodes in vaine. Defame shall eke abridge his dayes. corruption corps shall flav: And lyuers lewde, fure God will judge no doubt another day. When as the vyle and flinking Goates. shall passe to endlesse woe: To fierie forkes and flames of hell. in Limbo lake byloe. By proofe these rules of mariage. I doe not furely know: But men of more experience. the same to me did sho. Which I for thee my tried friend. by paine of simple quill; Haue rudely fet in this poore verse. for want of cunning skill.

Fewe care for the foule: all for the body.

When as the crafed Corps, in groning bed doth lie;

The

Palent: Faces

The failful, art of philites were.

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The painty some were true, and second factor from the second factor factor from the second factor factor for second factor f

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In

Their daylie flouds of talke. shall overflow thy grasse: That kéeper hath oblivious walkt. as though he never was. And reason tis I meane. why fliouldst thou kéeper kéepe: Since thou mayest lose in keeping him, that nothing can but sléepe. For fléepish dumps me shut, from taste of cunning stile. Nor can I boult my rudenesse out. which lies on rustie sile. Vet hold in mindefull moode. our auntient amitie: For faithfull friends give present falue, For all the cares that be.

An aunswere.

Nor fwelting heat, whose stames ye pastures fry Nor swelting heat, whose stames ye pastures fry Nor slipprie sande which faint soundation lets, Thy Howell once maye cause from thee to wry. Ne shall the show of shining sunne bright friend, By vsed lyse or phrase of siled talke, Haue powre to put my kéeper out of minde, Whose tryed truth may not oblivious walke. And where thou seemst to say that sluggish sléepe, Hath shut thee sorth from tast of learned lore,

Plefaunt Poims

From out thy muse as from a Fountain deepe,
Doth slowe the fruites of Ladie learnings store.
Thy wyt, thy workes, thy verse and stately stile,
Thy wayes, thy deedes, who well doth scan & vew:
Shall finde therein: nought forste with rustie sile,
Though I want skil to give thee praise thats dew.
Our lincke of loue: and friendship sixt so fast,
Thy Howell howldes whilst lim & life shall last.

The vanitie of riches.



He stately Pallace princely pight, the hoord of glistering Golde: The patrimonie largde of landes, cannot from sicknesse holde.

Nor can they cure the crased corps, or glad the minde at all:

For who hath most of such a store, the more he seares as thrall,

Gold is the father to the flock, of Flatterers by lot:

It is the summe of griese or woe, who hath, or hath it not.

For who it hath, he quakth in seare, lest fortune rob his thrist:

Who hath it not, laments bicause he knowes not how to shift.

Wherefore of riche or poore I judge, as wisedome small I hent:

In

In best estate is he, with his, that liues alwayes content.

An Epitaph made uppon the death of the right Honorable, the Lady Gartrid late Countesse of Shrewifburie.



He steling sting of gasping death
that byth by satall force:
To bring vnto the wailed graue,
this Countesse courteous corfe.

Had thought to thrust his spitefull speare, to wounde this Fem to die:

And quite to dim this glorious Gem, the slower of courtesse.

And cloth hir corps in shrowding sheete, to woorke hir endlesse wo:

But O thou death, thou art deceaude, for that is nothing fo.

Nor canst thou mar, or stop the trumpe, that soundes hir during same:

More health then harme, more bliffe then bale, to hir, by thee there came.

For the hath light in lasting life, of endlesse loyes ywis:

So where thou thoughtst to spoute thy spite, thou hast hir brought to blisse.

So enuie gaue thée not the power, thy malice madde to fill:

D. j

But

Phesaunt Poems

But thou hast done this Countesse good. vnwares against thy will: For nowe hir noble name shall byde. In founder foueraigntie: And after death doth vertue liue. O death in fpight of thee. For the of grace the garlande gay. in goodly giftes did weare: Whose flowres do now in children wife, of Talbots line appéere. Of Rutlandes race she noblie sprang, and linkt with péerlesse pearle: Of Shrewisburie, who bare the name, a noble worthy Earle. Whome the hath left behinde among. the bleffed branches fine: The worthy imps that forang of them. as of a vertuous Uine. To poore, she was a pleasant port, to all a helpe she came, By teares that have beene spent for hir. the poore have shewde the same, O noble hart whose Well of grace, shall spring and neuer drie: Who being hie, didst bend thy brest, vnto the poorst degree. Unto the weake shee was a strength,

vnto the hungrie foode:

Unto

Unto the rude, a lamp of light. unto the wifemen, good. Unto the youth, she was a guide. vnto the aged iov: Unto the noble, ornament, vnto the blinde, a wav: In towns the was a thyning starre. for hir all better were: In Countrie ioy, at home a glaffe, to viewe in gladding chere. Hir beauty great hir vertues greatst. that fprang as flagrant flowres: Alas what treasure have we lost. for all the loffe is oures. For she hath gainde O Death by thee, but we have shipwrack made: And nowe in earth our help is lapt. our light is turnde to shade. O what a losse: so many gistes. Of grace fo loft in one: For which eche wight that knew hir well cannot but greatly mone. But drie ye vp your dréerie teares, fhe lives without anov: O comely courteous Countesse now, farewell O Iem of loy. Farewell O spring of vertues sweete,

farwell of help the store.

D. II.

Both

Plesaunt Poëms

Both high and low, bewaile thy want, farewell for euermore.

Of Ingratitude.

THo rightly scans what thing is greatest greese And feekes by proofe the truth thereof to trie, Shall furely finde ingratitude the cheefe. Surmounting farre eche other wo on hie. Whose freting sorce when friendlie wight shal seele All mirth and joy to care doth straight conuart. Yea weare the hart of craggie flinte or steele. It scarse could shoone to waile such bitter smart. Who therefore feekes by paines to pleafe the prowde, Unthankefull wight compared well may bee. To hym that keeps a Cur which barkes as lowde. At Feaders face as when he foe doth fee. Or Viper eke, who long with carefull thought. In wofull wombe, hir tender younglings feedes, By whom at last hir balefull bale is wrought. Through their ingrate and most vnsriendly deedes. Whose nature is to worke the place most griefe, Where they in time have had full great reliefe: Of all ingrate soe heere the gotten gaine. And onely hyre for well deserved paine.

Of Death.

Since death doth leade to lyfe, And lyfe if lafting ioy:

To

To stay why make men strife, Where nought is but anoy.

Answere.



Hy men such strife doe sowe,
To staye in place of pain,
Where you the cause would knowe,
I gesse its worldly gaine.

And fince the fieshe is fraile,
Eche weake and seeble wight;
When death doth once affaile,
Resistes with all their might.
Then blame not wealthie wights,
Which knowes of neede no lack:
But lyue in deepe delights,
To die though they drawe back.
When needie soule in deede,
Of death doth stande in dreede.

To one that faine would speede, yet doubtfull to proceede.



S Cat would faine eate fifhe,
Yet loth hir foote to wet:
So lyeft thou still and wishe,
Where trauaile gaine should get.

That labor first brings gaine, Thou seest by little Ante:

D. iij.

Who

Plefaunt Poëms

Who through whot Sommers paine. Doth shoon colde winters wante. The fweete that Bee doth fuck. Comes not by lying still. The grapes for wine men pluck, Are gote by trauailes skill. The Marchant eke men know. Great goods by trauaile gaines: The Plowman seede doth fow, To reape rewarde for paines. Not wishe I say therefore. But trauaile wealth doth winne: Who so then will have store. By trauaile must beginne. Strong monstrous mounts to récle, Rough craggie rocks to rent ! And eke the sturdie steele. Oft traugile makes relent. For trauaile is the way, Eche noble gift to gaine: Use therein no delay, And spare thou not for paine. For who so paine doth spare. To speake where he would speede; And makes eche doubt his care. A dastarde is in deede.

TL

The Louer being in the Countrie, showeth his good will to his Ladie in the Court.



Hough corps in Countrie bee, in Court my Countnance is: My ioy, my care, my lyfe, my death, Mine endlesse bale or blis,

My pleasure, pine, and pain, my help my harme also: My griping griefe, my greatest gaine, my friend and eke my fo. And doubtfull though to fome. to scan this case to seeme. Yet you I know no wisedome want. much déeper doubts to déeme. Wherefore I will omit, my minde at large to tell: Lest by the way some watchman lay. to ring the larome bell. Such spightfull spiders snares, I ave do seeke to shonne: As not the foolishe flie betraies. but greater harmes haue done. Who pufte with poyfon strong, like Momus mates doe still Some discorde cause and bate in place. where elfe might grow good will.

But

57

D.iiii.

Plesaunt Poems

But let them worke their worfte,
looke what I have profeste:
If you commaunde I will performe.
I spare to speake the rest.
And so I doe conclude,
and cease my ragged rime:
As he that skill of schoole doth want,
Permalus mount to clime.

To his Friend, R. H.



Ith hatefull hawtie haunt not,
For dainefull vizards daunt not:
For witlesse vaunters faint not,
For truthlesse taunters taint not.

For spightfull spiders spare not, For curious carpers care not: But Hussie as thou hast begunne, Holde on thy race in vertue runne.

The Lover to his L.

The fierie flames, that fast on me doe flowe,
The fecret sighes that wast my wosull brest:
The ysic colde I féele like flakes of snowe,
The hidden harmes that breede my great vnrest,
By fancies force doe cause such troubles tyde,
That ship now shakes which late in roade did ride.

Answere.

Answere.

Where reason rules, affection sonde doth flie,
And bewties beames no bitter bale may breed
Where wisedome will, by vertues skill doth tie,
Cupidoes stames are quenched forth with speed.
Let reason then thy will by wisedome guide,
So shalt thou safely shonne this trembling tide.

Golde corrupteth.



Hough most where welth doth flowe, Men fayning friendship showe: Yet faythfull friend in deede, Is knowne in time of neede.

Aunswere.



It nowe we féele and finde,
A thing to true in déede:
Where man be foe or friende,
The Golde and goods fhall speede.

For vertues all are shut, Unto the lower place: And money lost is put, Eche learned head to face. If money none thou hast, Thou art not worth a slie: Thy credit cleane is past, All vertues husht doe lie.

A

Piefaunt Poems.

A learned man, but poore, Is counted doting foole: Wife Virgill stands at dore, To goe againe to schoole. Yet once I hope to see, All money go for drosse: And vertue high to bee, To winne hir wrongfull losse.

A Poesie.

Stéeme a friend, Bréede not a smart. Let vertue crease: Right to difgrace. In friendly minde, As iovfull lot, Sometime is peace. Doth me assigne, As flowers fpring, By goodnesse got, But fone doe fall: O loy is mine. Euen so eche thing Vaine nay, if mée, Terrestriall. Refuse me héere: Hope feedeth hart. Nav fone shall see. Eche wounde me téere. Ere loue take place:

The uncertaintie of this worlde.

A S Player playes on stage till parte be done, So man alike his race one earth doth runne. To day alyue in silkes and fine aray, To morrow dead and cladde with clot of clay, Of earthly things, loe here the slipper stay.

A Diet prescribed to his Friend G.

Y friend to holde thy harmlesse helth. a diet must thou keepe: As Philicks Art shall thee instruct. men first did learne to créepe. Abstaine thou still to seede thy Fleshe, which swelles in pampred pride: T' abitaine from finne a meane there is. as fathers olde have faide. And first all noysome lothed meate, that white is doe eschewe: As lime and paper, tallow, chalke, and from all partchment newe. From all meat sharpe, as dagger swords, with kniues and sharped speares. From black, as tarre, and tarre box, pitch, and fut that chimney imeares. From hard, that cannot well digeft, as millstone timber flint: But chiefly flie a female foole. O woes that doe not flint. From all meate light as fethers, flocks, fine downe and fifted have: From heavie things, as lead and tinne, with braffe and yron aye. From all meate foft, as wooll and flaxe. bombaste and winds that bloe:

From

Plesaunt Poems

From things but grosse as steeples, towres, trees walles and manye moe.

From things but leane as rakes and forkes, with wodcocks billes and braine:

With pothookes potled, whetstone smooth, all these are vices vaine.

A lution.

be not white through envious wrath, against the captines wife: Nor be thou sharpe to forrow them, least black as pitch thou rise. Nor be thou hard vnto the poore. nor light to credit lies: Nor heavie be to presse down wyt. till truth the matter tries. Go not to fost in slothfull fort. to men of antique store: And leave the wyttes that groffer be, which are but leane in lore. Pluck down no house, nor pen things salse. nor greafe thy booke with glofe: Seeke no man's death by enuious sting, for witlesse men be those. Flee doctrine false which makes thee black. to lurck in lothfome hell: Seeke not to farre that God hath hid. . fooles braines be neuer well.

Let

Let chastitie, prayer, abstinence. direct a christian sheepe. No Pastor light Christs flock must have. but men most grave them keepe: Depaire no Church, nor auncient acte. in building be not floe. Convey you not to other realmes. the fruites that heere doe groe. Fice foolishe guides that roue at large. which truthlesse tongue doe straine: As potled tales they prate aloft, fo thende will proue but vaine. To fast and pray, to helpe the poore, to profite all with good: This is a healthfull phisick note. to stop the lustie blood.

The Rose.



Hen as the myldest Month,
of ioly June doth spring:
And Gardens greene with happy hue
their samous fruites doe bring.

When eke the lustiest time,
reuiueth youthly blood:
Then springs the finest featurde flowre,
in border fayre that stood.
Which moveth me to say,
in time of pleasant yeere.

0

Plefaunt Potins

Of all the pleasant flowres in Iune, the red Rosse hath no péere.

Of Golde.

Gratious Golde. Whose glittring vie: Doth cheere and holde. Eche gazing cie. The sweete delight, That dwelles in thee Doth spoyle eche spight. And pouertie. It liftes aloft : Who late was loe: And fools makes oft, For wifeman goe. What ioy, what gaine, What worldly thing, Doth want to them. That Golde doe bring?

· Gold buildeth townes, Golde maketh iov: Golde cheereth clownes, Golde quelth anov. Gelde all can doe, Golde raignes alone: Alas what woe. Where Golde is none. Which I poor wyght, By proofe doe fee Which gladly seeke. That will not bee. But well I weare. If I might catch, White filver cléere: Which all men inatch.

The lower for faken, bewayleth his estate.

Drooping hart deprest with deadly care, whose stretched strings be crackt in peeces smal: Thy secret sighes thy panting oft declare, What heavie hap in wo to thee did fall:

Nowe

Now crie thou clapt in chaines as captiue thrall, What hart can ioy alas in miferie,
To beare the blafts, that well he would not fee?

The burdened Asse doth know his crib by course, The yoked Oxe doth smell his strawle stall: The ridden horse the maunger gives remorse, But my poore hart no salue may heale at all. Whome surious force sye threatneth searce to sall. What shall I say, the time eche truth shall trie: Till then I waile my woe with weeping eie.

Down deepe doth droope my dread most dolorous.

O hart dispatch to ende my hidden paine:

Shall good for harme be had in credite thus,

Eche honest minde with ratling rage to straine:

Then sarewell ioy, welcome my woes againe,

O what a woe is this in griese to grone,

And waile the want, where helpe I see is none.

Being betweene two doubtes, he taketh advisement.

My pen now plie thy pafe,
thy mafters paines to paint:
For hart now fet in doubtfull cafe,
begins to fall and faint.
Now wyt declare thy might,
now hands and learning shoe:
What best for me a wofull wight,
that weepes and wayles in woe.

Much

Plesaunt Poems

Much better tis to stay. than clime and take no holde: And rashly graunt by deadly lure. vnto hir love fo colde. For where two mindes are matchte. and thone mo loue will beare: There is nought else but forrowes hatcht. Thy restlesse life to weare. What vailes the glittring Golde. when love is forced to fice: And match with hir that others holde. and nought regardeth thee. And she thy eyes so blacks, by wile of subtile kinde: That though thou see hir crastie knacks. Yet will she make thee blinde. Though thousands thou possest. .. And harte doth holde in hate: All shall decay by wretchednesse. for yll will breedeth bate. But where as loue remaines, and discord put to flight: There fprings the fount of ioyes and gaines, and concord stands in might. There is the Paradife, and Pallace eke of peace; Where things but small of simple prife. to valoures great encrease.

But

But out alas I die. a wretch in daungerous doubt: I sée that death before mine eic. hath fiedgde me round about. For hart that loues me best. I cannot loue againe: And the who caufeth mine vnrest. confidereth not my paine. Loe howe can I escape: Alas what remedie: The Gods have fure, fwome my mishap, betweene these golfes to die. To bruse my baned bones. betwixt thefe raging rocks: In doubt of life I make my mones. and beare the cruell strokes. But hart thy selfe content, to frie and fréese a while: Though fickle fate be froward bent. yet fortune once maye fmile.

He sheweth his restlesse minde tormented for want of reliefe.



Lone who failes the foming floodes,
in fhip that wants a guide;
In ftormie ftreames & thundring fhowres,
in darke and trembling tide;
E. j. Doth

Plesaunt Poëms

Doth feare the harmes of gaping golfes, and renting rocks doth mone. And wayles his most vnhappie state. in teares and hartie grone. So I vphoust by wuffling windes. in worfer state then hee. Doe bide the brunt of bitter blaftes. and all alone for thee. Alone for thee this fervile voke. on labring neck I beare: For whome I oft doe wishe to die. me wretched wight to weare. I waile in teares the whole day long. as my poore hart doth know: At night againe my bed I washe, with fobs of dolefull show. I crie and mone, I rage and runne, no foode delite my part: No Musick note or harmonie. can help, my helplesse hart, O spill me not, that yeelde to thee, if ought misdone I have. By great entreate and humble fute, my pardon here I craue: If mercie none thou haft, then giue, thy dreadfull dome forth on. And fone thou shalt of man condemnde. fée execution.

Libertie.

and pretie Poefies.

Libertie corrupteth youth.



Y licence lewde, we still are worfe, When youthfull harts do rauge their corfe, Whose life to launche at libertie, Brings rich estate, to poore degree.

The languishing Louer to his Ladie.



Ealth I thee fende, if he may give, that which himselfe doth misse: For thy sweete brest doth harbour whole, my bloudy bale or blisse.

I nécde no scribe to scrie my care, in restlesse rigour spreade:

They that beholde my chaunged chéere, alreadie iudge me dead,

My baned limmes haue yeelded vp, their wonted ioy, to die:

My helthlesse hande doth nought but wring, and drie my dropping eie.

The deathly day in dole I passe, a thousand times I craue:

The noysome night, againe I wishe, the dolefull day to haue.

Eche howre to me most hatefull is, eche place doth vrge my woe.

E.ii.



aunt Poëms

no broyle or bate. ennie groe. L'hilosophers. the fame: a Christen man ot thy name? I heare thy founde, mine care : tie compelles, orldly geare. t who well may live? and in store: in offreth made. Dery fore. the same doth crease. The better are: Tie man but him falutes, head full bare: ods thou mayst obtaine, countnance bent : Tift lack of droffe, was thee wrong contempt? niwere thee. all t ature fed. d at all t mayft live well, ince foe:

He



Shall have no fpot or fault at all, for noble is the reft.

H. to K. his Friend.



Friend in truth to trie,

Thy cunning skill I craue:

To helpe and cure my carefull case,
that brings my corps to graue.

To thee I doe confesse,
the griese that gripes my hart:
For lacke of that which some possesse,
my countnance may me smart.
Though nought I seare dispaire,
yet give me salve for sore:
My handes, my hart, my might, my minde,
are fixt for evermore.

I. K. to his Friend H.



Hat néedst thou thus to crie and care, before the stroke doth fall:

And eke to séeke a fauing salue, where is no wounde at all?

To forfée lurcking euilles in time,
yet counte I wit discrette:
To bende thy bowe ere broyle be made,
also I déeme it méete.
But passe thou not for moltring muck,
the pestlent poole of woe:

E. iij.

No

Plesaunt Poems

No griefe, no grudge, no broyle or bate, but doth from pennie groe. The grave and wife Philosophers. as Serpents fled the same: And wilt thou then a Christen man therewith go foot thy name? Euen now me thinks I heare thy founde. fost busting at mine care: Which favs necessitie compelles. to get thys worldly geare. For when we want who well may live? But if we bound in store: Commodities then offreth made. a falue for every fore. Our credite eke the same doth crease. our friends the better are: Who méetes riche man but him salutes, cap of and head full bare: If thou have goods thou mayst obtaine. thy worthie countnance bent: Alas my friend ift lack of droffe. that bréedes thée wrong contempt? No no not fo I answere thee. necessitie is small: With little store is nature sed. it craues no hoord at all. Nor shall thou want but mayst liue well. though not aboundance floe;

He

He feekes no meane that still is bent. on hillie heapes to groe. If great be welth, yet none be thine, a stewarde God thée made: If none thou hast, lament thou not, but rather be thou glade. Bicause thou cleane delivered art. of great and heavie pack: And eke thou hast another day. a lesse account to make. But hope thou well: the sparrowes small. our God hath care to see: And thinkst thou then O favthlesse man. That God forgetteth thee? Can riches make thee wifer man? or good or learned more: Or vertuous or vonger man? alas these helps be poore. But men will kneele and crouch to thee, loe vet howe fonde we play: They honor not thy person man, but goodes and clothes fo gav. But goodes get friends, but none of thine, they faune and flatter frée: If fortune frowne, these trustie gestes, will fcantly stande to thee. The truth it felfe hath verified. a richmans case to trie.

E. iiii.

Plesaunt Poëms

What Camell can créepe out wyth ease. cuen at a needles cie? What store of welth enriched thee. when from the earth thou came? What riches eke shall follow thee. returning to the same? Therefore my friend content with skill, To cheere thy grieued minde: For want of vile and clammy clay, will countnance be vakinde? No, vertues shall maintaine thy store, that neuer shalt thou lack: Shall pelfing trashe a worthie hart, from earnest love drive back? Then let not want of welth that rottes. so pinch in pyning plight: No glittring Golde no heaped horde, can vertue put to flight. Thy wit, thy works, thy hart and grace, thy skilfull head so wise: Thy iust reporte by vertue gote, thy hidden qualities Which lurcking lie in brest of thine, but once I hope the same Shall take the roote to fpring abroade, to crease thy gentle name. What shall I say? I will omit with pen thy praise to paint:

Thou

Thou hast the goodes that euer dure. my friend then doe not faint. Dispaire thou not, for thou hast more, then well thy felfe dothe knowe. No welth thou wantst that true welth is. recevue this falue I shoe. If I could get to thy content. Though Venus, face she had, Though Pallas powre, though Iunes wit, in péerlesse iewels clad. Though all the goodes of Arabie. with thousand thousands frée: She did possesse, oh trust me well, Yet would I give hir thée. For would she have a prudent spoule, in sasetie sound to bee: If I shoulde choose, by practise proude, beleeue me thou art hée.

A Poefie.

S Mall tyme hath man on earth to stay, In time therefore take heed I say.

Another.



S Flowres freshe to day,
To morrow in decay:
Such is thuncertaine stay
That man hath here alway.

The

Plesaunt Poëms

The Louer whose love begonne in time of spring, declares howe natures force then workes in every thing.

A LI things on earth doe much reioyce, In sweete returne of pleasant spring, The birds declare by their shrill voice, When loyfully they sit and sing.

What pleafures great they take and finde, without anoy of storme or winde.

The nightingale then steps in place,
Whose cunning tunes excéede the rest:
The slaundrous bride eke showes hir face,
In every nooke as bolde as best.

The creking Crow and carrion Kight,
Not passe the spring without delight.
The Dooues which Venus birds men call,
And other sowle of land and lake,
Full welle doe knowe the time is fall,
Wherein eche thing, doth wishe a make,

Wherefore as nature them doth binde, Eche one a Feere fayles not to finde. The Robine fmall, and peeping Wren, The Tidie trim, and Titmus écke, Full fast themselves, doe couple then, And spares no sport that doth them leeke.

9 5

The

The Sparrow hops from spray to spray,
Where he with Hen hath pleasant play.
Eche beast also: away doth shake,
His weather worne, and winter hue:
And cheérefully their chosen make,
With happie hope doe past persue.

The wretched wormes to ioyne in loy,
In pleasant spring are nothing coy.
Sith natures force doth thus appeare,
In birdes and beastes which be but brute,
To graunt him grace, why should you feare,
Whome liking leads to tempt his sute.

Who séekes but that among the rest, Which natures lawe doth him behest.

A Poefie.

Where vice abounds and vertue doth abate,
No one thing stayes in good or happie state.
Flie vice therefore and vertue doe imbrace:
Which will thee heave vnto the highest place.

Being vexed with the care of the worlde, he comforteth himselfe.

MY phantasie, tormenteth mée, for worldly thing to care: How to prouide, mine age to guide, some stedsast land to beare.

Eche

Plefaunt Poems

Eche time of day, these cares me stay, but all I see is vaine:

My braines to beat, these goodes to get, not one will ease my paine.

For euerie man, doth what he can, to ridde himselse from larges:

And fome by hooke, and fome by crooke, doe fill their greedie bagges,

All honestie is forst to flie,

and lawes doe holde their peace; They care not how, so goods doe grow,

their worldly carks to presse. A thousand slights eche daies and nights,

in head I doe conceaue:
Yet none I finde, can ferue my minde,
my worldly woes to leaue.

For if I lack, and bare be back, though wyt and grace be great:

Yet credit dies, and worship flies, no friendes then shalt thou get.

For nowe they doe estéeme men so, as riches mounts on hie:

The godly minde, they fet behinde, and vertues all doe lie.

These things doe warne, to voyde the harme, some welth in youth to peeke:

But yet alas, I Midas Asse, this geere in vaine doe seeke.

But

But why should I, thus wofullie, in cares my yeres dispende: The thing to see, that will not bee. vntill that God it sende. Marke well the plight, the birds so light, that finely fed, doe fing: They reape, nor fow, nor plow, nor moe, they want no earthly thing. And vewe eche howre, the little flowre, and Roses freshe that groe: They carde nor spin, on spindle thin. their common deeds to shoe. Yet Salomon, that Prince alone. in all his royaltie. Was not so gay, as one of they, of péerlesse soueraigntie. Short time God lend, our lyfe to spende. in this most wretched vale: For space of howre, scant stande we fure, from dart of death fo pale. The yong trulie, as sone may die, as men of elder age: All things are fraile, and all shall quaile, as fire shall them discharge. All dignitie, is daunger hie, and pouertie is harde: All welth is doong, no loyes be long,

why shoulde I then regarde?

The

Plesaunt Poims

The man is bleft, that lyues at reft,
in his estate content:
Who lacks no things, what more haue kings,
of all his landes and rent?
I see full plaine, that some whose paine,
haue hoorded riches great:
By sodaine glay, are whipt away,
for paines no fruite they get.
Then phantasie torment not mee,
for humaine things so scant:
God will foresee, for his that bee,
they snlothing shall not want.

Of Degrees.



He higher estate, the greater seare,
The greater welth, the lesser cheare.
The poore degrée, that lives content,
He sings although his goods be spent.

And who can fing fo merrie a note, As he that cannot change a grote.

That men ought to be promoted to dignitie, enely by worthis deedes.



Ot long discent and name, doth make a noble king; But noble hart and factes of same, his royall state shall bring;

Nobilitie

Perdse)

THING.

Nobilitie deflowres. when déedes can get no grace: To boast and bragge of auncestors. it is a witleffe cafe. For noble déedes of them. account not for thy factes: . For thy owne deeds shall thee commend. and not an others actes. Nor men deserve the crowne. and doubtie diademe. By birth or welth, lesse skill redowne. by vertues great in them. For Fortune may as then. make kings as pleafeth her: Since the the riche and noble men. to scarlets can prefer. But greatest golde give place, to vertue left fo frashe: For golde wife men that knowe the cafe, doe count but trifling trashe. In hartes be princes bolde, and not in golden cheftes: For that man rules, and is not rulde. when this man ruled is. Nor bewtie faire can blase. a kingly honour hie: For that doth vade as flowres doe fall. and fone that grace will die.

Let

Plesaunt Poems

Let courage stoute replie,
and valiant hartes inslame:

By puissance aduentures trie,
thy samous factes to srame.

Now facked *Troy* is brent,
by proofe of pollicies:
He is not méete of kings discent,
that like a cowarde slies.

Therefore he is a king,
that like a king doth guide:
And though no kingdome be for him,
yet he is king in déede.

A Poesie.

Strauge fight to see, what toyle some worldlings For slipper slime yt sone wil them forsake: (take Whose greedie guttes, no reason may suffice, The muck on mowlde so blinded hath their eies.

Another.

S Mall thing that righteous doth possesse, More worth than wickeds great excesse.

The Louer to his L.



Hen that he sawe of worthie same, chaste spouse by tried trade:
Who can depaint the passing game, that then Visses made?

When

When Paris got the Iem of Greece. his sportes surpassed then: Who brought hir home a flowre of price. vato his Countrie men. With joves the Nightingal gan rayle. hir right recorded fong: Wherein she gettes the peerlesse prayle. The bushie birdes among. The Marchant made, with windy failes. that richely turnes againe: Doth loy for gaine of his auailes. escaping déeper paine. The warde and heire of noble landes. when as his yeres are gone: Is glad he scapes his tutors handes, for which he gaped long. Yet I in loyes furmount them all. and more it pleafeth mee: That to my hap thy lotte did fall, as best it pleased thee. For thee then is my joyfull parte, and eke to doe thée good: Here thée inclose I hide my harte. and brewe my hartie blood. Wherein fuch lively love beholde, that pen cannot expresse: Nor can my tongue the same vnfolde, my wyts, descrie much lesse. F. i.

No

Plesaunt Poims

No truthlesse tales in thy dispraise. that blockish braines can frame: Shall turne my truth from thee awaies. or fpot thy giltlesse name. Thou art my deare with vertues spred, God thée in pleasures keepe: On thée I thinke on wakefull bed. When others sweetely sleepe. I dreame of thee in flumbring reft, and thinke thou present art: I thinke my felfe then surely bleft, from thee loth to depart. But when deluding dreame doth vade, I figh with groning cheere: Me séemth I doe perceyue thy shade, alas thou art not héere. I grope about the wales for thee. as to possesse thée saine: But at the last full wofully. I sée my fanside braine. Farewell I say my onely care, God fend it true to bée: That which my phansie did declare, that lately dreampt of thee.

I. K. to his Friend H.

The ship I saw but late beare lostic saile,
And martch amid the waves of waters wilde:
Whose

Whose courage stoute I déemde no storme myght When I hir vewde so fast & firmely field. (quaile, With tempest tost his forste now saile to stréeke, And in hir prime doth houering harbor séeke.

H. to his Friend K.

Though blushing blasts cause ship, to harber hast To whome the Seas with rigrus rage threates Whose cables cut & ankers worne & wast, (wrack Is sorste streeke sayle in this so great a lack. When Neptune yet with mightie Mase in hande, Shall stay the surge of surious soming slood: This ship repaired may safely saile to land, Nought dreding Eolas breth that was so wood. So Howell hopes his howlk such port shall sinde, When stormes be past as wil content his minde.

That learning and knowledge is furest riches,

Whome welth doth highft advance, Oft failes by some mischaunce: But once winne cunning skill, With thee it standeth still.

The Louer receyving no recompence for entire love compareth himselfe to the vn-luckie souldiour.

THe Souldiour still that warres, in manie a stormie showre:

F. ij.

Perchaunce

Plesannt Poëms

Perchaunce returnes without rewarder in most valuckie howre: So I in fouldiours trade. to fight, to watch and warde. And eche way fought hir once to pleafe. which gives me fmall regarde: For though I present were. to doe what she would crave. Yet nowe an other shall possesse. the thing I thought to have. Though I the toyle did take. this pleasant plot to plowe: Yet others reape the finest sruites, of my true tilladge nowe. What, ferued not my loue, that brest so sweetely bare. And shall I thus an wofull wretch. be fnapt in fugred fnare? Then may I grove in griefe, and eke abhorre the place Where first I learnde with earnest hart, to love that gracelesse grace. Is this your tried troth, that forang from rooted hart? How frayle is then the female flock, that counterfeits their (mart?) When all men doe rejoyce, yea rude and brutishe beast;

Then

Then I in curfed cares doe dwell. my carkes are more encreaft. The bleffed birdes doe fing. and Lady Ver retornes. And pleasant sightes begin to growe. among the thriftles thornes. But vet doe I lament. with teares where I remaine: For that for troth and lovall love. thou louste me not againe. Adue thou frosen hart. and voice of hardned yre: Yet tract of time shall trie me true. as justice doth desvre. And fince thou false hast bene. that féest and wilt not sée. Perhaps thou mayft as yet repent. that thou forfookest mée. But linck where love doth light, thy course runne out in this: Take heede, sone whot, sone cold they say, his love you yet may misse. Not all that glistereth bright, may beare the name of golde: Nor he that saies he loues thee well, the truth perhaps hath tolde. Some love for riches store, as commonly we sée:

F. iii.

But

Plefaunt Poems.

But neuer one I euer loude,
more then I loued thee:
But out als farewell,
I did it to my coft:
I liude in hope but all in vaine,
my labours all are lofte.
Thou art my wofull wounde,
and cause of all my smart:
Which doste me hate and cleane resuse,
the loue of faithfull hart.
Nowe doe I well perceyue,
and proue it to my paine:
How great a griese it is to loue,
and not be loude againe.

E.P.

 $\mathbf{B}^{\mathbf{y}}$ fancies force loe here my gaine, Untimely death prouokt my paine :

Aunswere. H.

SUch fonde affects declares thée plaine, Of féeble force or foolish braine.

To T. A.



ke as the mased Malarde lyes,
And sayne would flie if not for seare,
Least Fawcon sierce when he doth rise,
Should yeelde alas hir threatned cheare;
Right

Right so with me it now doth rest, That gladly would obey your hest.

Aunswere.

Hough doubtfull dread cause Malard wise.

Oft stay the slight, where he would light;

Yet time he spies, wherein to rise,

And slie to seare in pleasant plight.

When Fawcon fierce shall nought anoy, Like time I trust will worke our joy.

Iacke showes his qualities and great good will to Ione.

Ine owne zwéet Ione, let me not mone, no more I thée require: But as I craue, so let me have, the thing I doe defire. And ich shall still euen at thy will. be readie at thy hande: To fling to fpring and runne at ring. whilst ich am able stande. With cap and knee, ich will ferve thée. what should ich more declare? Thy minde to please, and body ease. is onely all my care. Though icham not, zo zéemlie chwot, as bene the Courtnoles gav: Yet chaue a flaile, that will not faile, to thrashe both night and day. F. iiii.

And

Plesaunt Poems

And vor manhood, cham zure cham good. vor all our Towne can zav: How stout ich stood, with Robart Whood, when Baldoone Volke vetcht may. And eke ich pas, both more and las, in dauncing Downtoones rounde: To trip to skip and handle a whip, cham zure my péers not yound. To cloute a shooe, ich ma tell vou. veowl cunnigare there bee: And eke to theatch, whare can ye veatch, another like to mée. In husbandry, icham truely, vcounted to excell: Yée and ich can, if néede be than. waight at the table well. For once ich went, vp into Kent, with the headman of our Towne: Where ich did waite, at euery baite, chee vore the cham no clowne. Why for my manner, ich beare the banner, before my Lorde of May: No Countrie man, there is that can, teach me tho I doe zav. And further more, thou knowest gay store of good will fall to mée: Vor vather zed, when he is dead, that all mine owne shall bee.

Both

Both Calfe and Cowe, and our great Zowe, that viftene Pigges did varro:

Euen at one tyme shall then be mine, and eke our newe whéelbarro.

Beside all this, ich shall not mis of red ones to haue store:

That zawe no zunne, nor yet the moone, of yeres cham zewer a score.

And all my Ione, shalt thou alone, at thy commaundment haue:

If thou wilt let me friscoles vet, in place where ich doe craue.

The Louer almost in despaire, showeth his great greefe and craues redresse.



Hou art the braunch that iweetely fprings, whose hart so sounde and true
Can onely cheere me wosuli wight,
or force by want to rue.

Then giue to me the sap I thirst,
which gist may giue me loy:
I meane thy firme and faithfull loue,
whose want breedes mine anoy.
Remember yet the friendly wordes,
ypast betweene vs twaine:
Forget him not, for loue of thee,
that sighes in secret paine.

Plesaunt Poems

I oft doe séeme in companie, a gladfome face to beare: But God thou knowst my inward woes. and cares that rent me there. And that I may gush out my griefe, in fecret place alone: I bid my friends farewell in haft. I say I must be gone. Then hast I sast with heavie hart. in this my dolefull case: Where walkes no wight but I alone. in drowsie desart place. And there I empt my laden hart. that swelde in fretting mone: My sighes and plaint and panges I tell. vnto my felfe alone. What shall I fay, doe aske me once, why all these sorrowes bée: I aunswere true, O soe or friend. they all are made for thee. Once knit the linck that love may haft, then shall my dolors cease: It lies in thee and wilt thou not. the yeelding wight release? O would to God it lay in me, to cure such griese of thine: . Thou shouldst not long be voide of helpe, if twere in powre of mine.

But

But I would run and raunge in stormes. a thousand miles in paine: Not fearing fovle of friends to have. my Countnance whole againe. And wilt thou then all mercileffe. more longer torment mée In drawing back, fith my good helpe. is onely whole in thee? Then fende me close the hewing knife, my wyder wounde to stratch: And thou shalt see by wofull griefe. of life a cleane dispatch. When thou shalt saye and proue it true, my harte entirely loude: Which loft the lyfe for Countnance fweete from whome he never moude. Write then vpon my mournefull toombe, these verses grauen aboue: Here lies the heart, his truth to trie. that loft his life in love. Loe, faue or spill thou mayst me nowe, thou fitst in judgement hie: Where I poore man at barre doe stande, and lowde for life do crie. Thou wilt not be so mercilesse. to slea a louing hart: Small praise, it is, to conquer him. that durft no where to flart.

Then

Plesaunt Poems.

Then heale the hart that loues thee well, vntill the day he die:
And firmely fast thy fayth on him, that's true continually.
Then shall I blesse the pleasant plot, Where first I sawe thy sace:
And say the Gods haue thee indude, With gistes of goodly grace.
Whose vertues mixt with pittie great, hir Counsell sought to saue:
Who being voyde of hir goode helpe, long since had line in graue.

I. K. at his Friends departure.



Gainst necessitie,
there is no lawe they say:
But shall such néede bereaue persorce,
my dearest friend away.

No stroke doth fall so sell,

But wisedome yet may ware:
So though my hope must needes begon,
yet this doth crushe my care.
That he is onely gone.
utilitie to gaine:
And still I Ho to see him well;
in ioy returnde againe.
His friends that sreshely fare,
will not his hart resell.

God

God sende thee safe thy soules desire, to please thee passing well.

Then shall I yet reioyce, that thou deparst from mee:

To set thy selse in sounder fort, as once I hope to see.

When as thou shalt take rode, within the Hauen of blis:

Till then, to beare with patience, the chiefest helpe it is.

God sende thee well to doe, in due delight to dwell:

God send thee that thou most desirst, Mine owne good Ho sarewell.

H. his aunswere to his Friend K.

Erforce though Pilate bee

which haftes thy Ho. away

From pleasant porte, where still behinde,
his Iem of joy doth stay:

Yea though the furious floodes,
his beaten barke doe waste,
Which gaping gulfes oft threatneth fore
to swallow up in haste:
Yet distance none so great,
nor plundge of present paine

Shall

Plesaunt Poems

Shall cause me once my friend forget. whilst lyfe in lim shall raigne. Whose stedsast truth well trved. whose golden giftes of grace: Whose manlie minde, whose friendship firme, who lives and will not brace? Let fortune worke hir worst. and spoute hir spightfull spight: In welth in wo in lov in care. yet I in thee delight. To whome ten thousande thankes I véeld for thy good will: And where thou woulfdift, me one good hap, I wishe thee twentic still. Farewell O Titus true. whose lyke were harde to finde: Farewell for faith a Phoenix firme. O curteous Keeper kinde.

A Poefie.

Expend my words whiche soule whent doth write Let that be loude which loues thee passing well: In space comes grace, as worthie wits recite, Soule hart and hand thou hast no more I tell. Attend on God and waite his will to worke, Be sober, wise, discrete in time and place: Esteeme a sriend where earnest hart doth lurke, Trie ere thou trust, and shonne no poore mans Case. Higher

Higher who clims, the déeper downe he fell,
But fet my broken barke in calme to starte:
Reiect no right, lose not a heauen for hell.
Applie to purchase praise by due desarte.
Deride no wight, the best good ayde may mend,
Beware betime, be wise in courtesse:
Use time and place as may to vertue tend,
Right thus thou mayst thy praise amount on hie.
No wight, no welth, no hart (but thou alone)
Enforceth me at times to joy and mone.

To his C.

My carefull corps yelad with heauinesse:
My restlesse lims, that takth no quiet rest,
Doe wishe for death the ende of deepe distresse.
Why should I then prolong my dayes in paine.
Why doe I seeke to heate my helthlesse hart:
Or why doth lyse in languisht limes remaine,
And still increase my bitter bale and smart.
When hart when hands when corps & soule to die,
Doe willing yeelde as lothing lenger lyse:
And death alone is ende continuallie,
Of worldly woes of cursed care and strife,
Which siercely slow on me to worke my spight:
Since I of force must now forgo thy sight,
Whose face to vewe was onely my delight.

Plesaunt Poems

To his fayned Friends.



1.

Hough fome perchaunce there bee, That would me gladly fpot: Yet shall they neuer see, Such chaunce to light my lot.

Ne yet their craftie wayes,
So closely clokte shall winne
To them but little prayse,
If once I doe beginne:
Hereaster comes not yet,
Pe[rfor]ce a time I trust:
Will serue wherein to meete,
With such as bee vniust.
Wherefore these words I vse,
I nothing neede to tell:
Nor you thereon to muse,
Who knowes my meaning well.

A Poesee.

I N morning still when thou dost rise, fee that in minde thou haue;
To spende the day which doth ensue,
as bed should be thy graue.

Another.

There nothing is that nature here hath wrought, Shall not confume and turne at last to nought.

A farewell to his Priend T. Hooper.

Hen as the foking fap,
crept vp on fpraies that budde:
And blofomde branch with goodly griene,
gan cloth the naked woods.

When Winters horie froftes. milde March enforft to flee: Then came my golden faithfull friend. and sweetely cheered mee. Whole face at first to vewe mée muíde full wonderous : ' For I assone had thought to see. of Trey king Priemus. He cheerde my drooping hart, in heavie hap that stoode: With him to be, with him to talke, was all my chiefest foode: Eche drop of lively bloud, that fkipt in fpringing vaines. Did leape for heape of passing sport of hart, where loy remaines. Whome I have thirsted oft. in wishing hart full faine: Now is he come, but O alas, he sone is gone againe. And wilt thou now departe,

from me on fodaine thus:

G.j.

Then

Plefaunt Počins

Then may I say all ioy is vaine and worlde growes worfe and worfe. And though that flowers in May. doe chéere the laughing fieldes: Yet winters ftormes with pinching colde, the woodes of leaves beguiles. Thus chaunge of time and place, doth chaunge a mans degree: And richest man in greatest joy, may chaunce in wee to die. So when the howre was come. that hope returnes me fro: In heavie moning wayling hart. farewell I say in wo. Farewell my Damon déere. now loth depart I fing: And lingring steps against their will. from thee my corps did bring. And downe vnto my hart there dropt the drops of care: And inwardly my fobs I foope. that rake and rent me there. Now all my joy is gone. and I in dumps are cast: O would to God thy sweete abode. might harmelesse euer last. If will were now in force, to thee my flight should bee:

Where



Where are the Muses nine that sing. in heavenly harmonie. But nowe we must depart. faire wordes false friend men fay. Nor he that files his fmoothed fpeeche. is faithfull friend alway. The God deuine thée keepe. in firme felicitie: And break the bragges of curffed curres. that iarre their teeth at thee. That so thy fatall threede. well spoon may stedfast stan. To runne the race of Neftors veeres. a golden aged man. And sarewell friend in déede, farewell my towre of trust: Would I might alwayes bide with thee, sarewell since néedes it must.

To his Frowards Friend.

MEn fay in common tales,
into a Prouerb gone:

More better tis a badde excuse,
at all then to haue none.

And was I in the blame.
you knew well what I ment:

And though I winkt in colourde fort,
you knewe my whole intent.

G. ii.

If

Plefaunt Poims

If great your grace had bene. you might perceyue well this: For little signes are knowne full well. where great affection is. And eke of peering sparke, doth growe a flashing flame: Loe now I fee you will not know. though well you knewe the same. But of fuch womans mindes. eche man a store may finde: Which still in things that pleaseth not. forfooth they will be blinde. And where they fansie not, the thing they have in hande: They fay good Sir be packing hence, I cannot vnderstande. And fince it is your wont, as plaine I doe perceaue: I pray you give me licence nowe, to take my humble leaue. For I must néedes be dead. but not before to morrow: My death requires no ernest hast, I neede not greatly forow. But yet I lie in care, I cannot fleepe for loue: No more then he that sleepes all night, and never once doth move.

What

What shall I doe poore soule. alack how I doe mone: When that my stomack well is fed. my lust to meate is gone. Beholde what care I take. my teares foe flow as faft: As Aprill showres doe fall in June. when will my plaint be past: Alas good simple peate, of dull and feeble braine: You know not well the worde for trees. God wote ye are full plaine. But easie truely tis. your ignoraunce to show: In things which by your froward will, you neuer fought to know. Farewell my friendly foe, as plaine God wote ye bée: So pray I once that you may haue, your two eies well to fée. And well to vnderstande. of me your true loue lost: If blinde ye bée, smell yet before, take héede, beware the past. I doubt not but in space, you shall your fight obtaine. When as perchaunce you may defire, your true loue olde againe.

The

Plesaunt Poims

The opinion he hath of his Friend absent.

Hy right discent from worthie auncetrie. Hath justly gote a praise by their good factes: Of all, as well the high as low degrée. Much more yet gote thou hast by thy owne actes. As well thy workes, thy will, thy wyt doe teach. Still feeking that, which passeth not thy reach. Lyke lyte thou leads that poore for thee doth pray. Upon their knees thy gentle race to fende: Their néedie futes with helping hande to flav. The thing which thou doest prudently pretend. Race rightly rulde, of brest in justice bolde. Eche vertue seekes hir harbour here to holde. Loe what mishap hath maymed me so sore. Like one of thine that there I may not dwell: Esteéme me not the lesse of Dunster store. Since hart is there, where care doth corps expell. Quaint fortune frownes on me so egerlie. Unative foyle that best I may not be. Except my minde I doe not thée forget: Although farre thence false fortune doth me fet. Runne rightly foorth, as right thou hast begon, Then trump shall found yu hast the Conquest woon.

Fraunces Flower in the commendation of the Authour.

The Schooles of skill maintayned are, by yonglings hote desier:

And sopos all decrepide playnth, his Muses simple hier,

For Nature now is girte to giue, the price of mickle praise: To such a wight so worthie welth, to passe his foundrisse daies.

O happie hande to frame the moulde, in eche consenting parte:
That dare when Muse most perfite is, compare it selfe with arte.

Pallas ycleped learnings Quéene, if Mars in armour were:
The fierce attempt of Natures will, may well and well forbeare.

For she alone can worke hir will, as Ladie of hir lift: But sécble is the force of arte, where Nature doth resist.

No light but of the heauen, no furie but of hell: No vertue if *Minerua* fayle, as science oft doth tell.

Then

Plefaunt Polins.

Then muse no whit to see a gift, ygraft in this my friende: Whose pleasant verse by natures skill, to thee doth pleasures lende.

The plunging minde in deepe defires, may here in arbor rare:
Bereaue vnrest with pleasures rise, and rid his soule from care.

As Pamphlets for repast, prefent, good will of writers parte:

So Poems proue, and Poesies praise, a well good wylling hart.

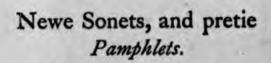
How due defart by iuft defire, reward may truely craue: The readers may confenting gree, if Howell prayfes haue.

FINIS. F. Flower.

NEWE SONETS AND PRETIE PAMPHLETS,

NOTE.

The only copy of the "Newe Sonets," &c., now known is in the Capell Collection, Cambridge. From this our reproduction is taken. Unfortunately it is slightly defective. There is no date on either title-page, or at the end. The Capell exemplar, it will be noticed, bears to be "Newly augmented, corrected, and amended." It was originally licensed to Thomas Colwell in 1567-8. See more on this and other points in our Introduction,—G.



Written by Thomas Howell

Mewly augmented, corrected and amended.



Imprinted at London in Fletefirecte, at the figne of the S.

Iohn Euangelist, by Thomas

Colwell.

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To his approued Freinde Maister Henry Lassels Gentilman, Thomas Howell. wysheth hartely well.

Hen I had first gathered together these sewe simple Sonets, I thought nothing leffe, then to commit fo vnskilful a collectio of fond phan fies, vnto the Printers charge, hauing perswaded my felfe before, that they were growen in a more fruteleffe foile, and vnlearned head, then may well answer, either thexpectacion of the freindly Reader, either the judgements of the learned, either the freidly eare to which I now commend the, whose chearefull sedes of freind ship, fowen in me a frutelesse Feilde, do justly require more profitable, & more plentifull fruts then these trisling toyes are. But afterwardes I had purposed to imprinte them, being required eftfones, by fuch a freind, to whose earnest request in this matter (after many denials) I did seeme (as reason wold) partly to yelde, aduenturynge rather the blasing a brode of these few Phansies, to the plaine declaring of my vn learnednesse and ignorance, then by vnfreindly denial to repel the earnest desiers of such my approued freinde. I thought none more meet A. ii.

to

The Epistle.

to whom I should present the then, vnto you (my frend good Maister Lassels) being a frend ¿ faithfull, a hartie helper, & a welwiller of mine, not doubtyng, that you will aswell accept the purpose of my Penne herein, as I do already conceiue of you by offering the same the only good will of my welmeaning harte. Though they be in deede bare toyes of small effecte, yet take them as chearefull as Lewes once King of Fraunce, accepted the hartie gift of a poore man, but a rude present for a Prince, being only a flender Radish roote, which he yet (considering not the value of the root but the good will of the geuer rooted in his hart) highly esteemed before all other costly juels. So if small gifts en crease a good opinion, and a good opinion aug menteth loue, and loue by proofe establisheth freindship, and doth ratifie the same. I doubt not then, but that this figne and fmall gift, or rathe[r] fimple shift shalbe an occasion to ratifie that good will of yours with, my entent is either to requite if I might, or remember as I can, or at the leastwife not to treade it vnder foote as I will not, to shew such ingratitude.

The Epistle.

the sauadge beast the Lyon woulde not, wher of Aulus Gellius maketh his reporte. Wherfore good Maister Lassels, receaue these my base and baraine labours, which in signe of this new returned yere I geue vnto you, committing it to the sudgementes of the skilful, whose sauour I craue, for that my Pen is not as well perfected as I would wish it, both for the Readers commoditie, and also the pleasure of you my freinde, for whose cause I knowe it shall beare the lesse reproche, and of some more accepted, in doings where I shall confesse a token of your freindship more added to the number of proofs which I have at sundrie times receyued of you before. Fare ye well.

Your assured freinde Thomas Howell.



TO HIS FAYHTFUL FRENDE AND Fellow Maister Henry Lassels.

Come prudent heads: with pollicie, do ponder how to please. the freendly man by whose desart, they have found healpe or case. And other some: there be agayne, which valiently dos sceke. to do some deed by venture great, that lookers on might like. whereby Dame Fame shuld never cease, triumphant Trumps to soud the pollicie and valientnesse, which hath in them been sounde. But I of francke, and meare good will, and not to gavne the praise. as one that wanth a cunning skill, to imetate their waves. Do present thes my triflyng toyes, and far vnconning writes: remembrying how the wife man faies, the change of thinges, delites, Which not alone apereth trew, by meates whereon wee feede. but change in all thinges doth renew, the apetite in deede: When as the Vitale spirits be filde, with vewe of learned Booke, the werld eves do willyng craus, on lighter thinges to looke. And Musicke founde, doth much delight, the cares, and minde of man. whose pleasant tunes, so mightie be, that banish cares they can: The cause for which, it hath this gifte, is the varietie. in it contaynde by learned shifte, of skilfull Hermonie. Doth not the founde: of homely Pipe, that Shepperds rudely bloc. refresh the hartes; of rusticke route, their simple skill to shoe. Which is sufficient proofe inoughe that change contentes the minde. wherefore I will: pricke on my Plough, some surther change to finde By tillinge of my fruitelesse scilde, whose bare and barin sovle. god knowes hath scarce the power to yeld, one Corne for all my toile, But yet where wanth the finer flower, the coursest forte doth ease: in like case things of litle power, the minde sometime may please. Accept therefore my Lassels trewe, these toyes in freindly part. from him that meanes: to thee nought els. but show of faithfull hart: Use them for change: as Musicke rude, for such is sure their grace. est Flower is vide, when fine is out of place.

Lours of the comments of the c

Thine till not his ovune Thomas Howell.

John

John Keper Student to the Vpright Reader of these pretie Pamphilets.

As Feilde is none so ill, where fruitlesse weedes do groe,
but y' some herbe of vertue good, his pearyng flowres may shoe
So though in Howels soyle, ilwillers sceme to see,
at first nought els but thritlesse thornes, and Thistles wilde to bee:
Yet who shall vew his Feildes, and rightly them peruse,
shall see that frutes and frutfull Herbes, do spryng of his sweet muse:
For playnly he depayntes, the fits of youthfull loue:
whose modest Pen from honest act, no mindefull man will moue.
Here learne affects to rule, and youth in care to spende.

beware thou mayst by others harmes, how youthly toyes do ende: Here reape, with other frutes, precepts of mortall minde.

Are these no Herbs of goodly grace, in sertile Feilde to finde?

Also his fined phrase, shall get deserved prayle, whose cunnyng verse of youthly yeres, grave actes of age displayes.

Wyth him more workes to Pen, by this his tried skill:
and hope to see by tract of time, more frutes of painfull quill.
To Howels happie hande, restore thou thankes for this,
and wish him after death to liue, in wittie workes of his.

IOANNES KEPER OXON, AD the Howell

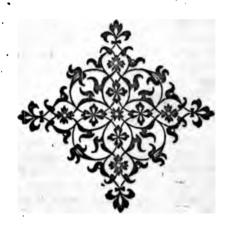
A Vrea mellistui voluuntur scripta Govveri,
Chaucer; storent acta diserta senis,
Sic quoq, Chauterida similis captobis honores,
Pergere si vigilans vt modo pergis aues,
Vt bene capisti, nullos male linque labores,
Gloria sudore est, desidià dolor.
Finis.



William Howell,

O Booke wheras thou maift the best to please:
Passe not for curious heads or soolish braines,
Of learned see thou craue thy greif to ease,
With rigour not to sudge wher loue remaines,
Go yet I say the best to please, be trew,
Care not for them that mend Appelles shew,

FINIS.



He declareth his groute mishappes, and lamentable forevoes of harte.

I 7Hen eache wight wonted is, to take by nature rest. I lie alas through greeping griefe, and thought so fore operat That from my goving to bead, vntill the time I rife. Sleane once hath skarse the powre to close my weeping wakefull ever In whiche longe lothfome nightes, my Pen full oft I blame. For that the wofull flate of me t'indite he doth not frame: Whose youthfull yeares and daies, by nature were not ripe. When cruell fate them cleane cut of, at one most soden wipe: Though life do yet remaine to length my time in teares. Whiche flivng fame feemes not to ceafe, to blow in each wighten a Forfinge me oft God knowes, a beaule harte to beare. When outwardly I feeme to thew, a glad and mery chera. And eke a carefull minde, more troublously itofk. Then is the shipman on the Sea, in daunger nie the lost : Whose care no greater is, then life and goods to faue. When I of God continually, with humble voyce do craue. That he by death will quite, my grief away expell. And geue to me a place amonge, the faued foules to dwell: Which now longe times have been, to toffed with vareft. That scarse I may the woes sustaine, that lie in wosull brest, To thinke on my mishaps, whiche do me still betide. When happie hap to finde redresse, full fast away doth glide. What greater greife may growe in any honest minde. Then is to wante such wonted wealth, as it some time did finde: Such providence for man, doth Fortune oft procure. When smilingly shee seemes to trayne, with bayte of golden leure. By meane wherof the will, a canckred poyfon lay, Full closely coucht in pleasant bayte, with that poore soule to tray, As I but lately tried, who doth her bayts fo tafte. That secretly I sup the smarts, whiche cause me pine and waste: Would God when I began, to enter first in life, That present death had pearst my hart, and rid me cleane this strife.

So should my Parents not, have been at fuch great cost, To bringe me vp on whom by fate, their great good gifts are loft: Ne yet haue left to me, no whit fuch wealth at all. Whereby from wealth to miserie, might chaunce a soden fall, But should the same els where, have well bestowed I sav. Which they in leaving vnto me, did naught but cast away. Whose heavie helplesse haps, increasing every hower, Doth force me weepe, when others fleape, where fortune doth not lowe[r]: Thus passe I forth the nighte, when wishe doth wante his will, Whom fortune feekes by great despight, most cruellie to spill. And when the dawninge day. I do perceauc and fee. And eke how Titan lifted vp. himselfe in first degree. Whose glorious glyttering beames, doth mooue eache thing to lov. Saue only I whose haplesse hap, hath wrought all mine anov: Then from my coutche I creepe, all clad with woe and care, And for to walke, in Defart place, my felfe I do prepare. Where none but wofull wights, do wandring wavle their greefe. Where violence doth vengance take, where neuer coms relecte: Where pleasure plaies no parte, nor wanton life is lead, Where daintinesse no daunger makes, ne finesse once is fead: Where deepe dispayre doth dwell, in owgle lothsome lake: Where feurious feendes do ferfly fight, an forowes neuer slake: Euen there in dolefull Den. I do drive forth the day. Where as my pitious plainte and wo, no time hath once to stay. And then a new I wish, that I had never been. To vovde the painefull piteous plight, that now I wretch am in. Within whose troubled head, such thronge of thoughts doth rise. That now on this and then on that, I cease not oft to vise. Amonge whiche thoughts I note, this one that doth enfew. Which as the vounge Byrde brought from neaft. & put in cage or mew. Doth joye in that her life, as much as though she might From wood to wood, or feilde to feilde, at pleafure take hir flight. Whiche plainly doth declare, a man from byrth brought vp. In meane estate that never knew, the taste of wanton cup. Doth holde himselse so well contente, with his degree.

That he in life doth feldome feeke to crave more greater fee. But I as byrde vnlike, that flew hir timely flight, Throughout the groues and fertill fields, in joves and great delight. Which shall no sooner seele hir selse to be restrainde. From her fuch wonted libertie, as fome time she retainde: But forth withall she doth, such inwarde thought conceaue. That yelding up hir pleasures past, hir life therewith doth leave. When as the byrde in Cage, with chyrpyng cheare doth finge, That never knew the place wherein, she had more better b'inge: So I do playnly see, eche wight that wealth hath taste. And afterwardes dooh wante the same, with forrow is imbraste. Wherefore fith life apointed was, in me this longe to last. In simpsilest sorte would God I had the same to this time past, Then should I sure have liude contente with this my pay. Which now because of carefull change in we do wast away. Finis.

Keper to his frende Hovvell.

7 Hen furging Seas with raginge blastes be blowen, In whiche is man with ship of troublous saile. He must beware least Hulcke be ouerthrowen: When deathly feas compels weake hart to quaile: So though thou be returnd from Port of bliffe, With hoyfing waves and windes fo hardly toft: Thou maist thy selfe sull well assure of this. Thou art not he that first hath had the lost. It is a healpe sometimes in miserie. To haue a fort as felows eke of thrall, Ah many man hath felt the chaunce of thee: When witlesse youth doth range so prodigall. Then hoyse thy saile and be not ouerblowen. The feare of harmes may not thy stomacke slake, And rife from couche when chearefull light is showen. And draw thee backe from paines of Plutoes lake.

B. ij

Haue

Haue stronger hart then simple Birdes on tree,
Let manly corps, a manly minde embrace,
No woes can helpe: then frende be rulde by mee,
Let pacience in quiet breast haue place:
For all disease for cares and woes each one,
A quiet minde, is only salue alone.

Finis

The restlesse paynes of the Louer forsaken.

In Springe time when sresh flowers, in Feilde do florish sayre, When Trees do bud and blosoms beare, when temperate is th'ayre When Byrdes with chirping cheare, when Beastes that be but brute, As course of kinde doth force them forth, through loue begins great sute.

Then I whose sance seed, my spirites to sporte and play,
To Forrist sayre of pleasant ayre, began to take the way;
As I did passe throughout a valey sayre and greene,
Where Birds did singe and Beastes to runne oft pleasant I had seen

All husht I founde it the, such silence was there kept,
As midnight then if it had been, and all things sounde had slept;
Where at amasse I stoode, and listning longe might heare
At last a hollow sounding voice, with lowde lamenting cheare.

In thrubs harde throwded by, a wofull wight there lay,
Whose carefull corps through pining paine, was welnie worne away:
Where powring out his plainte, he curft his cruell sate,
That led him forth to hope for hier, where he in fine sounde hate.

He fight and beat his breaft, and bid all men take heed,
By him to thrust no filed wordes, where as they shew no deede:
For filed wordes me sed, to folow fancie so,
That like the hooked Fish betraide, I languish now in wo:

I looke

I looke and longe for death, she leapes a loste in loye,
Whose subtel sleights (alas q, he) hath wrought all mine anoye:
That se on hir sayre sace, sie on her sained chere,
For hir sake eke alone I bid, sie on all women there.

Whereby he lookte aside, and finding where I stoode,
Like one that sought to live alone, from me he fled as woode:
For whom such griping greese, my heavy hart did knawe,
That I my selfe there depe defide, like linke of Louers lawe.

Finis.

The britleneffe of thinges mortall, and the trustineffe of Vertue.

To you whose daintie daies in ioyes are spent:
To you whose daintie daies in ioyes are spent:
To you whose corpes Dame nature yet doth poolish,
To you whom Cupide chiefly doth frequent,
To you I write with harte and good intent:
That you may note by this which I do say,
How natures giftes soone weare and waste a way.

Your lostic lookes the time will plucke full lowe, Your statelie steps Age eke will alter quight, Not one thinge now that doth geue pleasant showe, But time of cuts and forseth to take the flight, Saue vertue sole in whiche who doth delight, When wealth, when pompe, when beautic shall them leave, Vertue alone to such will sticke and cleave.

Where is faire Helines bewtie now be come, Or Creffed eke whom Troylus long time served, Where be the decked daintie Dame of Rome, That in Aurelius time so flourished:

B. iij.

A۵

As these and many mo are vanished, So shall your youth, your fauour, and your grace, When nothing els but vertue may take place.

To vertue therfore do your felues applie,
Cale Cressids lyse vnto your youthly minde,
Who past her time in Troye most pleasauntly
Till falsinge faith to vice she had inclinde
For whiche to hir suche present plagues were sinde,
That she in Lazers lodge hir life did ende,
Which wonted was most choysly to be tende.

Hir comly corpes that *Troylus* did delight All puft with plages full lothfomly there lay: Hir Azurde vaines, her Cristall skinne so whight, With Purple spots, was falne in great decay: Hir wrinkeled sace once sayre doth sayde away, Thus she abode plagde in midst of this hir youth, Was forst to beg for breaking of hir truth.

Lo here the ende of wanton wicked life,
Lo here the fruit that Sinne both fowes and reapes;
Lo here of vice the right rewarde and knife,
That cutth of cleane and tombleth downe in heapes,
All fuch as treadeth Crefids cursed fteps,
Take heede therefore how you your youthes do spende,
For vice bringes plagues, and vertue happie ende.

Finis.

The description of his loathsom life, to his friende.

Like as the wofull wight; in Irons colde doth lie,
And hopes at Sife to be releaft, is then condemde to die;
Even so alas my lot, as contrarie doth fall,
As his who lookt for sugar sweet, and sounde most bitter gaule,

My

My reastlesse labour now I justly may compare,

To Sissiphus that neuer sleapes, or els to Tiytius care,
For after sturdie stormes, when calme I thinke to finde,
More rougher rage a new doth rise, to gripe my greeued minde,
And when my carefull case, by meanes I seeke to cure,
Most deepist dinte of inwarde wo alas I doo endure.
The cause of this my grief yet will I clossy keepe,
But secretly my sorowes suppe when others sound do sleape.

Finis.

The Louer almost in desperation, moneth his estate.

MY carefull case, and heavie pining plight, Constraineth me, against my will to wright, The plungid state wherein I live and dwell, Doth force me forth my trimbling tale to tell,

My heaped woes, all folace fettes afide,
Whose secrete smarte, alas I sayne woulde hide,
But as the subject Oxe to yoke must yelde,
So vanquisht wightes are forst forsake the fielde.

My lucklesse lot, denies me all releese,

I seeke for help, but finde increase of greese,
I languish still in longe and deep dispayre,

Yet seare to shew the cause of this my care.

I coult nought that reason might denie,
I seeke not for to clime the cloudie skie,
But what I seeke, if I the same might finde,
Then should be easte mine vncontented minstelle.

Finis.

The infortunate ends of Crefus Kyngs of Lydia, a worthy note for Conctonfueffe fake.

7 Hen darknesse dim the earth did hide, and husht was wood & fielde. When Beafts & Birdes of painted pride to take their rest did yelde. When Seas and waves of waters wilde, their roring scemde to flake. And eche thing els in filence fat, on fleape their cafe to take, Then I whose wakefull troubled head, no quict rest coulde finde. Lay mewfing how I best might ease, mine vncontented minde: At last I starte from out my bead, and having present light, Did finde a Booke whereon I read, to drive away the night: In whiche the life Cirus Kynge of Perfia I founde Writen by one hight Xenophon, from whence I take my grounde, The wonderous workes and worthy deedes of Cirus then I read. His regale rule his liberall harte, and how in warres he spead: How he through his beneuolence, not only eache hart won. But kept himselfe thereby more sure, then towne or garrison: Who when at any time he stoode, of Golde or men in neede. with wealth and will his people hast, to strength him still with speede, And breif to be suche noble deedes, by Cirus doone I finde. As justly fure deserved bath, to winne immortall minde. Which I now passe over to them, that better can indite, As one who most vnable is, his life at large to write: But only this I note therein, as thinge of wonders prife, A mirrour meete for Maiestrats, to fet before their eies. When Cressus he that cormrant King, which ouer Lyde did raigne, Seving the largenesse Cirus vide, wilde him his hande restraine: He saide to heape his frendes in wealth, was vnto him great pleasure, If he then chaunst to stande in neede, he took them for his treasure: O noble Kynge, woulde God thy life were grauen in Tables of Golde, That Cresus kinde which now doth live, thy bountie might beholde, So should they se what Fame thou wanne, in lands and countries costs. where Cresus King was cleane consumde, with that he honord moste; Who ended thus his greedic guttes, where filde and fet on flote with glittering Golde that melted was, and powred downe his throte. Finis.

The contempt of Riches.

The state of worldly things, is straunge and most vnstable,
Both mirth and we to man it brings, through Fortune variable,
Wherefore I holde him best, that hath sufficiente,

That likes the lot which God hath geuen, & therewith stands contente:

For they that fecke most highest, them selues for to advance,

Are often feen to be the niest to daungerous mischance :

Example by the tree which growes upon the Hill,

That subject is vnto eache blast, when trees below are still, The higher state always the greater care doth bringe,

The greater care the leffer eafe, which prooues the meane fureft thing,

And Hystories deuine vs bidth from cares and woes,

And will us all to view the byrdes and Lyllies fresh that groes, The Byrds ne fowe nor reape, and yet do wante nothing,

The Lillie eake it doth compare with Salomon the King,

Afirming plaine that he in all his princely power,

Was neuer decked like vnto the simple Lilly flower:

A voyde such care therefore, as quailes the corage ofte,

And put thy confidence in him, that fits in Throne a lofte;

Contente thy felfe alway, with that he shall assine,

Against those whom he doth exalte, se thou do not repine,

If riches do increase, be thankfull for the same,

If wante of that do chaunce to prease, do not thy Fortune blame, Better it is of bothe, to be contente with ought,

With greate and heaped howrdes of golde, then have unquiet thought;

Did not Diogenes prefar the shining Sonne,

Before the mightie Kingdomes great, that Alexander wonne: When this greate conquerour woulde, have given him giftes of golde,

He saide like gifte thou canst not geue, as thou from me dost holde.

The fundrie others me, whose workes were wonderous wife,

I might here name to like effecte, yet let this fayd fuffice, For nothing here fo fure, that certaine may remayne,

Acompte therfore all worldly powre, as transitorie vayne.

Finis.

The vaquiet estate of the Louer, wherein is vvished redresse.

Ike as the Captaine stoute, constrainde is in th'ende,
Oprest with powre to yeelde himself, and what he did defende:
So I with Cupid caught, am forst at last to yeelde,
To you whose vertuous wayes, hath wonne of me both Forte & fielde,

I may no longer cloke the scortchinge slames of fire,

That still in seacret breast doth burne, through wante of my desire:
But forth it findes a way, that hid hath line sull longe,

And loue doth boldly bid me seeke, to have redresse of wronge.

Sith then in you it lies, on me to worke your will,

By mercie for to length my life, by contrary to kill:

Let pittle mooue your minde, in humble wife I fue,

And feeke to faue the Captiue harte that wisheth well to you.

For here I do consesse the only state and stay,
Of my led life and eke my death, to rest in you alway:
Whose graunte of grace hath powre, to glade my griped brest,
Whose stay therof hath like effect, to surther mine vnrest.

Graunte yea therfore my deare, let nay be out of minde,
As I haue vowde to worke your will, till death shall do his kinde:
And thus I cease to write, the twenteth parte of griese,
That my poore payned harte endures, as yet without releise.

Finis.

Liberalitee.

Where wife do fuffer wante
And driven in hard distresse:
Cut not thy cantle skante,
That maiste their cause redresse.
Finit.

I'm-

Providence.

Twyfe happie is the wight,
Whom others harmes doth cause
To shonne the snare, of noysome care,
That growes by breache of lawes.

Finis.

Good advise to his faithfull friende.

OF Louers reftles liues, I lift not wright,
Let learned heads describe their playnfull plight:
But plaine in tearmes I wishe thee euen as well,
As those that can their tales more trimly tell.

Whose friendly meaning if thou wilt receaue,
Fyrst slie from Vice and vnto Vertue cleaue;
Nexte seeke by honest meanes, such wealth to winne,
As may thee helpe what neede thou shalt be in.

Counte not thy Chickens that vnhatched be,
Waye wordes as winde, till thou finde certaintee;
For filed wordes that deeds do neuer yeelde,
May well be likened to the baren fielde.

Be ware of had I wiste whilst youth doth last.
Whose stealinge steps do passe away in hast;
Prouide in time, thine aged yeres to chearishe,
And let sayre wordes go seede, the sonde and soolishe.

Acompte eche thinge, as proofe the fame shall trie,
Trust not too farre before thou finde cause why:
For vnder Flowers so sayre oft poyson lurkes,
Whose showe of slagrant smell much mischieses workes
C. ij.

Tuke

Take heede least Argus with his craftic Net,
And wily subtle sleights do thee be set:
Thus wishinge aye thy wealth, I make an ende,
Least tedious talke should nought but thee offende.

Finit.

Youth still bevoayleth, When naught it availeth.

My retchlesse rage of wanton youthe,
With griese I do lament:
When vnto minde I call the truthe,
How I my time haue spent.
Finis.

An humble fute to his friende, requesting Loue for Loue.

I Saw of late a wofull wight,
That willo wandes did winde to weare:
Whofe face declares the painfull plight,
Which he through loue then prefent beare,
He lookte a loft as though he woulde
Haue fled vnto the ftarric fkies:
But still he stoode, as though he coulde,
Not once heaue vs his heauie thies.
His feathered handes he flashed foorthe,
And thyther fayne he woulde haue flead;
But wofull man he was full wroothe,
To see his limmes all lade with lead.

You are the bright and starrie skie,
I am the man in painfull plight:
My limmes are lade, I cannot flie,
My corps may not sustaine my weight.

I read

I read the woes of Sigismonde,
The childe of Tanckred Salerne Kinge:
Her loue to Guystarde did so bounde,
She sanced els none other thinge.
For riches naught nor sor his wealth,
Whereof he had but slender store,
His vertue was hir only health,
She likte that well she sought no more.
They had their hoped hap and ioye,
If Tanckred coulde contente him so,
But he by workyng their anoy,
Vnto himself brought deepest woe.

You Sigismonde are fayre and bright, Would I had Guystardes vertuous life, And Tanckred chafte cleane out of fight, Then would I wish for fuch a wife.

I reade how Luna loued one,
Of birth but meane, of right good fame,
By name iclipt Endimione,
Whose loue was quite deuoyde of blame:
In Laemi Hill it thus besell,
She saw him sit all sad alone,
Tis I (q, she) I know full well,
For whom he mournes and makes his moane:
She was not shamde of Laemi Hill,
Nor yet of Louers simple state,
But straight consents, vnto his will,
And him did choose for louing make.

O Luna looke vpon thy Loue,
Endimion makes his mone to thee,
Be not ashamde, let pittie moue,
And loue me like as I loue thee.

Finis.

C. iii.

The Commendation of the meane in all thinges.

As meane in Musicke soundeth best,
So meane estate lives most in rest:
The higher climde the fall more deepe,
The deeper fall the double paine,
And pensise paine doth carefull keepe,
In man eache lively lim and vaine,
Which prooves what change or chaunce do fall,
Contented meane exceedeth all.

I. K. To his friende H.

The high estate is dangerous,
The poore degree is burdenous,
The richer forte are couetous,
The needie soule is dolorous.
The youthfull imps are prodigall:
The aged thyrst for goods so thrall,
The bolder men soolehard ye call,
The searefull wights are dastards all,
Then ill eschew, embrace thinges cleane,
Howell, welfare thy golden meane.

Finis.

He lamenteth the ungratefull person for inconstancie.

A Las I vnhappie and most wosull wight,
Whom Fortune so deeply hath now in despight,
That tonge cannot tell ne Pen have powre to wright,
My pittifull playnt and heauie plight.

How shall I to ease me, vnborden my brest,
Of these double dolours that breedes mine vnrest,

When

When speeche wanteth powre, when Pen is vnprest, And witte wanteth conning thervnto adrest.

This great restlesse rage in my minde doth renew,
And where I sayne helpe would finde harme doth ensew:
But yet was I neuer sounde salse or vntrew,
Which causeth me much more my dolors to rew.

She that I did honour, aboue all the reft,
To whom I referued, the harte in my breft,
Hath me quite forsaken and broke hir beheft,
And another taken, to love and like beft.

And feemeth now fleightly to beare me in hande,
That I was cause only of breatche of hir hande,
But truth if me tried full fearched and feande.
Then trespas in me should she non understande.

Wherfore to the Spider I may her compare,
That cruelly killeth whats caught in hir fnare,
For the by like tyranie nothing doth fpare,
Most spitefully to spoyle thus my carcas with care.

Finis.

The shevving of his good Hart.

The Gloue for gadge is rightly geuen, where thinges concluded bee, Wherefore I do accompte therof, more then of golde or fee, Of whiche if I were storde, like Cress in his time, I vow to thee if thou so woulde, it should be wholy thine, Where to if I with Salomon, in wisdome might compare, And bewtie had like Absolon, whose matche is very rare, Like eloquence to Cicero, in power Csesars peare, Yet would I be as now I stande, your faithfull servant deare: And thus I rest in Hauen hope, whose bosome doth imbrace. Your gloue as you till trackte of time, may purchase further grace. Finis.

The declaration of the unstablenesse of fickle Fortune.

Where Fortune favoureth not, what labour may preuaile, Whom frowning fate will needes thrust downe, what shall he win towai With patience to yeelde, for such I deeme most best,

And cast their cares and grieses on him, that rewleth sates behest.

Wee fee by perfit proofe, that none fo Princely goes,

But that by will of God the hieft, out of this worlde he floes,

Sith then fuche fickle force, in mortall might wee finde,

Let nothing that shall hap thee heare, to much torment thy minde: For all that live a like, of this assured bee,

Was neuer yet nor shalbe seene, but eache in his degree; As like the Potters pottes, be made to sundrie vse,

So fome men serve and some are served, here needes no fine excuse, The labouring man to toyle, that spares ne night nor day,

Get skarce to feede his famely, when fome howrde heaps that play, Yet doth he not dispayre, nor yet from labour file.

But liues contente when worldlinges make, of wealth their miferie, Who gripte with greater greif, if Fortune lift to lowre.

Then suche as earst did seede at fill, vpon hir fruitsulst flowre: Which change sull oft hath chaunst, through hir unconstantnesse,

And whom she lately laught vpon, throwne downe remedilesse.

Was Alexander greate, that many daungers past,

For all his mightie conquestes wonne, not poysned dead at last.

A Kynges sonne eke I finde, for Fathers tirannie,

Conftrainde to worke in Smithes Fordge, by harde necessitie, Suche is the sading force of Fortunes sickle slower.

Whole fruitfulft fruite both ripes & rots in leffe space then one hower. Such is hie tickle trust, suche are his slipper steppes,

That what she seemes to sowe in love, with sorow oft she reapes, Attribute all to him that ruleth sate therefore:

To him I meane which lefte the riche, and fed the pinyng poore, For thus do I intende while vitall breath shall last,

Though earst I practisde many meanes, which proofe hath tride in wast.

Finis.

Themistocles answer, concerninge his Daughter to be maried.

Hamifocles by whose great skill, th'Athenians longe were led,
His only Daughter did bellow, on meane yonge man to wed,
Whiche when his freindes did wender fore, these wordes he did expresse
My daughter deare hath wonne (a, he) more wealth than ye do gesse:
Whom I accompt muche better plaste, when truth I truely scan,
Upon a man that money wants, then money wanting man.

The Lamentation of the vvofull man, havings for entire Louc no goodveyll.

The time that I began, to enter first to life,
Woulde God the fisters three had cut the threade with satale knife
Would God that death had been, with arowes readie bente,
To pearce the wofall hearte of mine, whiche now with care is spente.

Then should I not at all, have followed fancies lewre,
Whose outwarde show of suger sweet, is mixt with poyson sowre:
A now I am constrainde, by destnie sure I thinke,
That still doth finde but bitter tast, yet cannot choose but drinke.

Thus I God knowes full oft a heavie harte do beare,
When outwardly I feeme to shew a mery carelesse cheare,
Desembling eke my case, in hope of happier day,
But aye from time to time I finde nought els but my decay.

I pine in secret flames, like waxe consumde with fyre,
I wish, but alwaies wante my will, lo this mine only hier:
What Paps did giue hir soode, that nought regardes my wo?
What Tiger searce also coulde hate, the harte that loude hir so.
D. Greate

Great crueltie it is, to flay the yielding wight,
That mercy stil doth sue to haue, and vseth none other fight:
But sith my haplesse hap also must needes be so,
With speede come death to ende my life, and ridde me of this wo.

Finis.

The Louer declares his constant harte neuer to forge the thinge that was decreed.

Shall any wight preuayle, to bringe to passe by powre,
Away to mooue, or rule our love, that faith hath fixt tindewre.
Shall either force of friendes, or srowarde frownyng soes,
Cause vs sorgoe our hoped ioyes, bought with so many woes,
No, no, for my parte here, a vowe to thee I make,
That first eache torment shall me teare, eare I my saith forsake.

Finis.

An admonition, concerning the tracte of time.

As time all thinges findes out
So time eache thinge must bide,
In time therefore I wishe,
That time may well prouide.
Finis.

A friendly admonition to his friends, that craved good Counsails.

Ondemne no cause till it be throughly knowne,
Eche bruitish broyle that forth abrode is blowne:
Beleeue not lightly, least by some such acte,
Thou chaunce repent of deede informer sacte.

Accuse

Accuse no wight of crime till trouth thou trie, Ne credit then thine eare before thine eye: Such false reporte abrode may often go, As perfit proofe shall finde out nothing fo.

In iudgement rashe se that thou neuer bee,
Deale not in thinges that passe capasitie:
Thy porcion spende that some thou haue to spare,
If thou wilt liue deuoyde of woes and care.

Finis.

A pithy Precept.

When youth hath ronne his race,
Olde age doth steppe in place:
In youth therefore beware,
Least age be clad with care.
Finis.

Another.

Who wanteth force against his foes to fight, Shall seldom be deuoyde of painfull plight. Finis.

The expressing of his unluckie happes, diversly chaunced.

Yke as the shippe of force doth driue,
Which way the winde shall him constraine:
So out of native soyle I liue,
As destnie doth me leade and traine,
Now here, now there, now vp, now downe,
As Fortune listes, to smile or frowns.

And as the horse the rider rides,
Of force must take such way as he:
D ij.

With

With pricking spours doth perse his sides, Shall thinke most fitst for him to be, So I of sorce must yelde to bide, Suche hope as sate will me prouide.

As I by proofe doo playnly fee,
Whiche longe haue fought in hope to finde,
Some place to ease my miserie:
With toyle I toste and troubled minde,
By seas, by lande, in many a coaste,
In daunger ofte, like to be loaste,

I wish and wante what should I say?
I seeke and finde nothing at all,
I toyle, and still in great decay,
I sayne would rife, yet still do fall,
With sondrie cares I am oprest,
But Pen be still, and take thy rest.

Finis.

His complaint to the God Cupide, because he with his Darts perseth him alone.

Cupid Venus darlynge deare,
Whose powre no mortall might may bide,
If once in hande thy vow thou heare,
And flaminge forckers by thy side,
Why dost thou thus lie still and sleape?
When I to thee doo wayle and weepe.

Wheare is become thy wonted powre?
Art thou vanquisht and put to flight?
Or elf art thou disposed to lowre,
On me alone most wosull wight:
Say no, say no, Oh I thee pray,
And turne the harte breedes mine anoy.
[2 leaves are missing here, D iii. and iv.]

In whiche time Earbes and trees, that Winters winde did weare,
Enforce them felues to bud and growe fome pleasant fruicte to beare,
The litle Byrde that reason wants, doth then with chirping cheare,

From twig to twig, and bushe to bushe, greet oft his lotted seare:
The flotinge Fish in sturdie streams, that trauels day and night.

Doth eke vnto thier fancied feares repeare with all their might, The weake and wreatched wormes forgetteth not this day.

Whom wee may finde about this time faste coplide by the way :

As nature hath decreede all thefe by courfe of kinde,

In thinges that reasons rule doth want, right so hath man asingde, For witnesse of the same in this appointed time.

That every man and woman eke shall have a Valentine, In figne of that hir force whiche no wight can subdew, Lo this the only cause I say, that all thinges doth renew:

Lo this the cause also, why Fortunes lots be had.

Whose hoped hap and hapelesse hope, doth make both wo and glad. But I aboue the reast, may Fortune highly prayse.

Who hath geuen me the fearest Dame, that lives in these our daies; Suche one I say whom Nature hath, with Vertue so I deckte,

That none there is or shall have powre, hir name once to deteckte; Euen suche a one whom I as Fortune hath asignde,

Will alwaies be at hir commaundes, till death shall do his kinde.

Finis.

To a proude Dame.

The fcm fo fonde of vnaduifed brayne,
That mountes in scate by pride of blinded harte,
No prayse may get, but shewes a wisdom vaine,
To passe degree in scate by no desart:
Be thou content to sit on squared stoole,
Least seeming wise thou produe the fonder soole,
It might been say'd by prudent voyce of grace,
Presuming Dame retire from stately place.

Finis E.

The lamentable ends of Iulia, Pompeyes vvifc.

Ore plungde in piteous paines and wofull fmarte

Bespred with trickling teares, on death like face,
Downe trils the droppes on cheekes, and sighes from harte:
To heare and see hir husbandes greeuous case,
Thus goes the spouse O wosull Julia,
Besprent with bloud, when Pompeis cote she saw.

Down dead she faules, in lamentable sounde, Of sence berest, so great was Julis straine: The childe conceiued within, with deadly wounde, Vntimely fruite came forth with proching paine, When all was doone, for loue hir life she lost, For Pompeyes sake she yeelded up hir gost,

So dead she lay bewaylde with many teares, A matron wife, a famous ornament, O Cefar had liued full cherefull yeares, If thou with Pompey couldft haue ben content, But Ciuell warres, hath wrought this fatall lawe, To Pompeye death and death to Julia.

Ye Matrones graue, and worthy spoused mates Ye mayden Nymphes, whiche liue in larger partes, O reade and see vewe not and sudge of states; And solow eke such faithfulnesse of harts, Such liuely loue embrace, faith vertue graue, As Julie true for mate hir life she gaue.

Th[is]

11

To his frowvarde friende.

His is not folom Sophocles. In learned trade which treades. This is not hardie Hercules. That conquerd Hydras heads. Feare not his boustrous vantinge worde, Though he woulde feeme to braule. He will aduise his angrie sworde, On whom his strokes doo fall: Wordes be but winde, to purge his heate, His stomacke to abate. Wherein he shewes his manly feate. When most he seemes to prate. Time may aswage these choloricke somes, Where Hercles is fo bolde, Thinke not good Hercles all are momes, When all thy cardes be tolde. Wee know the Wood by fight of trees, Wee know the fier is hot. Wee know your power and wife decrees, Though fooles you call our lot. Farewell good hardie Hercules. As hardie as thou arte. Thou maiest be vext with litle Bees. Though greater be thy harte. Finit.

A friendly falutation to his beloved.

These lines vew dearest friende, Wherein I close my harte: Beholde therein my great good will, Prouokte by just desarte.

B. ii.

This

This simple slender shew Accepte, your harte to mooue, For this my harte and golden will, Restore your golden loue. For if greate riches coulde Encopled mates the more. I have both feen, and live as now, Wherein I might have store. But naught I care the welth. Nor yet the gorgeous gaine. My handes and hart I only geue Thee only to obtaine: You only woulde I craue, Before all other wight. Before the fayrest proferde Nimphes. You most do me delight. Whose choyse is now at will. To take or els refuse: And if it lay so much in me. You only woulde I chuse: Accept my proferde loue, As trust by truth may binde. If it thee please I am thine owne, O my approued friende. In worthy state to stay, I will forfake thee neuer. My harte my ioy my only care, I will thee loue for euch: Accepte and vewe these lines. And thinke my harte you fee. Beholding eke this menssenger. Sometimes confider mee. Suppose I present were, To talke in friendly parte,

Yet bounde you have my harte.

But though my body absent be,

Complaint of ingratitude.

Y Pen in piteous part. Cannot in halfe descrie. The inwarde woes in moning hart,

That gripes me secretlie.

If outwarde face coulde mone. The woes of inwarde shape.

The fenfeleffe trees, and Flintie stone. Woulde rue my haplesse hap.

O hart with care opprest. So plungde in penurie,

The fobbing fighes of great vnreft,

Will cause me wretch to die.

Into vntimely graue,

Mishap shall me conuaie,

The darte of death I neede not crave. I fee no prompter way.

Thus I have plight the paine,

Of toyling hand and minde To helpe the grace that can rewarde, Yet shew it selse vnkinde.

IK Finie

After his good fortune falne into mishab.

H wretches fet in wretched vale. Where nought is fure but death fo pale: All worldly goods and loyes fo gay, As withred flowres they vade away. When Fortune thee doth hiest extoule. Yet fomwhat still doth vere thy foule, Then vertue craue vayne loyes despice, For wisdom still shall beare the price. I. K.

Finis.

E. iii.

A Dialogue touching the matrimoniall degree.

SIthe wee are now in pleasaunt place,
Where eache may speake his minde at will,
And quietly debate the case,
Accordingly by simple skill,
I meane to reason this with thee,
Who will be bounde and may go free.

What bandes you meane first let me know, And then I will some answer make, In divers sence your wordes do grow, And diversly they may be take, Though commonly they be aplide, To those that are in wedlocke tide.

My meaning is as ye do gesse, Now let me heare what you can say, If I shall right my minde expresse, And speake the truth without delay, I thinke him voyde of witte to bee, That wil be bounde and may go free.

In wedlocke state, is no such bande, No freedom lost by taking wife, If that the truth he rightly scande, She causeth longe and happie life, A verteous wife enlarge thy daies, Of husbands age desine bookes saies,

Who hastes to wyue in hope of that, Maye grope for Eles and catch a Snake, And proue as wife as Pusse our Catte, That sekinge fishe sell in the lake.

Let

Let them that lift therfore for me, I will not binde and maie go free,

Well then I fee who will contend,
If thou fo wilfully be bente,
I doe fall out to little ende,
Take hede therfore leste thou repente,
The life thou now calst libertie
Here after through extremitie.

The Batcheler most ioyefully,
In pleasant plight doth passe his daies,
Good seloship and companie,
He doth maynteine and keepe alwaies,
With Damsels braue he may well go,
The maride man can not do so.

Though daintie Dames thee now delight, And bewties beames thine eies do blinde, When time shall come to perfit sight, The weddid life thou suerst shall finde, For God himselfe to auoyde sinne The weddid state did first beginne.

Tyme geneth triall.

Though yet to thee it skante appeare, The ende shall showe what truth I beare. Finis.

The Bridle of youth.

The wilde and wonton Coulte, that romes in pasture still.

And takes his soode with careles lippes, without restraint of will,

Is all vnmeete to serue vpon, till first by persit guide,

With Bit and Bridle stronge he be, from wanton will sast tide:

Where

Wherefore eche worthy wight, a rider fit doth finde,
To checke and breake such carelesse coultes, as shall to them be finde,
So likewyse beardlesse boyes, that reasons rule doth shonne
In steede of Rider they by Rod, from vice to grace are wonne,
And both vnseemly were, for princely peares to vse,
Alacke therefore in such I deeme, as woulde them thus abuse.

Finis.

A farevvell to his vvor/hipfull friende. T. D.

DO bleysterous blastes that blow, compell to hoyse thy sayle, To drive the ship to calmer Port, vnto thy more advaile. O cease ye froward sluds, returne O ship to stay,

For thou in Barke fo well befraught, hast all our loyes away, But since the witlesse windes, have caused good ship to slee,

The felfe same blast shall shortly force, a forte to sayle with thee, And since thou wilt away, what haplesse hap befell,

That coth proceeds of inwards woe, I can but fay farewell. Farewell O Justice just, that didft vprightly stands

And eke to rayle the fallinge poore, that hadft prepared hande, Farewel thou friendly hart, that wouldst do dwell alwayes.

Withtowarde minde & plighted paines, that fought thy founders praife. Farewell of minde fo milde, vpfpronge of right degree,

Soms inwarde thoughts vrge outward woes, that finde ye want of thee, Farewell thou worthy wight, in guile that canft not faine.

That will do well as thou hast don, not one there coms againe. Farewell it needes it must, so doth our losse befall.

Of honest wights though hence ye go, yet haue the hartes of all, Farewell a friend to eche, sarewell a foe to none,

Lo here in griese my last farewell, sarewell O friende alone.

Et pius, & clemens, & carns es omnibus vnus l' Nature prudens, conditione probus : Viue Diu, venerande faue, reuerende valcto, Hei miki quod possum dicere, triste vale. Finis.

and preti Pamphilets.

I. Keeper to his frend. H.

Haft hardie hart l hight to thee.

T Finis.

The life of man likened to a Stage playe, whereon were ought warelie to Walke.

Sith earth is stage whereon we play our parts,
And deeds are deemd accordyng to desarts,
Be warie how you walke vpon the same,
In playing your parte win prayse and banishe blame,

Remember how your tale once tolde straight way, An other steps on stage his parte to play: To whom of force you must geue up your place, As he that hath all redie runne his race.

Your porte, your powre, your wealth and wearing weds, You then must yeelde to such as shall succede: As things but lent to play your part withall, Whose heyre shalbe euen as desarte doth sall.

Not he that plaieth the stateliest parte most prayse, Nor he that weareth ritchest robes alwayes, But he I say that beares him selse most best, Whether his parte be with the great or least.

Take heede therfore and play your part so well, That afterwardes you may in saftie dwell; Grope not too greedely for worldly gayne, The ende wherof is transitory and vayne.

F. i.

But

Pleafant Sonets.

But be suffised with that sufficient is, And seeke the thinges that bryng eternall blisse, So shall you heare not only win great prayse, But after eke enjoy most happie dayes.

Regard thy end.

T Unpleasant is the plight, of that most wosull wight,
That seeth with perfit sight, his life from him take flight,
And wanteth power and might, to flea and flee such spight.

Think.

The lamentable historie of Sephalus with the Vnfortunat end of Procris.

To the tune of Appelles.

Ho lust to vewe the heavy happes. Of faythfull louers longe a go, And eke furuaye their after clappes, Must needes me thinkes lament for woe, If that my hart were framd of flynte From teares yet hardly might it stinte. T I reade fome time of Sephalus, A lusty youth of noble blood. Of face and fauor amorus In Natures fauor far he stoode. It neare woulde make a man agaste To mark his lymbs and members plaft. T So streight, so square, so trym was he, So fayre of forme, fo wyle fo fage, He semde a sample sure to be, And Lantarne to the younger age, And to conclude, he passed those, That thought they made a goodly glose.

This

and preti Pamphilets.

This brute (as youth will have a fourte, When lufty blood he gyns to broyle,)

Dyd flee from fredom to the courte,

Where Venus only keepes the coyle,

Thus reason banisht quite a waye,
He warneth will to beare the swaye.
Then sancy forced by and by,
The wandringe eyes as skowtes to bee,
In secret forte for to espie,

Or publijkely to marke and fee, If any Lady weare in fight,

That might deserve this worthie knyght.

The But fone alas they have espyde,
The marke whereat they shot so longe,
Faire Procris bewtie is descryde,
She blazde so bright her mates amonge,

Lo Sephalus doth nowe be gynne, His Ladyes fauor fyrft to wynne.

I Fewe daies were past lesse yeares were spet Tyll slattringe Fortune strake the stroke, To loue eche other both were bent, Loue did them both so fore prouoke,

What will you more if Fortune faye, Yt shalbe thus faye you not naye.

T Now nothinge greeued Sephalus, But for to be a brydged fro, His Ladies fight most gloryus What greater greef might any grow:

Fayre Procris Parents were fo hard, That she as Byrde in Cage was barde.

T But Sephalus by fyne deuyfe
Of wytty hed and wary wyt,
Did put in practyfe to intyfe,
His Ladie thence what hap shoulde hit,
By letter then he did conclude,

By letter then he did conclude, That the her kepers should delude

F. II.

And

Pleafant Sonets

¶ And to a Forest hye a pace, Which he in letter name also, Where he did meane to hyde her grace, If that it woulde her pleace to goe:

The letters red she fought his will
In every poynte for to fulfyll.

And to the apoynted place shee hide,
Expectinge still her Sephalus.

She gave the slippe vnto her gyde,
Oh tracte of tyme most tedyus.

Oh Procris fure thine is the wronge,
That Sephalus a bydes fo longe.

But neuer is the fame to longe,
The Prouerbe fayth that comes at last:
She spyde him in the ende amonge,
A fort of trees not makyng hast,

His Boowe was bent, his srowe fast
In Nut to shoote alredy plast.

The would not call for feare of foes,
Nor yet to hym she woulde repayre,
Lest that she shoulde the Deere vnroes,
That Sephalus had spyde at layre,

She geues him leave to range his fill,
Full loth she is his sporte to spill.
The tyme did passe, no game war sounde,
And Sephalus was welnere tyrde,
Fayre Procris absence did hym wounde
For she was all that he desyrde,

Hee stoode not still, he trugde about,
To see if he might fynde her out.

T Lo fortune brought him nere the place,
Where Procris still alas did stande,
She blusshed yet to shewe her sace,
She made no sygne but with her hand,
She tooke the bowes and them did shake,

Afreade to great a noyfe to make.

Pleafant Sonets

T But Sephalus when he efpyde. The leaves to wagge and bowes to shake. He thought some beast did there him hyde. And at hys commynge did awake,

Wherfore to fee he thought it beft, If he might fynde him takinge reft.

And as he peeped here and theare. He fpyde a thinge of coler darke. And judginge it an ouglie Beare. Dyschardede hys bowe and hit the marke.

Through fturdy ftroke and deadly wound, He nayled Procris to the grounde.

¶ Alas vnwares did Sephalus, His Ladie kill and murder thus, Oh greeff of greefs most dolorous, Oh hap of Happs most pyteous.

> Deare Ladies steppe your foote to myne, To mourne with me your hartes inclyne,

¶ When Sephalus his Procris founde. Imbrude with blood on euery fide, The arowe stickinge in the wounde, That bleedinge fore did gape full wyde,

He curit the gods that ikies possest The systems three and all the rest. ¶ And fayntly spake, no Ladie no, You shall not vanishe hence a lone. My ghoste alas your frendly foo, Shall wayte your precyous foule vpon.

And with that worde to ende his lyfe, He flue him felfe with bloody knyfe.

T Lo Lordynges, here by take a vewe, And Ladies marke what I shall save. Eche one to lyfe must say adue, And to the earthe her owne repaye,

There is no choyfe, we fee it fo, When death doth call we needs must go.

Finis. F. iii.

and preti Pamphilets.

A freindly admonishment to his freinde to choose a wife.

Here liue in loue: for thy behoue, let reason rule thy choyce:
fo shalt thou weare: Ullisse eare, to shun the Syrenes voyce,
Beware and care: before thou stare, on womens painted eyes,
like Crocodiles: with poysoned smiles, they will thee cleane disguise.
If thou to catche: intendst a match, to liue in mariage sporte:
first marke and heare: what same she beare, amonge the wifer sorte.
For market men: can tell thee then, how doth the market go,
if well thou heare: then draw thee neare, and be in sute not slo.

In womens mindes: are divers winds, which ftur their Aspin tunge,

to prate and chat, they know not what: by that much strife is sprong,
But take thou heede: and ever breade, to matche with carters kinde,
for carters seede, is base of breede, whose maners ill wee finde.
They will devise: both tales and lies, to bringe thy house to square:
no honest man (if that she can,) with hir shall credit beare,
Such rusticke kinde: such faults will finde, whe they desarve the blame
and willbe proud: and scould full loude, not passyng for hir same.

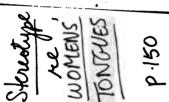
The feruants good: from meate and foode, she will debar with paine: and yet complaine, as though thy gaine, by them were spent in vaine, To blinde thine eyes: she will have spies, to bringe thee tales and lies, as though for thrift, good huswiues shift, she doth for thee deuise, When she in deede, her selse will seede, and take her private gaine, and make the weare kyng Midas eare, as though she tooke the paine, But in hir Wyne, she will divine, and blab the secretminde: to such hir mates: as chats and prates, according to hir kinde:

By this I fay, a foole in play, by hir thou shalt be made:
and all the towne: will call thee clowne, which ridest on such a jade.

Agayne a mayde, of honest trade, if thou wilt seeke to haue:
though riches want: yet like the Ant, by trauell will she saue,

An still enough, thy man at plough, and all thy feruants els,
shall of hir meate, both drinke and eate, no toyes nor lies she tels,
In quiet rest, she maketh nest, to lodge thy weary bones:
and will thee keepe, in quiet sleepe, from all deepe sighes and grones.

Amonge



Pleasant Sonets.

Amonge hir maydes, with honest trades, she puts hir hande in vse:
and alwaies dreades: hir husbandes deedes, with scoldyng to abuse,
Besides all this: thou shald not misse, but have an honest same:
for such a wise: is chaste of life, and like Ulisses dame.

He is a cokes: and worthy strokes, whose wise the Breeches beare:
a Cuckolds hoode, to do him good, deserveth he to weare,
Take heede therfore: and keepe in store, this short admonishment:
Least had I wist: alas I mist, then doest to late repent.

Finis

The Louer deceased, writes to his Ladie. To the tune of in Creet when dedalus.

Who wold have thought that face of thine, had ben fo ful of noblenes. Or eles within those Cristall eyne, had rest so much vnstablenes, Thi face so fair, thi look so straug, who wold have thought so ful of chauge But truth it is as most men saye, in Cutlers blade is had much crast, Who chepneth thine & make no saye, maie buy on broken in the hast, And then repent and saye as I, lo what it is, to truste the eye.

In sleper hold, who can put trust, or iudge a glas of sure mettall, Thou art to blame to seme so iuste, and produe so faise in the triall, But sith thou arte so faise in deede, best plucke the vp & spyll the seede. So yonge in yeares, so old in craste, some petie it is that thou so arte, More petie it is that nature graste, so good a face with a salse harte. But since thou art in such a case, to sell thy selse and hide thy sace.

The Ducke vntaught of verie kind, doth swime & diue after y Dame, And thou like wise of sliper minde, dost show of whom thy nature came, Thou soudest in thy mothers papes, to bait wt crast thy pleasant trapes,

Finis.

Farewell for euer and this my laft.

So as the new & false doth please, the changing mind within her grast, So doth the old and true dissease, her subtill wittes and preiuse crasts. And say true man trust not to much, y' false reward y' cometh of such.

¶ In

Pleafant Sonets,

Invitiring e his plaint, he declareth the uncertainty of fained frendship. To the tune of winters in the returne.

T F teares male trie my troth, that trickle downe my cheekes. I or if my good will may be knowen, by profe of daies or weekes. Then doe I wronge recease, where frendship crave I most, and where in deed in every storme, my vessell hath ben toste. And through the tempestes all, my shippe hath safly sayld, and yet no Seas could shake my Barke, my hope hath so preuaild. Oh helpe ve Courtiers now, and Soldiers every ech one. to wayle my present heur fate, my Fortune fled and gone, And curse this wicked world, wherein most frindes do fainte. and namely such as tracte of time, hath taught their toungs to painte Which promyle more by wordes, then will or workes performes. fuch have the curnels eaten all, and I coumpte them the wormes. That gnawes the hartes of men, in peeces euery daye, and fuch alas have led my Shippe, a wery wilksome waie. From whence if I retorne, I shall but wander still, and fynd noe path to tread upon, that can content my will, Heare haue I hoyst my sayle, as hye as wind can blowe. here had I frendes whose nod or becke, a world might overthrowe, And still my staienge staffe, did stand by one alone. whose gentle hart is now become, as hard as Marble stone. To me the case is such, that mishap thus is myne. when I am worne vnto the bones, he letts me starue and pyne, He letts me finke or fwyme and shifte by flight of brayne, as though my head fo gamefome were, to fet on euery maine. Since frendshipe feble growes, and men can cause chaunge. and will this daie familiar be, and tourne to morrow straunge. I will goe feeke my happes, through fludes and fair Sea some, and rather perishe on the Rockes, then thus to starue at home. Amongst my cheefest frendes, a mid my natuic soyle, when neuer yet in anye poynt, I fuffered blot or foyle. Wher all the world might faie, I fucte vp many a wronge, where well a way fome other thinke, I poore man liue to longe, Where let my trueth be tried, I crave but small reward, and where when fortune doth me right, the prince maie me regarde. Finis.

and pretis Phamphilots.

The Unfertaintie of service by Yohn Keeper to his friend Howell.

IF late whe Primrose gan to peare, on Medows bancke so green, When Daifes whit & Rofe full red, most chearful al were seene. A luftic wight of sturdye blood, in chiefest times of might. I fawe to ride with corage hie, on Palfray trimly dight: A Courtier right in brauest weede, of purest filks so gav. with curious chayne of goodly golde, fo clad in courtlike ray, Of lively veres, as fresh as Flower, a fine vonge man he was: of manly minde not caring ought, how daies or veres dyd passe. Not cught did want that might prefer, the greatest iovitie: for hart and hands, both legges & linmes, were then in foueraigntie-As thus he rode in coradge bolde, as well him semde full braue: he met in Feild an aged man, well ny his ghastly graue. Of coulor pale with writhed browes, and wrinckled face to note. who leande vnto his feble staffe, with slender leggs god wot: Most homlie was his ragged ray, as man that carde for none. of lims fo leane in hungrye corpes, a simple foule alone, This lustie youth when once he fawe, where such poore man abode, he plies his spurs to horses sides, and fast he thither rode, And askde from whence & what he was, and what was Fortunes rage, why toyle of youth could not prouide, for this gray hored age. This aged man when he behelde, that lustie lad so nie. he lifted up his croked corps and gasde with white of eve. And pointed up his shaking hands, that nought were els but bones. with feble voice and fobbing fighes, thus poures he out his mones: Welcom good fonne. I wish thee well, in these thy timely veres: and God encrease by hys decre, thy life to happie cheares. But I have seen and tride to true, that those that run thy race: though youth be braue, yet age shall wayle, in most vnhappy case. For I in times have ferude in Courte, as brave as bravest of all: but witlesse youth could not for see, ill haps, that might befall, I wayle my case, and rue the men that run the selfe same way: whose endes will chaunce a like to mine, lest forwit, will, do stay. Wherfore yonge man, take heede betime, least folly worke thy paine. youth stands not still, for times do fleete, as fluds do flow amaine: G. i. And

Pleasant Sonets.

And fince thou art a feruitour, this learne of aged man. a miserable life thou ledst, if toyles with fruites thou scan. Of feruing men therfore will I, declare the state to thee. that thou forewarnde by me mayst learne, to flee that miscre. When first thou comst to service trade, it semth full sweet a far but warie be, most sweet to men, all vnexpert, is war. / Eyzamus And eke this talke that I declare, by proofe I knowe it true: would God I had not seene it tride, my haplesse hap to rue. Beware by me, in present youth, who was in ioylitee: he happy is whom others harmes, do warie cause to bee. Thy mayster first will thee accept, and love thee passying well: when lustic Age and limmes of youth, and riches doo excell: As longe as thou canst beare thy charge, thy proper costs to spende. which thou to honour well thy Lorde, dost liberally extende. As longe as thou with money storde, or qualities art freight. most favre thy maister speekes to thee, most joyfull is his plight: Most chearefull peares his pleasant face, all times continually: and still he faith, he full is bent to help, and chearish thee. Fayr wordes they fay, make fooles to faine, trust not swet promise kind, before the deedes agree to wordes, which thou by proofe shalt finde, For though thou be, in fauour greatst, yet come a sudden blast, that Maisters love, may turne to hate, as one dispisde at laste. Still shalt thou flie, both carks and cares, for maysters worthy state: to ride, to run, in heate and colde, at times both er and late In perels plunge and dangers greate, thou fealst continuallie: thy life thou dost adventure oft, for Maisters cause to dye, When others sleape in quiet bedde, thou ridst in nightes that be, in shewres and stormes to do the thyng, that Lorde commits to thec. In perels oft of enmies (wordes, in groups and bushie place, this doutfull waies for Masters cause, thou runst in painfull race. At home thou must in presence be, to shewe thy diligence, for maister all the trauaile is, but all thine owne expense. In order thinges thou must addresse, both here and theare to goe: to crie and call, to talke and toyle, this is thy endles woe. Now master calls, now mistris speakes, now up and downe goe now, now tarie here, now goe thou theare, at all commaundes be thou.

Pleasent Sonets.

Yet when thy maifter likes thee well, thy miftres may thee hate: and thus betwene Caribdis rockes, thou failst in doubtfull state. Yf both thee love, tis but for times, they stande vnconstantlie. for maifter genes, his care perhaps, to fauninge flatterie. And then a preuie fooe mave worke, a treuthles tale to tell: that fauour fleeth, and maister hateth, whom late he loued full well. O cruell tonge. O masters fonde, that so will bende their eares. to cause a faithfull servantes hart, to mone in heavie cheares. But thousande waves besides may growe, displeasure great in place. that shall thee bring from joyfull hart, into a dolefull case. This is the furest certaintie, of service that maje fall. this is the wofull haps of men, in place illiberall. At beck thou art, to come and goe, a bondage tis vee fee. who wilbe linckt in feruitude, if well he may go free? The crouked clowne, with all his toyle, fealth not one haife thy paine. to whom the tylled foyle reftores, for laboures, gratefull gavne. But thou for fruites fo well deserved, by longe applied care. perchaunce may get but only hate, not one good worde to spare. O Barraine lande. O frutelesse feilde, to bringe a fort to woes: for when they hopde to have rewarde, nought els but hatred groes. What man can judge of fuch a foyle, that hath both eyes to fee. but that he will accompt the ende, a mortall misere: If once thou hapft away to be, when maister cals thee well. what checks thou hast at thy retorne, I neede not here to tell. Yea oft we see for absence small, though cause sull great appeare. thy maister taunth, and maistris frownes, as Heg of Hell she weare. And once if thou from fauour fall, then laboureth flatteryng fples: to hove thee out of favour cleane, by lewde and knauish lies. And commonly this thing doth hap, when youth and goods are fpent. for then to drive thee of in deede, his minde is fully bent: And soone will he geue credit then, to those that thee depraue: alas for all our carkes and cares, this is rewarde wee haue. When faithfull man liath thus long ferued, in truth of tried hart: in thend shall vice ingratytude, retracte his just desarte. O youth beware, O men bewyfe, what foole fo blinde is hee, that will spende out his youthfull yeres, such seruingman to be? G. ii.

and preti Pamphilets.

A feruyngman, what mome will loue, their names are odious, their life abhorde as wicked waics, and trade most impious. This will the hellish sclaunderous lipps, of honest man report. and though the feruingman be good, yet ravies the envious fort: When thus is fpent thy golden youth, and many goodly veres: and left the waies of furer life, where greater fruites appeares: When spent be goods both stock and store, and all in service care: and lived longe at charge of freinds, whose bagges for thee go bare. Then comth on thee displeasures great, at one vnhappy howre, that maister hates whom well he loued. & turnes thee out his dowre. Then age with charge and toyling paines, so many veres of trust. are now at once on fudden loft, and all is layde in dust: Thus thou for toyle and great expense, hast small rewarde to take: now age draweth on and all is fpent, and all men thee forsake. And thou art left in beggers state, that were in youth so fine. what miserie is like to this, what woes then like to thine? In hope fome line to be preferde, for worke to have his gaine. but hope may misse, though wide he gap, he gapeth perchasce in vaine Where one wee fee to be preferde, three live for lacke as starvid. and other eke shall have the fruites, that they have well deservide. And this is cause that I olde man, am poore whom none regarde, for I haue felt for feruice longe, the maisters short rewarde. What greater plagues or woes can be, then lost deserved meede. and Lorde to turne his feruant of, in time of greatest neede: Of feruice longe this is the ende, as, still by proofe ye fee, for faithfull harts of feruants true, thefe are rewardes that bee. For longe expense and charge of freinds, this is rewarde againe. for losse of time in golden youth, this is the tried gaine. For toyling paines and labours longe, this fruitelesse endes that bee: alas this is the death of some, when Lordes ingrate they see. But chiefe when age, doth once appeare, that labour none they have, the mistres cries what makst thou heare, be packing doting knaue: So are they like vnto the Dog, in Hunt that runs his race. who hath in youth been well esteemde, and liuide in careles case, But when in age he weried is, that hunting all is past. go hange, they crie the cursed cur, this is reward at last.

Pleasant Souets

This is the ende, this is rewarde, for paines and losse of age: O learne yonge man that feruice then, in none inheritage. A figne of this of youth ill fpent, an aged man am I. alas no refuge is for me. O death nowe let me die. O wretched state. O cruell course. O port of penurie. O pitte of pagnes. O pestlent race. O sincke of miserie. O witles waies O frutles factts. O badge of beggers state. O plumpe of paines O endles woes. O man infortunate. Retire my sonne this race to run, that life vncertaine is. who lives in flate of Serultours, lives ftill in doubtfulnes. What is the cause, ingratitude, withdrawes the helpyng hande. fince feruing weights by dayly toyle, are praise of noble band, What is the state of noble troope, if faruants have no powres. alone is knowen a princely porte, by traine of feruitoures? By service dew is well distinct of state the right degrees: as servants serve in hoping harts, and crouch with humble knees. Where are the men more courteous, then men of seruice free: what men are more of comely corps, then Courtly feruants be? Who knowes the course and trade of men, but servants daily care? who are more feate or trim traind vp. then manerd feruents are? Who stronge or tall of personage, but men of servants route? who beares the cares & bront of wars, but feruants arms fo stoute? What then of more necessitie, then seruitours full trewe. why then shall they have ill rewards, in thend their states to rewe? Lo heare good fonne I have declarde, fome part of thy degre: beware betimes, hereafter fay, that I have tolde it thee: Then came the courtly Courtier, wherein his prayle redownes, and gaue vnto this aged man, for helpe full twentie Crownes, And faide till death in mindefull breft, this counfall will I grave, and eke in time I hope by wit, thereof the fruites to haue, I thanckes restord withe hartye loue, which tongue dooth faint to tell: god thee preserve to happie dayes. O Father deare farewell: Fare well (quoth he) with thousande thankes, & God thy iorney speede which thus hast helpe[d] my aged yeres, in times of greatest neede. Thus fayd: that aged man full glad, with lingring steps on went, and laith his corps in plefant shade, of Oken tree so bent: G. iii. For

and preti Pamphilets.

For tonge with talke now werie was, and hart for gift was glad: wherefore he went to recreat, his limmes that weaknesse had, And laying downe his bodie weake, he layde his Staffe him bye, and leande his head on Elbow bare, and closed his sleeping eye.

Finis.

Howell to his freinde Keper.

The feruynge state which you reject,
By open cause that you detect,
Deserues so great a prayse in deede,
As great contempts cannot exceede.

Who serves not God is voyde of blisse, In noble service freedom is, And he that hath cleare eyes to see, Perceaues that all men servants bee.

For Princes greatest serve God aboue, And men them serve in God by loue, As God geueth gifts who him regards, So Lord his servant true rewards.

What greate rewards of Maisters be, By feruice got wee dayly fee? Some Knights be dubde for their awarde, To greater state, thence forth presarde.

And eke wee see in meaner fort,
The Lords that keepe the stately port,
Theire servants keepe in ioylitie,
And them prefar to dignitie.

Pleasant Sonets.

If feruants then recease their meede, And eche man feruant is in deede, In this disprayse of them so prest, Include your selfe emongst the rest.

They are preferd, why fay ye noe,
Their Maisters gifts do dayly growe,
Exalt therfore good Courteours,
And eke the courte of Seruitors.
Finis.

Keeper his answer to. H.

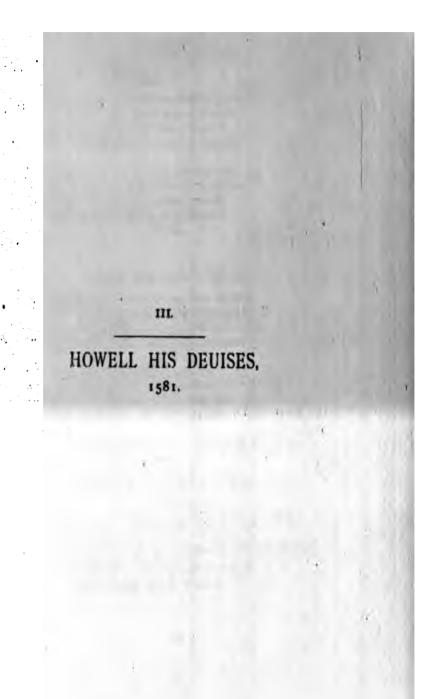
Reind Howell hope thou quietly,
To ferue thy Lord most faithfully,
No man to much can prayle such men,
No Maister good deprayes my pen.

I speake of Maister Couetous, Vnkinde, vniust, vncourteous, Vnsweet, vnmeet, to serue at all, Not good, not just, not liberall.

Therfore ye take my worde amisse,
All saruants are, most true it is:
Yet I do gesse by inwarde moode,
All seruants serue not Maisters good.
Finis.

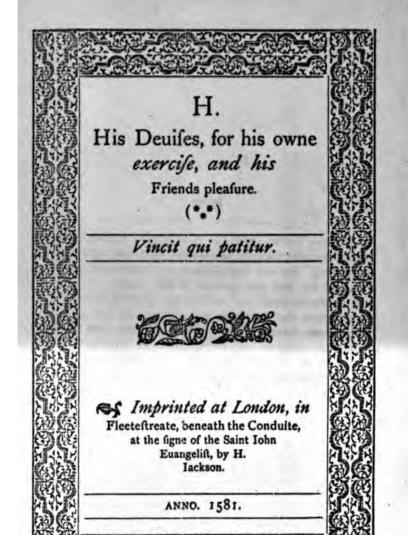
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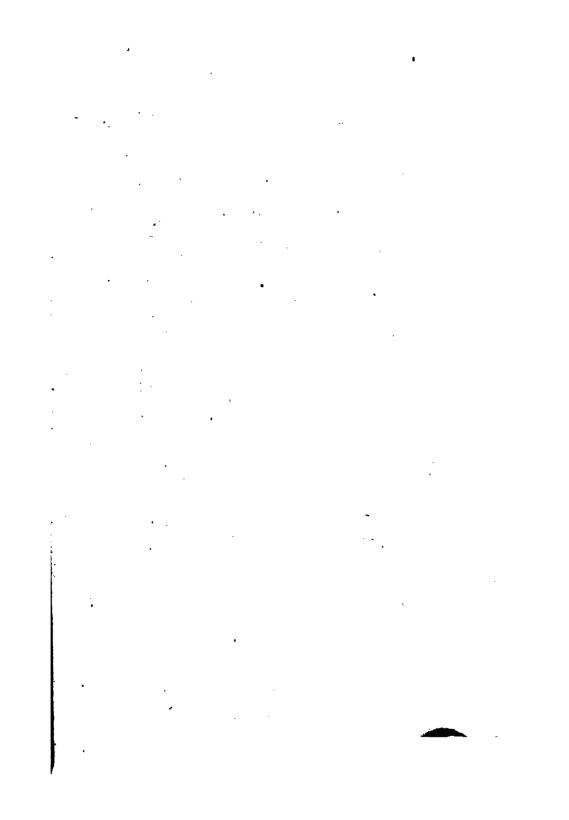
Fohn Euangelist by Thomas Colwell.



NOTE.

The only known exemplar of Howell's 'Deuises' is that in the Bodleian (Malone 342)—from which our reproduction is derived. See our Introduction on certain pieces in the 'Arbor,' &c., that are repeated in the 'Deuises.' As they are relatively small, and as to have omitted them would have thrown the pagination and arrangement out of order, it has been deemed expedient to give them here as well. There are additions and variations in the later texts. On the were of the title-page, there is a page-size woodcut coat of arms, with the legend 'Virtus in Ardvo.'—G.





To the Right Honorable and most vertuous Lady, the Lady Marye

Counteffe of Pembrooke.

HE LITTLE POET ACCIVS NOT knowing which way to couer the smalenesse of kys person, which was somewhat lesse then the meane, thought best to have a great picture drawne for kys Counterseyte: This Poet no doubt had some meaning in this deuise, for pictures often go there, where

the person whom they represent are not admitted: And it might be that strangers seeing the great shape, would imagine Accius to be a Tewcer a cunning Archer, but a farute harted Souldiour. then wanted no courage when he was close covered with the Target Vlisses, whose rype wyt made full amends for of his brother Aiax. his weake body, thought no adventure dangerous, though never fo perillous, if he were protected with the shield of Pallas. So I right Noble Ladye knowing my abilitie to wryte, to bee farre leffe then the person of Accius, and so more lykely to incurre more rebukes: my courage therfore more faynte then eyther Tewcers, or Vliffes, and so more needing some strong defence, have adventured to place in the forefrunt of this little treatife, the tytle of your name, as a great portrature to a little body, as a fure shield to a weake Warriour, as a safe defence against any danger. For as they which should fee the dicture of Accius, would imagine it to aunswere his person: so if the Reader hereof, behold your name in the fyrst leafe, he will deeme the whole Booke the more fruitfull, and the framer thereof the more skilfull: but if he shall once perceyue your Honor to be Patronesse to this labour, he will eyther love it, bicause he doth honor you, or wil not dare to reproch it, bicause he perceyueth you are as ready, and knoweth you are as able to defend it, as eyther Aiar was to garde Tewcer, or Pallas to guyde Vliffes. I cannot right vertuous Ladye, imagine there was anye greater cause that might induce Accius to frame so bigge a picture: or cause Aiax to shielde Tewcer: or moone Pallas to regarde the safety of Vlisses; then my selfe A. iii. now

The Epistle.

now have to vie your Honors defence. Accius his victure might with a stranger court the shortnesse of his person: your name shall to the Reader be recombence for the greatnesse of my ignorance. Tewer fled to Aiax bicause he was his owne brother: I presume to fecke ande of your Honor, bicause I am your poore servant. Pallas did defende Vlisses bicause shee knew he followed and loved her: Your Ladishib (I trust) well be my protestion, bicause I konor and serve you, which I have done in tymes past, now doe, and ever hereafter wil do, in such sorte, that the worlde should be wrinesse, if my abilitie to shew it, were as great as my wil is ready to performe it, I would be found equal in dutiful zeale towards your Honor, to Vlisses in harty affection towards Pallas. Therfore right Noble Lady let me be bold to remember you in behalfe of my selfe, of that which Demosthenes is reported to have soken to Alexander, in defence of the Athenians. You have (sayd he) most worthy Emperour, by fortune no greater good then that you maye; by nature no better gifte then that you wishe to doe good to many, dite and estimation your vertuous life, and rare wisedome hath procured you: the honorable curtefie and sweete behaviour wherewith Nature hath plentifully endued you, shal not be either unfitly or unfruitfully used, if you shal vouchsafe to imploy the one it defence, and shew the other in good acceptance of this slender worke of your fernant, which as I did wryte at ydle times in your house, to anorde greater y dlenesse or worse businesse: so I present it humbly unto you, as a testimony of my bounden dutie, ever craving your

Honor to pardon my bolds presumption: and styl beseeching the Almightye to blesse you in earth with much honour, and in heaven to crowne you with eternall selicitie.

Your Honors humble and faythfull
Servant. The: Honell.



¶ The Table of the Contents

O assurance, but in Vertue.

T Prosperity ought not cause presumption, nor adversity

Force dispayre.

T Once warnde, twice armde.

¶ Flattery the Vayle of Frawde.

I No greater contrariety, then in the passions of Loue.

In uttering of forrow, some solace.

¶ Miscrie the ende of Letchery.

The paines of Louers great, but mine grieuous.

¶ Ruine the rewarde of Vice.

The best Natures soonest abused.

I He lykeneth his lotte to Virgils.

All of greene Willow, Willow, Willow, Willow, Sith all of greene Willow shall be my Garland.

All of greene Lawrel.

I No new fancies shall alter olde lyking.

A Dreame.

The lamentable ends of Iulia Pompeis Wyfe.

I Secrecy, for some sorrows, a needfull remedy.

The ends of lyfe, the begyning of bliffe.

They soonest yelde remedy, that have felt lyke extremitie.

A Posie.

Vnthankfulnesse of minde, a monster in Nature.

Noble minds cyther conquer or coner.

Vngie feruirey.

Doe or be still.

He denies quickly, that gives flowly.

- Women are words, men are deeds.

Enuy cuer depraueth desert.

A Winters morning muse.

Mans lyfe lykened to a slage play.

To his Mistresse.

Reward doth not alwayes annfwere deferte.

Who hurt, must heale.

Of Loous.

Of Bayes and Willow.

[A iiij.]

 $[\P An]$

The Table.

1 An Epitaph upon the death of the Ladye Katherine, late Counteffe of Pembrooke,

Vltimum vale.

- In aductitie is best seene Vertues excellency.
- I Sorrowe disclosed, somewhat eased.
- I Omnis fortuna superanda ferendo est. Of sufferance comes ease,
- ¶ H. his Reply to his friend. A. M.
- ¶ H, to himfelfe.
- I Written to a most excellent Booke, full of rare invention.
- The complainte of a forrowfull wight, founde languyshing in a Forrest
- ¶ Of Fancie.
- ¶ Aunswere
- T Euer sought, never founde.
- A Poefie,
- Aunswere.
- T Every thing is as it is taken.

To kis Lady of her doubtfull aunswere.

Helps best welcome, when most needefull.

Of the Golden worlde,

Of Golde.

A. W.

Aunfwere. H.

Of Friends.

Answere. B. L.

Reply to the same.

Another waye.

To his Friend M. S.

In mediocritie most safety.

To the same.

That valiant hrtes are desyrous to aspyre.

¶ Aunfwere.

Another waye.

To his Friend E. R. of the Bee.

Sure counsell, sounde friendship.

They performe not best, that promise most.

Bewtie

The Table.

Bewtie the bayte Vanitie.

Of Fortune.

A Sonet.

To her Louer, that made a conquest of her, & fled, leaving her with childe.

Being burdened to fayne his good will he aunswereth thus.

Chaunge of Country, Shall not chaunge fancie.

Where abilitie fayleth, wyll fufficeth.

Mans impictie, fayns falfe Deitie.

In love finale iarres, fometime breede best content.

What Nature Seucreth, Arte hardly ioyneth.

He wysheth well to the Crabbe and Maple Tree in Milfeelde, for the Ladies sake that met there under them.

Being charged with fineneffe he aunfwereth thus.

Such Saintes, fuch feruice.

I follow what flyeth from me.

No griefe to wante of due regarde.

Of Anger.

A New yeares gifte.

Another.

Another.

Another.

An Epitaph.

A Dreame.

Loue asketh loue.

The variable thoughts of a Louer.

R. T.

Aunswere.

Another wave.

Godlynesse passeth ryches.

His aunswere to one that wrote, faynte hartes that feare to synne, fayre Ladyes seldom wynne.

To I. N.

H. To his mishap.

Falfyfying of fayth, breeds many complaints.

To his Song, sent to his Mistresse.

The Table.

·£

A Poefie. Aunswere

The vanitie of rytches.

Discord makes weake, what concord lest strong.

Of one that came to borrowe money.

Aunswere.

Truth feareth no tryall.

He complayneth his mishap, with promise to keepe her honor.

G. To his Ladye.

For smale offence, smale punishment.

- T Loues myghtineffe growes by Louers weakneffe.
- A comparison of his troubles.
- ¶ I. K. to H. being ficke.
- I Aunswere H.
- ¶ Of Friendship.
- Aunfwere. G. H.
- T H. to M.
- Admonition to his Friend.
- Who seekes this Worlds felicitie, Fyndes nothing else but vanitie.

To a Flatterer.

Aunswere

Reason and Fanste doe often varie.

A Poefie.

Certains Verses translated out of Petrark concerning Rome, written by hym many years since.

FINIS.



¶ To the Reader.

W Here none but Nature is the guyde, Minerua hath no parte, Then you her Nurcelings beare with him, yt knows no aide of arte. I wake my wyts to please my selfe, nought reaking praise or blame, I force my pen to purge my brayne, though matter fmall I frame. In which attempt, if lack of skill, have led my Muse awry, Let my well meaning minde the miffe, in eche respect supply. If patterns wrought by Arte, of curious workman here thou feeke, Thy trauayle then thou shalt not lose, to looke and neuer leeke. But if good will may thee fuffife, perufe, and take thy pleafure, In Natures schoole my little skill: I learned all by leasure. Here nothing placed is, that may the vertuous forte offende, (mende. Though envious Carpers barke and fnarle, at things they fcarce can Whose chiefest grace is wife to seeme, by blotting others deedes, Whose paynted flowers in proofe full oft, fall out but flincking weedes. The chafte defyre with honest ryme, mislykes no whitt in minde, But venomde Spyders poyfon take, where Bee doth honey finde. With greater eafe a fault is founde, then well to welde the reste : It differs much to tell the tale, and words misplaste to wreste. By patterns here displayed to thee, thou mayst perhaps preuente The poyloning bayts of bitter sweete, whose bliffe brings sharp evente. Difloyall love and filthic luft, thou here art taught to flee: With other Sawes to fundry endes, though hewed rough they bee. That lyfe is lyke a Bubble blowne, or fmoke that foone doth paffe. That all our pleasures are but paynes, our glorie brittle glasse. That Fortunes fruites are variable, no holde in Princely mace: That womens myndes are mutable, that death drawes on apace. That worldly pompe is vanity, that youth vnwares decayes: That high estate is slipperie, that onely vertue stayes, Here learne thou mayst: with divers notes, gaynst fraude and flattery. That may fuffice to warne the wife, to voyde fuch battery. And eke thou here mayst viewe and see, how Bewtie cruell haste Doth make, to shun the gallant face, where she but late was plaste. That she is Natures priveledge, and so is sayd to bee Because she seldom gives that gyste, but where she cause doth see.

That

To the Reader.

That beawtie is a dumbe disceite, not having worde or arte:
And yet with silent craste she can, perswade the hardest harte.
She conqueres where she comes by kinde: for Creatures faire procure,
By naked lookes, such yeelding harts, as they wishe to allure.
Whose vaynedely ghts if thou desier, thy thryste goes to the grounde,
(And yet by honest loue we see, the greatest wealth is sounde.)

Apollos troope my saults will passe, and waye my want herein,
Whose freindly sauor if I gaine, I prise not Pan a pin.
The trauell myne, the pleasure thine, if ought thou here doe leeke,
Thy good reporte, for paynes ymployed is sole rewarde I seeke.

Virtus honorem parit.

T Faults escaped in the printing.

In the Sonet entitled Ruine the reward of Vics, the seconde line, for ioy, reade ioyes. And in the syst staffe of the same Sonet, the last line, for forsing, reade falsing.

In the answere to the poesie written of Fansie, the laste lyne, for you reade your.

In the Golden world, the xvij vearse and syrst word, for Gor, read For. In the Sonet entiteled hir louer that made a conquest of hir, the viij. Staffe, the last line, for shamefull, read shamelesse.

In mans impietie, faines false deitie, the first verse, sor saine, read saynde. In Sorrowe disclosed somewhat eased, for settled sorrows, read sorrowe. In such saints, such service, toward the ende of the Sonet, sorwhen, read whence.

In what Nature fewereth, arte hardly ionneth, the laste line of the first staffe, for soone read same.

In the vanity of ritches, after the fixt line read, For who hath most of such a store, the more he seares as thrall. Which is there lacking. In Discorde makes weaks, what, &c. the last lyne saue one, for guyde, read guyle.

In Reason and fanciedo often vary, the first word, for there, read where.



Delightfull Discourses to sundry purposes.

1 No assurance but in Vertue.

That Natures Imps, within thys vale possesses.
That Natures Imps, within thys vale possesses.
The dyuers haps, the straunge vncertayne wayes,
That headlong forth we runne beyond all gesses,
Shall soone perceyue, that euery worldly ioye,
Short pleasures yeelds, imixte with long anoye.

Though whorde of heaped store, for more delight,
Our Cosers keepe, to please our greedie luste:
Yea, though our time we passe in ioyfull plight,
And in thys lyse repose our chiesest trust,
Yet worldly pompe, when all is sayde and done,
Doth vade away, lyke Snowe against the Sonhe.

A tyme of byrth Dame Nature doth vs giue,
A tyme to dye shee lykewise doth prouyde:
No sooner doe we syrst beginne to liue,
But straight to death vnwares away we slyde,
And yet alas, our fancies are so srayle,
That all our ioye is here to hoyse vp Sayle.

But such as set their Heauen of lingering lyse,
In pleasures lap, whose froward tickle wheele
(Sayth wisdoms sonne) with frowning turn is ryse,
To drowne their blisse, that blyndly so doe reele,
By searche shall synde, eche sleeting pleasure vaine,
When Vertues Impes, with Vertue highe shall raigne.

Then who fo fees, the Sugar strawde on Gall, And shunnes the same, by sacred Vertues skill:

B. j.

Shall

Delightfull Discourses

Shall fafely stande, when Follyes children fall,
That heedlesse holde, Dame pleasures wanton will.
Thus Vertue stayeth, when Vices steps doe slyde,
So are they bless, that doe in Vertue byde.

1 Prosperitie ought not cause presumption, nor adversitie force dispayre.

Here Fortune fauoreth not, what labor may preuaile? Who frowning fate wil needs thrust down, what shall he win With pacient mind to veeld, is fure the foundest way. (to waile? And cast our cares and griese on him, that satall force doth swav. For Death with equal pace, doth passe to Princes gate. And there as at the Cottage poore, doth knock in one like state. The tyme or maner how, the highft no more can tell, Then poorest Peysant placed here, in base estate to dwell. Sithe then such seeble stay, in mortall might we finde. Why should the wante of worldly drosse, in dole once daunt our The Tylman pore in toyle, that fpends the weary day, Whose welth will scarce supply his wante, when some whoorde Fals not to flat difpaire, ne yet his labor leaves, (heaps v^t play. Though scarce ye stubble prooues his share, when others shock the But lives with mind content, more free fro care & strife (sheaves Then those yt hunger highest hap, where dangers dwel most rife. Though prowde ambition blinde, puft vp with glory vaine. Detest their state that riches wante, with hawty high disdaine. The Seas oft troubled are, by winds that whyrling five. When shallow streams yeeld water cleere, in valleis low yt lye. High Mountaynes set on syre, by lightning eke we see. When Pastures placed vnderneath, in nothing altered bee. The foremost front in fight, are neerest deadly wound. The lofty tree is foonst blowne down, & leveld with the grounde. So fuch as thirst to clymbe, to daunger most are thrall. Whose slyding glory sawced is, with honey mixt with Gall. For who fo gript with griefe, if Fortune lifte to lowre. As those that earst did seede at full, upon her sayrest slowre? Which

Which change full oft hath faine, through her vnconstantnesse, And whome she lately laught vpon, throwne down remidilesse. Was Alexander great, that many daungers past, For all his mightie conquests wonne, not slayne himselse at laste? A Kings sonne eke I finde, for Fathers tyranny, Constraynd to worke a Smith in Forge, by harde necessity. Such is the fading force, of Fortunes fickle powre, Whose fruitfulst fruite both rypes and rottes, in lesse space then Such is her tickle trust, such are her slipper steps, (an howre. That what she seemes to sowe in loy, with sorrow of the reaps. Attribute all to him, that sate doth guyde therefore, With willing mind embrace thy lot, where rich thou be or pore.

¶ Once warnde, twice armde.

Hylste siye deceyte, by sleight of smyling cheare, Yeeldes tickling hope, to dandle on our dayes: We dreade no guyle, no doubling drift we seare, Our sounde beliefe such settled trust doth rayse. But when in syne, we finde our selues missed, We blame the frawde that so our fancies sed.

And gripte with griefe, our former truit we wayle,
Exclayming lowde that falshood so can sayne,
When glossing shewes clokt vnder friendships vayle,
Fals out but sleyght, to softer hope in vayne,
Loe thus sull oft, what deemde hath bene the sunne,
Proofe Cynthea sindes, whose course more lowe doth runne.

As fome haue tryde through time and trauell spente, Who traynde by trust, haue deemde good hap there plast, Had swayed the soyle, where ruine all to rente, Hath due desart, with rigour downe desast.

Whose short regarde, for long imployed toyle, May warne the wise of frawde to seare the Foyle.

B. ij.

¶ Flattery

Delightfull Discourses

T Flattery the Vayle of Frawde.

Ayre words foule deeds, pretended and forethought,
Who can but hate, that holds the feare of God:
Fayne you that lyst, such practise produes but nought,
Vyle diuelishe driftes, produck Iows wrathfull rod,
Which sure will fall, if we in synne perseuer,
Shame is the fruite, of srawde and soule endedor.

Wherein beholde, fome masks in Nettes at Noone,
Yet deeme they walke in clowdes of close disguise:
Hoyste vp in thought, to reach beyond the Moone,
When all the worlde, their couert cunning spyes.
But these to name, my pen and speeche shall spare,
Who medleth least, least cumbred is with care.

It me fuffizen may to note their driftes,
That weene by wyles, the worlde to weald at will:
Their glofing shewes, their slye and guylefull shiftes,
To trayne such on, as synde not out their skyll.
Whose turnes to serue, though sooles a tyme be dandled,
The wyser wincke, that see how things are handled.

I No greater contrariety, then in the passions of Loue.

In hope to bolde, in feare more faynte then needes:

In thought a thousand guyles it stryues to proue,

In guyle, suspition painefull passions breedes.

Suspition easely yeelds to light beleese,

And light beleese to lealousie is thrall,

The lealous mynde deuoures it selse with griese,

Thus loue at once doth frye, freese, ryse and fall.

On pleasures passe to thinke, it takes delighte,

Whyles present blisse, by sonde conceyte it balkes,

Although

Although the fruite it fynde, be penfiue plight,

For better chaunce, yet carelesse on it walkes.

These are the seedes that Venus Baby sowes,

As taste they shall, the bitter crop that mowes.

In ottering of forrowe, some solace.

Y carefull case, and pensive pyning plight; Constraynth my Pen, against my will to wright: The plunged state, wherein I lyue and dwell, Doth force me forth, my dolefull tale to tell.

My heaped woes, all folace fets afyde, Whofe fecret fmarte (alas) I fayne would hyde, But as the subject Oxe, to yoke must yeelde, So vanquisht wightes, are forste forsake the feelde.

My lucklesse lotte, denies me all releise, I seeke for helpe, but finde increase of griefe. I languishe still, in long and deepe dispaire, Yet shunne to shewe the cause of this my care.

I couet nought, that reason might denye, Ne doe I seeke by meanes to mounte on hye: But what I seeke, if I the same might finde, Then easde should be, mine vncontented mynde.

7 Miferie the ende of Letchery.

Fylthy letchery,
Fyre of foule fraylty
Nursse to ympietie,
Warre, pryde, and ielousie,
Whose substance is gluttony,

Whose smoke is infamy, Whose sparkes are vanity, Whose slame obscurity, Whose coles impurity, And ashes mysery.

B. iij.

T The

Delightfull Discourses

The paines of Louers great, but mine grieuous.

And fwelting heat in chilly colde,
So quite contrary are by kinde,
As ftrange it feemeth to beholde,
Strange is the feare that makes them fainte,
And ftrange the care that chokes their ioy,
Yet ftranger passions me attaynte,
The onely Nursse of mine annoy.

T Ruine the rewards of Vice.

To you whose daintie dayes in loyes are spent:
To you whose daintie dayes in loyes are spent:
To you whose prayse Dame Nature seekes to poolish,
To you whose fancie Venus doth frequent.
To you I wryte with harte and good intent.
That you may note by viewe of what I say,
How Natures giftes soone vade and slyde away.

Your lostie lookes, time downe sull lowe shall raze, Your stately steps age eke will alter quite:
Your stately steps age eke will alter quite:
Your stately steps age eke will alter quite:
Whose heate is prone to follow soule delight,
The whip shalbe, that shall you sharply smite:
When every vice that sproong of Fancies sittes,
Repentance brings, to those the same committes.

Is not the pride of *Helens* prayle bereft?

And *Creftid* staynde, that Troian knight imbrased:
Whose bewties bright but darke desame hath lest,
Unto them both through wanton deedes preserred.

As they by dynte of Death their dayes have ended,
So shall your youth, your pompe, and bewties grace,
When nothing else but vertue may take place.

Then

Then shake of Vice ye Nymphes of Cressids Crue,
And Vertue seeke, whose praise shall never die:
With sylthic lust your bodies not imbrue,
As did this Ilion Dame most wickedly,
Whose blisse by bale was plagude so greeuously,
That loe her lyse in Lazars lodge she ended,
Who erst in Courte most curiously was tended.

Her Corps that did king *Priams* fonne delight,
Confumde with cares, fent forth fad fighes full colde:
Her azurde vaynes, her face and fkinne fo white,
With purple spottes, seemde vgly to beholde.
Eche lymne alas corruption gan vnfolde,
In which distresses and hitter straine of ruth

In which diffresse, and bitter straine of ruth, She begges her bread, for falsing fayth and truth.

No forrow then might falue her lewde offence,
Nor raze the blotte that bred her black defame:
Her dolefull daies alas founde no defence:
Twas now to late to fhunne the fheete of fhame,
Which had bewrapt her wrackfull blemifht name,
So brode was blowne her crime and cursed cafe,
That worlds bewrayed her frowning fates difgrafe.

Loe here the ende of foule defyled lyfe,

Loe here the fruite that finne both fowes and reapes:

Loe here of Vice the right reward and knyfe,

That cuttes of cleane and tumbleth downe in heapes,

All fuch as tread Dame Crefsids curfed steppes,

Take heede therefore how you your pryme do spende,

For Vice brings plagues, and Vertue happy ende.



179

Delightfull Discourses.

The best Natures, soonest abused.

Etwixte my hope and dreade, grewe such debate,
When fyrst I sought these naked lines to frame,
That long I pawside, as doubtfull to dilate,
Whether best proceede, or else leave of the same,
Tyll hope at last, dispayre doth banishe quight,
And wylles my Pen assay in verse to wright.

Feare not (quoth hope) to shewe thy wylling will, (Smale seedes sometime may light on gratefull ground:) If none had wrote but Clarks of *Tullies* skill, Sweete sawes had sunck, which now assote are founde, Then cast of dread, dispayre no whyt at all, Diseases great are cuerd with Medicins small.

These cheerefull wordes, no sooner gan reuiue
My Muse, but straight in mynde I me bethought,
How Gnatos secte through Flattery doe contriue,
Eche guilefull glose, tyll they their wyles haue wrought,
Whose great abuse, though briefly here I touch,
I spare to speake, what might be sayde of such.

Oh friendship sounde, though sundry yeelde a showe, Yet sewe there be, in whome is tryed trust:

Such frawde in friendly lookes doth dayly growe,
That who most sawnes, ofte proues the most vniust:

Who sooner shall well meaning mindes betray,
Then such as best can Sionns pagent play.

As Saylers earft, by Sirens fongs alurde,
Deuoured were that lackt Vilifes skill,
So Noble minds by such have bene procurde,
To credite toyes, that turnde to greater ill.
The Serpent wife, to stop hir eares deemes meete,
When Charmer seemes to charme with voyce most sweete.

For lyke as shadowe plaste before the eyes,
Is not the thing that it doth represent:
Nor al prooues Gold that shines when touchstone tries,
Though sayre it seeme vnto some soule intent:
No more doe words that passe from slattering sorte,
Yeelde such effect as they doe oft report.

Some friendship saine to give the greater gleeke,
Displeasures doubt another fort constraines:
Tooloothe vp things, which they perhaps missike,
By meanes whereof vnscene, great mischiese raignes.
Some sawne to serve their turne, where fortune smiles,
But if the frowne, they see with all their wiles.

¶ Such shewes right well, comparde may be to shade,
That seelde is seene, but where the Sunne doth shine:
For as those shapes with every clowde doe vade,
So Flatterers saile if Fortune once decline.
Use Serpents skill against this subtill kinde,
Floodes drowne no Fields, before some brack they finde.

As fyre doth fine, and seperate Golde from drosse,
And shews the pure and perfite from the vyle:
So tryed is when wrackfull stormes doe tosse,
The saythfull Friend from such as meane but guyle.
For like as Doues delight in buildings newe,
To Cressus Court, so slocks Corebus crewe.

Let wisedome therfore weld your wayes and deedes,

Whose prudent posse brings darkest doubts to light:
To quick mistrust in trustiest, treason breedes,
The hastic credite oft deemes wrong for right.
Accounte of those, whome Vertues raigne doth guyde,
For such will stande, when glosing Gnasses styde.
C. i.

T He

Delightfull Discourfes.

T He lykeneth his lotte to Virgils.

Hough Virgils Vearse, for lostic style were rare,
Surmounting farre my seeble Muses might:
Yet in this poynte my case I may compare
With his, what tyme another claymde his right,
And say with him, though I the seede did sowe,
Another seekes the fruite theres to mowe.

Like as the toyling Oxe the Plow doth pull,
And hath but stalkes, when others share the eares:
Or as the sheepe that Nature clothes with wooll,
Brings forth the Fleece, the shearer from him sheares,
Euen much alike it fareth now with me,
That forst the ground, where others reape the Fee.

J bred the Bees, thou wouldst the Honey haue,
I tylde the soyle, thou seekste by guyle the game:
I owe the Tree, thou doest the branches craue,
Thou prickst for prayse, where none but I tooke paine.
What deedes denie, some wynne by naked wordes,
I hatchte the broode, though thou possesse the byrdes.

Who so doth hold the light, whilst others Maske,
No Masker is perdie, you know right well:
Nor all whose shewes would clayme the greatest taske,
Deserues the same, when truth her tale doth tell.
Though mine the wrong, yet seemes the loss so light,
As shame sorbids me more theros to write.



T All

All of greene Willow, Willow, Willow, Willow, Sithe all of greene Willow shall be my Garland.

Mbrace your Bayes sweetely, that smile in loues sight,
And deck you with Lawrell, that dwell in delight,
To me most vnhappy, still spurnde by despight,
Is given writhed Willows to expresse my state right.

Pursuing the Panther whose sweete doth abound, A most cruell Viper my hard sate hath sound: Whose nature to Spyders I well may compare, That mercylesse murders, whats caught in her snare.

The Lyon doth tender the beaft that doth yeelde, The Tyger feemes conftant, once conquerd in field: Bellona shewes fauour to Captiues that sue, But Venus resuseth my dolors to rue.

How shall I to ease me vnburden my brest, Of these pensiue passions that breeds my vnrest: When speech wanteth powre, when voyce is vnprest, And wyt wanteth cunning to compasse Loues hest.

Yet what analyses words, where eares words doe flee, Though words to the minde, true messengers bee? Or what vayleth wyt, where wyll is vntowarde? The facrifice lost, where Saints be so frowarde.

¶ All of greene Lawrell.



O fing of forrowe still,
Attending Venus will,
Were now but lack of skill,
Pittie lyes deade:
C. ii.

Then

Delightfull Discourses

Then cast of mourning cheare, Let loyfull plight appeare, Where clouds do neuer cleare, Comfort is fielde.

Looke vp to the Lawrell, and let Willow goe, And truft to the true friend, imbrace not thy foe.

Sing all of greene Lawrell:

By trauaile who striueth, to winne thanklesse wight, Is like one that washeth a black a Moore white,

Let all of greene Lawrell bedeck thy Garland.

Though fome diffill their teares, That wrythed Willow weares, Yet fainte not at their feares.

Seeme not to dread:
The wifest haue done so,
The Valiant wrapt in wo,
Haue taken ouerthrow.

By Fancie led.

Where wyt is conftrayned by will to giue place, Their fongs are of forrow, that loyes would embrace, Sing all of greene Lawrell.

Let no deceytfull shewes of Venus bright shine,

Haue power once to pierce the founde harte of thine, So shall the greene Lawrell set forth thy garland.

Waygh not the wauering minde, That fleetes with enery winde, Tyli thou fome stay doe finde,

Trust not to farre.
Unto Dame Constancy,
Bende still thy battery,
Five fast from flattery.

With bewtie make warre. So shall thy well lyking not harme thee at all, For fayth fixed firmely, such fauour will fall,

That all of greene Lawrell, &c.

When

When others in dolors their wrack shall bewayle,
Thy shyp on the founde seas in fasetie may sayle,
Where crownde with greene Lawrel, in joy thou shalt sing.

No newe fancies, shall alter old lyking.

When change of choyce his fickle humor fedde,
And Carthage cryes, with strayned voyce complayne,
On periurde Prince, by night that faithlesse fledde.

Though Iasons heste Medea found vntrue,
And others mo there be whose fancye past:
That skorne the olde, still haunting after newe,
Wythin whose hartes no leeking long may last,
Yet tyll syr Phebus beames shall lose their light,
And Ocean Seas doe cease to ebbe and flowe:
Untill the day shall turne to persite night,
And Natures course against her kinde shall goe,

My fixed fayth vnipotted shall remayne, What would you more, I vowe I doe not fayne.

¶ A Dreame.

Hen Phebus bright was settled in the West,

And darknesse dimme, the earth had ouerspread:

When sylent night, that moues each thing to rest,

With quyet pawse, had plaste me in my bed,

In slombring Dreame, me thought I heard a wyght,

His woes bewayle, that grewe through loues despyght.

Whose wearing weede and vestures all were greene,
Saue that his loynes with black were girded rounde:
And on his brest a badge of blewe was seene,
In signe his fayth and truth remayned sounde.
He sighed oft and said, O blissull hier,
When hope with hap may joye in his desier.

Č. iij.

But

Delightfull Discourses

But still to hope, and finde therein no fruite,
To be in bed, and restlesse there remayne:
To seeke to serue, and daylie make pursute,
To such as set but light of weary payne,
Doth breede such balefull dole within the brest,
As quyte bereaues all ioye and quyet rest.

Though taste of fower, deserue the sweete to gayne, Yet crueil Fate I see the same denyes:
So that desyre and wisdome prooues but vayne,
Without accorde and sauour of the Skyes.
But steadsaft hope, seeme not (quoth he) to quayle,
The heavens in tyme, may turne to thine average.
Scarse had he thus his wosull speech concluded,
When wake I did, and sawe my self deluded.

The lamentable ends of Iulia Pompeis Wyfe,

Ore plungde in greeuous paynes and wofull fmarte,
Bedewed with trickling teares on Death like face:
Downe trylles the drops on cheekes & fighes from hart,
To heare and fee her husbands dolefull case.
Thus goes thys spouse, the wofull Iulia,
Besprent with bloud, when Pompeis Cote she saw.

Downe dead she salles in lamentable sounde,
Of sence bereft (so great was forrowes strayne)
The chylde conceyud within by deadly wounde,
Untymely fruit came forth with pinching payne.
When all was done, for loue her lyse she lost,
For Pompeis sake, shee yeelded up her Ghost.

So dead she laye, bewaylde with many teares, A Patrone wife, a famous Ornament:

O Cafar she had seene full cheerefull yeares,
If thou with Pompey couldst have bene content,
But civill warres hath wrought this fatall stryse,
To Pompey death, to Iulia losse of lyse.

I Secrecy, for some sorrowes, a needefull remedy.

And hopes at Sife to be releast, is the condemde to dye.

Euen so alas my lot, by frowning fate doth fall.

That fought to feede on fweete delight, but found most My restlesse labour lost, I justly may compare. (bitter Gall To Sifiphus that never sleepes, and griefe to Titius care. For after fundry stormes, when calme I thinke to finde, More rougher rage a new doth rife, to staine my daunted minde-And when my quelling cares, I feeke by meanes to cure, Most deepest dynte of inwarde woe, alas I doe endure. Prometheus pincht with payne, nor Ixion whyrlde on wheele, More grypes by griefe doe not fustaine, then I vnhappy feele. The fomme of my vnrest, yet couert will I keepe, And fecretly my forrowes fup, when others founde doe fleepe. To ease my pensyue breft, a Vearse though here I frame, The bursting forth of forrows mine, shall breed no further blame. My fydes shall shryue this smart, my hart shall wast with woe. Ere I the secrete of my cause bewray to friend or soe. Saue onely to the Saint, that swayes my lyfe at wyll. Whose pittie may prolong the same, or crueltie may kyll.

The ends of lyfe, the begynning of blyffe.

Or feeke from Death to flye,
When Death the way doth make,
Eche worldly woe to flake,
By whome we passe to ioye,
Where neuer comes annoye,

C. iiij.

Our

Delightfull Discourses.

Our tryfling tryumphs heere, Though we esteeme them deere, Are like to vapours vayne, That waste with little rayne. Deluding Dreames in deede, Whereon our fancies seede.



What yeelde our pleasures all, But fweetenesse mixt with Gall, Their pryme of chiefest pride, Unwares away doth slide, Whose shewe of sweete delight, Oft dymmes our persyte sight.

Though *lowe* in loftic feate, Haue placed Princes great, With Regall rule to raigne, His glory to explaine, Yet vades their pompe and powre, As doth the wythred Flowre.



Loe here the furest staye,
The worlde doth yeelde vs aye,
Thy dearest friend to daye,
To morrow falles away,
Whose wante thou doest bewayle,
When teares may nought preuavle.

Sithe lyfe is myferie,
Voyde of felicitie,
Full of anxietie,
Giuen to impietie,
The death I happy call,
That doth bereaue such thrall.



¶ They

They soonest yeelde remedy, that have felt lyke extremitie.

THe flames of fyre and clowds of cold, repugnant in my breft, Hath quite exiled me from joy, and reft all quiet reft. Yet oft (alas) in shewe I smile, to shade my inwarde smarte, When in my laughter waves of woe, well nie do burst my harte. Whose driery thoughts I would to God, were seene so ful to thee, As mine afflicted minde in payne, doth powre them out on mee. So should perhaps thy frozen hart, now harde as Flintie stone, Within thy breft wt melting teares, take ruth on this my mone. But as he well cannot discerne, what tempest Saylers trye, That neuer crost the checking tydes, ve furge with waves on hye, No more canst thou my cares descry, for wante of ryper skill, Although in deede the shewes thereof, doe pleade for pittle still. In vayne therfore my penfiue plaintes, by Pen I doe expresse, When both thy will and want of skill, denies to yeelde redresse. The cruell fates (I feare) forbids, that I fuch bliffe should finde, Or facred Tone fome other hap, hath to my share assignde.

¶ A Poefie.

Sithe follye tis to wishe, what may not be enjoyed,
And wisdom to eschew the harmes, wherwith we are anoyed,
Let reason guide thy thoughts, when sancie most doth fight,
And count him victor of the Field, that conquers bewties might.

Nothankfulnesse of minde, a monster in Nature.

N thanklesse Friend, whose trauayle is impleyed, With Asses Damme shall reape ingrateful meede: Whose wanton Fole by her sweete mylke acloyde, Oft kicks the Nurse, that doth it choycely feede.

D. j.

A۱

Delightfull Discourses

As doe the Vipers broode, whose yongling long,
When mothers care with tender loue hath cherisht:
Requite the same with such vngratefull wrong,
That in rewarde, her lyse by them is perisht.
Whose Nature is vnkindly to deuoure,
The wombe whence syrst they tooke their lyuing powre.
To whom we may the vngratefull sorte compare,
That Viper lyke, seeke spoyle, where they should spare.

T Noble minds eyther conquer, or coner.

What tyme he sawe his happy state declyne:
So some alike doe shadowe griese of harte,
With outwarde myrth, when inwardly they pyne.
And to the worlde yeelde forth such shews of loye,
As sewe would deeme, they once did tast annoye.
When they in deede, with Scipios griese complayne,
Their short regarde, for long employed payne.

I Vagie servirey.

To ferue but one, a constant courage showes,
Who serueth more, he rightly serueth none:
Base is the minde that bends to many Bowes,
Next God, a Prince we ought obey but one.
One God, one Prince, he serues, defends and scares,
Vng is services, for his worde that beares.

¶ Doe, or be still.

He shallow streames, doe murmour more then deepe,
And Cowards bragge, that dares no weapons prooue:
Those Dogs byte least, that greatest barkings keepe,
Some doe but sayne, whose sheeme farre in loue.
Sound is the Tree, whence friendships sruite doth spring,
Doe or be still, let none but Syrens sing.

I He denies quickly, that gives flowly.

Better no promife, then no performance:
Sleight are the forrowes, flakte with comforts flowe,
Eyther fende, or ende, yeelde fome affurance.
Shyfting delaye, miflyking oft doth breede,
They foone denye, whose Suters flowly speede.

Women are wordes. Men are deedes.

Then what are they, men, women, or Monsters,
That yeelde lyke fruite? or else a hollowe founde,
Which substance none, but ayre forth vtters.
By deedes and not by words, men praise obtayne,
Monsters, no men, whose deedes their words doe stayne.

¶ Enuye euer depraueth deserte.

Hou marling Curre, that crept in Maunger lyes,
And lets the Courfer there to reache his right:
Thy malice great, and swelling false surmise,
Thou out shouldst barke, before thou secrete bite.
But sythe thy cankered nature (needes I see,)
Must byte or burst, I open warre denownce,
Against thy kinde, what euer so thou bee,
Which seeks by guile our buyldings downe to bownce.
With Syrens voyce thy tune thou seekst to sayne,
As though in deede our braynes so barren were:
We could not compasse trystyng toyes most playne
Unlesse our light we sought some other where.
Thou barkst abrode of Bookes, from whence it came,

D. ii.

But can thy head (in fayth) no better gelle:

The

The toyes themselues doe bid thee cease for shame, Lest more thou spurne, more solly thou expresse. Well Momus mate, and sonne of Zoylus secte, That so canst carpe at every wylling minde: Raze nothing downe, till something thou erecte, Spare others spoyle, sythe nought in thee we finde.

Let them enjoye the fruites of their defyre, That feekes good wyll, and craues no other hyre.

¶ A Winters Morning muse.

With quiet pace alone I rode, in winter sharpe & colde, In my delating brains, a thousand thoughts were fed,

And battaile-wife a warre they made, in my perplexed I thought on tymely change, and muste on yerely waste, How winter are devours the welth, that pleasant sommer plass. I lawe the naked Fields vnclothde on every fide. The beaten bushes stand al bare, that late were deckt with pride, Whose fainting sap was fled, and falne from top to roote, Eche tree had new cast off his Cote, and laid him at his foote. The fmale and fyllie Byrds, fat houering in the hedge, And water Fowles by Wynter forst, forsooke the Fenny sedge. Thus Nature altering quite, her earthly childrens cheere, Doth shewe what brittle stay of state, and seeble holde is heere. Who as in slender things, she shewes her yerely might, So doth she like attempt her force, in all degrees aright. For as I musing rode, I plainely might perceaue. (bereaue. That like both change and chance there was, mans state that did I fawe the mounting minde, that clymbde to reach the Skyes, Advanced vp by Fortunes wheele, on tickle stay that lyes, Fall soone to flat decay, and headlong downe doth reele, As fickle Fortune lift to whyrle, her round vnstable wheele. Was neuer Prince of power, so safe in his degree, But deemde fometime the meaner fort, to fyt more fure then hec.

Then to my felfe I favde, if Fortune stande vasure. And highest type of worldly hap, vncertaine doe endure. Why thirst we so to raigne? why hunger we for heape? Why presse we forth for worldly pompe, wh brech of quiet sleape? Which lyke a Mothe eates out, the gaine of godly lyfe, With all that stretch their vaine desyre, to wrest thys worlde in Whose fruite of toyling paine, by sweate and forrow fought, Is loft in twinckling of an eye, our name confumde to nought. Yea though by worldly wyles, we thousande driftes deuise, A God there is that laughes to fcorne, the wifedome of the wife. When thus along my waye, I diversly had mufde, I founde whome Fortune high did heave, on fodaine the refufde. Then he by Vertue stayde, me thought the rest did passe, So farre as doth the pureft Golde, the vile and bafeft braffe. Euen he I deemed bleft, that wearing Vertues Crowne, Doth liue contet, not caring ought, how Fortune smile or frowne.

Mans lyfe likened to a Stage play.

And deedes are deemde according to defartes,
Be warie how thou walkft vpon the fame,
In playing thy parte, thy course vprightly frame.

Remember when thy tale is tolde, straight way Another steps on stage his part to playe, To whome thou must resigne thy former state, As one that hath already playde his mate.

All welth, pompe, powre, high hap and princely Pace, Must yeelden be to such as shall take place, As things but lente, to play our parts withall, Our meede no more, then our desarts doe fall.

Not he that playeth the stateliest parte most praise, Nor he that weares the ryches[t] robe alwaies, D. iii.

But

But he whose Vertues shall exceede the reast, How so his seate be with the great or least.

Take heede therfore, and kepe eche *Cue* fo right, That Heauen for hyre vnto thy lotte may light. With greedie minde fo wrest not worldly gayne, That foule doe spill, for slyding pleasures vayne.

Suffied be with that sufficient is, And seeke the things that bring eternall blisse, So shalt thou here not onely purchase prayse, But after eke enjoy most happie dayes.

¶ To his Mistresse.

Aye name of feruaunt, to familier feeme,
For such whose feruice neuer swarude away?
Can Noble mindes so base of those esteeme,
That freely yeelde for them to liue or dye?
No, no, some further fetch conceyued is,
Which hath withdrawne from me that wonted name:
How so it be, if I be more amisse,
Then sounde good will hath once desarued blame.
The wrekfull Gods powre downe vpon my hed,
Such sharpe reuenge as neuer man did seele:
And let my Ghost in Lymbo lowe be led,
To Tantals thyrst, or prowde Ixions wheele.
What wouldst thou more? If I not wishe thee well,
In Plutos Den, then let me lyue and dwell.



T Rewards

A Rewarde doth not alwayes aunswere deserte.

CIth my defyre is preft to pleafe Though not with glofing fhowe: And eke my deeds if proofe were made, Should tell what fayth I owe. Whereto shall I impute my hap, To Fate or wante of skill : When nought I finde but tickle truft. Where most I meane good will.

Who hurte, must heale.

"He sparkes of loue within my brest, doe daylie so increase, I That every vain on fyre is fet, which none but yu mayft ceafe So that in thee confifts my woe, in thee likewife my wealth, In thee with speede to hast my death, in thee to give me health. O pittie then his reftleffe state, that yeeldes him to thy will, Sithe loc in thee it wholy lyes, my life to faue or fpill. That neyther doe I glose or saine, I love to witnesse call. Who knows the heat of fixed harts, when they to love are thrall, And shall I thus a wofull Wight, in rigor still remayne? Shal fuch as smale good wil me beare, thy grace frome restrayne? Shall false perswation so prevaile, to let our wished jove? Shall fayth and troth for their rewarde, reape naught but sharpe Or else shal want of pyning welth, retract my just desier. (annoy? Do not the Gods at pleasure theirs, the lowe estate raise higher? Is not the worlde and all therein, at their disposing still? Doth it not rest in them to give, and take from whom they will? No recklesse race then shalt thou runne, ne follow vaine delight. In yeelding help to cure his harme, that holds thee dearst in fight. Ne yet from tip of Fortunes wheele, ye shalt ne slide nor swarue, Such hope I have of better hap, the Fates do yet refarue. Thy person, not thy pelse, is all I wishe and craue, Which more I vowe I do esteeme, then heaps of coyne to haue. D. iiii. The

66

The greatest Princes aye by proofe, lead not the pleasantst lyse, Nor every maide that maryeth welth, become the happiest wyse.

¶ Of Loue.

And if Loue be Lorde, who or what is he?

If Loue be not, who then bereaues my reft?

If no fuch thing, alas what ayleth me?

What breedes fuch broyle, what woundes my yeelding breft?

To tell what tis, doth passe my knowledge farre,

But who so loues I see doth liue in warre.

¶ Of Bayes and Willow.

Shewe forth your Bayes that boaste of sweete delightes, For I ne may such blissull hap attayne:
The Willow branche most sit for wosull wightes, Beholde I beare, a badge of sacret payne.
Which loe my sides enshryne, and shall doe still, Till cruell Fate bath wrought on me her will.

DEPOSITE DE LA CONTROLLA DE LA

¶ An Epitaph upon the death of the Lady Katherine, late Countesse of Pembrooke.

And fighs feeme sharpe to those whom forrowes sting:
If cares increase where comforte none is lest,
And griefs do grow, where pensiue thoughts do spring
Then be we sure, our Lorde in sadde annoy,
Doth wayle her death, whose lyse was all his ioy.

If he (alas) with fobs her losse bemones, May feruants spare their sighes abroade to sende?

Shali

Shall they in fecret shrowde their gryping grones,
When maysters playnts may have no power to ende?
No, no, deepe dole our pensive sides would pearce,
If we in teares our forrowes not rehearce

Then mourne with me my wofull fellows all,
And tryll your teares your drooping cheekes adowne:
Gushe forth a gulfe of griefes, let floodes downe fall,
To wayle her wante, that fprang of high renowne.
Who whyles she liude, did fundry seeke to ayde,
But Death, O Death, thou hast them all dismayde.

The cheerefull fpring that doth eche foyle adourne, With pleafant showes, whereby delight is taken: Doth moue our mindes, alas the more to mourne, Our Ladie lost in source of forrowes shaken.

Which loe in Ver to heauen hath tane the waye, To her great gayne, but oh to our decaye.

If Princes loue, if husbands care or Coyne,
If Noble friends, if proofe of Phisicks lore:
By long attempt could sicknesse vndermoyne,
Or search of forrein soyle might health restore.
We should not yet have seene the sonne to vade,
Whose clipsed light, hath turnde our shyne to shade.

But when the twyste of this our tyme is wownde,
No meanes by man may serue the same to stretch:
Our lottes are layde, our bodyes haue their bownde,
Tyme swiftly runnes with short and curelesse breatch.
Though world we weld in seate of Princely sway,
Yet swarues our state, as shade that slydes away,

The glittering shewes of highe gloryst heere,
Consumes to nought like clowds disperst with winde:
E. j.

And

And all that Nature from the earth doth reare, Returnes againe, whence first it came by kinde: But Vertues webbe, which loe this Lady sponne. Shall last for aye, now these her dayes be done.

Her praise on earth lyke Palme shal florishe still,
Her Noble deedes shall live and never dye:
Her sacred steps that sought eche vice to kill,
Shall mount alost, though low in earth she lye.
Who even when latter pangues oppress her most,
Did mercy crave in yeelding vp the Ghost.

What would you more, her lyfe and death was such, As deeper head could not conimend to much.

Vltimun vale.

Parewell thou Pearle that Princes sauour sounde,
Farewell the Saint that shielded our annoy:
Farewell the Hauen whose harbor was full sounde,
Farewell the Barke that brought her Chiestaine joy.

Farewell thou Spowse to him that held thee deare, Farewell the Lampe that gaue such gladsome light: Farewell of modest Dames a Mirrour cleare, Farewell the shryne where vertue shyned bright.

Farewell thou minde that mente to no wight ill, Farewell the harte that lodged honor aye: Farewell the hande that helpt the needie still; Farewell the staffe that fought the weake to stay.

Loe here in teares my last farewell I take, What Heauens will haue, the earth must needes forsake.

¶ /#

¶ In advertitie, is best seene Vertues excellency.

Hen Boreas rough, had leauelesse lest eche tree,
And horie Hiems gan his raigne to holde:
In walking forth I might discerne and see
A stately Palme, her branches green vnfolde.
At sight wheros, when I a tyme had mused,
By malice meanes, I sawe the tree abused.

I fawe howe swelling Enuye in the top,
Sat shrowded close, embrasing slaunders cup:
By whome stoode Hate, aye ready prest to crop,
Ech springing spray, so soone as they shot vp.
And Flattery eke, did sike from place to place,
By Synons arte, to seeke the Palmes disgrace.

As Tennys Ball, yet make the highest bownde,
When greatest powre is plaste to presse the same:
Or as a Bell sends forth the brimmest sownde,
When deepest downe the Ringer plucks the frame.
Euen so in fort, this Tree did rise and spring,
That Enuye sought by burden low to bring.

Which to your vertues may alude right well,
Though Malice fainte, to matche you with her might:
Yet fewe so sure in these our dayes doe dwell,
That Enuy neuer spurnes with deepe dispight.
If such then be, or if hereaster shall,
The God's graunt you, as to the Palme doth fall.



E. ij.

Sorrowe

¶ Sorrowe disclosed, somewhat eased.

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C Ithe kindled coales close kept, continue longest quick. (prick. And secret smart with greater power, the pensiue minde doth Why should I cloke the griefe, from whence such passions grow? Unlesse my braine by Pen I purge, my brest they overslow. When night with quyet paule, eche creature cals to rest. Through quelling cares & pinching thoughts, I lye fo fore oprest, That from my fetling downe, vntill the tyme I rife, Sleepe hardly wins the force to close, my watchful drooping eies. The Skritch Owle me besides, her dolesull tunes doth shreeke, Whose cryes my cares may represent, that rest in vaine do seeke. To thinke on the mishaps, which daylie me betyde, When furest hope of sweete redresse. I see away doth slyde. The hardest harte by proofe, doth yeelde an inwarde pante. When good defyres are depreft, by wrack of Irus wante. Wante makes best natures fall, that else would vpright stand: Want makes the valiant faynt in feares, though strong be harte Want drowns in dollor deepe, the pleasants wits y' bee, (& hand. Want daunts the finste conceited head, and makes it dull we see. Wante makes the olde wyse trot, the yong to run outright, Wante makes the noblest hart & mind, to seeme but base in sight. Wante makes the Lyon stowte, a slender pray to leeke, (meeke. Want plucks the Pecocks plume adown, want makes ye mighty Want is the fowrce whence forrows spring, yt hasts ye lifes decay, Want loads the hart with heaped cares that crush al loyes away. Neede hath no lawe fome fay, extremes, extremes doe vrge, The passions that by want doe pain, what phisick wel may purge? Unhappy is the hower, that fuch sharp sicknesse brings, And thrife vnhappy is the wretch, whom want so deadly stings. Aye me that such sowre sawce, false fortune should procure, When slylie forth she seemes to throw, her traine on golden lure. By fleight whereof the doth, a pierfing poyfon place, Ful closely coucht on pleasant bayte, to worke our more difgrace. As

186 44 () 1 a

As I but lately tryed, who doe her guyle fo tafte, That fecretly I fup the fmarte, that my good dayes defaste. The time that I began to enter furft to lufe. Would God the fifters three had cut, the threed with fatall knyfe-Would God that Death had bene, with bowe and arrows bente, To pierce the woful hart of mine, which now with care is fpent. Whose hard and crooked fate, increasing euery hower, Doth force me wake when others fleepe, where Fortune doth not And when the dawning daye, I doe perceyue and fee, (lower. And how Syr Tytan vaunts himfelfe, full braue in fyrst degree, Whose gladsome golden beames, doe moue eche thing to love, Sauc onely me, whose wrackfull woes, have wrought my fadde Then from my couch I creepe, al clad with cloke of care, (annoy, And foorth to walke in defarte woodes, my felfe I doe prepare. Where none but wofull wights, do wandring waile their griefe Where violence doth vengeance take, where neuer comes relief. Where pleasure playes no parte, nor wanton lyfe is ledde, Where daintie lookes no danger makes, nor nice defyre is fedde. Where former loves doe vade, and turne to passions strange, Where al delights condemde are shut, in sharp repentace grange, Where fetled forowe fits, with head hangde on her breft, And wrings her hands for follies past, her present paines yt prest, Wher Dolor ruthfull Dame, with fad Dispaire doth dwell. Where Furies fierce doe swarme & flock, not distant farre from Euen there in dolefull Den, drive forth I doe the day, Whereas my painefull piercing woes, at no time find delay. Within whose troubled head, such throng of thoughts do rise. That nowe on this, and then on that, in minde I still deuise. Among great thoughts throwne vp. I downe will fet the leaft. How fyllie birde in prison pente, tane from the Nurse in neast. Doth love in that her lyfe, fo much as though the might. From wood to wood, or fielde to fielde, at pleasure take her flight. By whome I learne how man, from Cradle ave brought vp. In base estate that never selt the taste of pleasures Cup. Doth holde himselse so well, content with his degree, That he in lyfe doth feldome feeke, his state more high to fee E. iii. But

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101

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But I as Byrde vnlyke, that flewe in prime her flight,
Through gallant groues & fertyle fields, in ioys & sweete delight,
Which shall no sooner feele her selfe to be restraynde,
From her such wonted libertie as sometime she retaynde,
But forthwithall she doth, such inwarde woe conceyue,
That yeelding vp her pleasures past, her life therwith doth leaue,
When as the byrde in Cage, doth sporting sing and playe,
Who neuer sound the place wherein, she selt more happy daye.
Loe thus the greater oft, are taught by things but small,
To knowe what restlesse griefe it breedes, from sortunes grace to
I therfore wishe my lyse, which all to long doth laste,
(fall.
In symplest fort had euer bene, from tyme to tyme ypaste.
So I by custome should, haue likt my present paye,
Which now by tast of wrackfull change, in woe do wast awaye.

Omnis portuna superanda ferendo est. Of sufferance comes ease.

Who wayles at paine of forrowes deadly fmarte,
By wayling much encreafeth forrowes might:
In greatest griefes who shewes the quiets[t] harte,
By pacience driues sharpst griefe to speedy slight.
Repine, griefe, growes, be still, griefe soone decayes:
Suffrance the salue for griefe at all assayes.

As Balles if throwne gainst stones do soone rebounde, But saft they stick, if cast they be at durte:

So gries nought harme where yeelding none is sound:

Once sainte, and then they cause some mortal hurte.

By proofe and tryall, this most true we finde,

Least hurte by griese is done to stowtest minde.

Pacience and stowtnesse lodged in thy brest,
Shall voyde from thence, griefe forrow and vnrest.

A. M. VI animo, fic amico.

¶ H. His

¶ H. His Reply to his friend. A. M.

He helthfull wight, with pleafure well may fing, And courage hie to cheare the ficke may shewe : But if disease his happy state should sting, Those loftie tunes would fainte and fall more lowe. For Turrets tops that feemes to reach the Skyes, By thundring stormes to shieuers smale are shaken, The strongest holde where stowtest Souldiours lves. Mauger their might, more greater force hath taken. The foundest shyp long tost with tempest, leakes, In wraftling windes, the hugie Cables fayle: The brasen peece surchargde with powder breakes. And valiant hartes ore whelmde in woe, do quayle. The craggy Cliffes by floodes are fret at length, The hardened steele obeyes the hammers stroke. The stiffest bow still bente, doth lose his strength, Base Fortunes blowes, all joy likewise doth choke. How maye he then possesse a quiet minde, That cause of rest doth seelde or never finde.



¶ H. to himselfe.

/Hom desteny shall denye A happy lyfe to finde: Why should he wayling lye, With pensiue hart and minde.

What gaine by mourning got, What loft by little care: When needs must light to lot, What desteny doth prepare. E. iiij. ¶ Written

THE DESTRICTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

Written to a most excellent Books, full of rare invention.

Oe learned booke, and vnto Pallas fing,
Thy pleasant tunes that sweetlely fownde to hie
For Pan to reache, though Zoylus thee doth sting,
And lowre at thy lawde, set nought thereby.
Thy makers Muse in spight of enuies chinne,
For wise deuise, deserved praise shall winne.

Who views thee well, and notes thy course aright,
And systes eche sence that couched is in thee:
Must needes extoll thy minde that did thee dight,
And wishe the Muse may neuer weary bee.
From whence doth slowe suche pithe in filed phrase,
As worthiest witte may joy on thee to gase.

How much they erre, thy rare event bewrayes,
That ftretch their skill the Fates to overthrow:
And how man's wisedome here in vaine seekes wayes,
To shun high powers that sway our states below.
Against whose rule, although we strive to runne,
What Love foresets, no humaine force may shunne.

But all to long, thou hidste so perfite worke,
Seest not desyre, how saine she seekes to finde:
Thy light but lost, if thou in darknesse lurke?
Then shewe thy selse and seeme no more vnkinde.
Unfolde thy fruite, and spread thy maysters praise,
Whose prime of youth, grave deeds of age displaies.

Go choyce conceits, Mineruas Mirrour bright, With Rubles ritch yfret, wrought by the wife:

Purfled

Purfled with Pearle, and decked with delight,
Where pleasure with profite, both in their guise,
Discourse of Louers, and such as solde sheepe,
Whose sawes well mixed, shrowds misteries deepe.

Goe yet I fay with speede thy charge delyuer,
Thou needst not blushe, nor feare the soyle of blame:
The worthy Countesse see thou follow euer,
Tyll Fates doe sayle, maintaine her Noble name.
Attend her wyll, if she vouchsafe to call,
Stoope to her state, downe stat before her sall.

And euer thanke thou him, that fyrst such fruite did frame, By whome thy prayse shall liue, to thy immortall same.

Where Sorrowe is felled, delyght is banished.

He Sable fadde bewrapped hath my lymmes,
(A fute most fyt for one repleat with griefe.)
Whose strayned hart in sowrce of forrowe swymmes,
Where wrackfull woes at no tyme finde reliefe.
Whose foode is feare, whose drinke is dolor deepe,
Whose sawce is sighes, whose fast sharpe passons are:

Whose sawce is sighes, whose fast sharpe passions are:
Whose rest is ruthe, where forrowes neuer sleepe,
Whose comfort clipsed is with clowds of care.
Whose helpe is frozen, whose hap hath hard euente,
Whose hope is queld with clogge of colde dispayre:
Whose trust is tyerd, whose toyle in vaine is spente,
Whose pensiue plaintes but beate the barreyn ayre.
Where nought I finde, but drugges of bitter taste,

Whose dolefull dayes in darke annoye do waste.



¶ The complainte of a forrowfull wight, founde languishing in a Forrest.

When fpring in lyuely greene, eche fielde hath deckt anewe, And ftrowde the fovle with flowers (weete of fundry kinds of What time the cheerefull buds, & bloffoms braue in fight, (hewe, Inuites the weary dulled minde, abroad to take delight. Then I by fancie led, a tyme to sporte and play, To Forrest favre of pleasant avre, began to take the way. And as I past through out a Valley savre and greene, Where fundrye sweete & rare delights, I earst had heard & seene. All whuste I found it tho, such silence was there kept, As if it midnight then had beene, and all thing founde had flept. Whereat amazde I stoode, and listning long, might heare, At last a dolefull founding vovce, with low lamenting cheare, In shrubs hard shrowded by, a wofull wight there lay, Whose corps, through care & lingering griese, was welny worne Where powring out his plainte he curst the tyme, and when That furst on earth he placed was, to lead his lyse with men. Whose selfeloue seemth so sweete, that friendship yeeldes no tast, And double dealing gaines such price, that plainenesse is displast. Alas, quoth he, the Babes one wombe brought forth and bare, Will nowe object, what are we bounde, the one to others care. Whereas good nature bids, go meete thy friends distresse, And beare some part of his mishap, that he may beare the lesse. If friend to friend thus doe, who faster friend should bee, Then hee (alas) in thy distresse, that nought will do for thee. Ah wofull man he fayth, thy lotte hath faine thee fo, That fowrce of forrowes thee befets, with waves of wailful wo. When he where fauour most, thou shouldst by nature finde, Doth causelesse shake thee of in care, & shewes himselse vnkinde. O wretch in dolor drencht. O minde with mone opprest. O gulfe of griefe, O sea of sighes, that straine the pensive brest. If wel by Pen thou couldit, thy present passions showe, The hart that hardned nowe remaines, woulde soone relente I But

But fith my hap is fuch, as reape may no redreffe, (expresse. Come forth you Forrest Driads all, your mournfull Tunes Drawe neere you Satyrs fower, and straine your dolefull cryes, To wavle the woes of him (alas) in languor deepe that lves. Be witnesse woodes and Fields, ye Trees recorde my bale, You Naides eke that haunt the Springs, repeate my wofull tale. And fay vnto the wight, that bydes vnfriendly bente, How death would be fo fweete to me, as joy to his contente. For better twere of bothe, then reftleffe still remayne, By ending quyte my lothed lyfe, to ende my lingering payne. Here foaring further speeche, aside he cast his eve. And fynding me, as one difmayde, away he fought to flye. Whose will when I perceaude, to shun my fight full bente, I to him stept, and askte the cause, that moude him to lamente. Wherto no worde he gaue, but stands like one amazde, And with a strange and gastly looke, long tyme on me he gazde. His face was thinne and leane, his collour dim as leade, His cheeks were wanne, his body weake, his eyes deepe funck in His hart straynde, his minde tost, his wyt with woe nere worne. A rufull thing it was (alas) to viewe him fo forlorne. With deepe fet fighe from breft, fent forth by inwarde payne, His feeble voice and foltring tongue, he gan at last to strayne. And thus to me he faid: O what art thou in wo: Me Myser wretche that here dost finde, with griese perplexed so? Whose present state to learne, why dost thou thus require? Smale gayne to thee, great paine to me, to yeelde to thy defire. Yet fithe against my will, thine eares have heard the plainte, Which in this defarte place I paste, to ease my brest attainte, Thus much at thy request, I further will reueale, As for the rest this corps of mine, for ever shall conceale. Whom earst a friend I sounde, me causelesse hath forsaken, What wouldst thou more this is the summe, that I with sighes But cruell fate I feare, doth force it so to be, (am shaken, Adue farewell, let this suffice, inquier no more of me. Which faide away he goes, God knoweth a wofull wight. And leaves me there with forrow fraight, yt fought to take delight. F. ii.

ANTERPORTURATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

¶ Of Fancie.

The kindled sparkes of syre, that Fancies motions moue,
Do force me seele, though I ne see, nor know not what is loue.
Defyre on ruth doth runne, imbracing griese for game,
Whose loye is like the Flies delight, that sries amid the slame.
It yeelds and mercy craues, yet wots not who makes warres,
The only thing it sees or knowes, is one that loue preserres.

¶ Aunswere.

To weepe in loye, to loy in great diftresse:
To laugh in teares, to leape and yet be lame,
Midst greeuous myrth & gladsome heauinesse,
To sinck in dread, and not to seeke redresse,
You Titius lyke doe play this wosull parte,
Your loue the Grype that tyers vpon your harte.

¶ Euer sought, never founde.

The stronger thrall, the weaker still mine ayde:
The weaker ayde, the greater griese doth fall,
The greater griese, the more with doubt dismayde.

Where lyfe I reache, there dollor biddes me die, In fweetest foyle, I straine the greatest Snake: My cares increase, when comfort drawes most nie, From dainty pray, I pearling poyson take.

Still pynde in colde, I parched am with heate, As fyre I flye, vpon the flame I runne:

In fwelting gleames, my chylly corps I beate, Congealde to Ice, where flynes the cleerest funne. Loe thus I lyue, and lyuing thus I dve. Drownde in difpayre, with hope advaunced hye.

I A Poche.

He valiant minde, by venture gaines the Goale, Whyles fearfull wightes in doubt doe blowe the coale.

Aunfwere.

BUt wary wightes, by wifedome shunne the snare, When venterous minds through haft, are wrapt in care.

" Every thing is as it is taken.

C Ome onely for disporte, kinde of myrth doth rayle, For which of some they finde dislyke, of some they purchase The Tale that some clowte vp, with rude vnciuill sence Doth more delight the eares of fome, then sweetest eloquence. The Foole fometimes doth please when wise aside are shake. Then true it is that every thing, is as men lifte it take.

Who hath by knowledge skill, of every foote the length. Or can he always hit the marke, yt drawes the greatest strength? Some carpe at others factes, that nought themselves will vewe, And some by high disclaime doe seeke, to mende Apelles shue. What some in others source, themselves would no forsake. But wylic Foxe from lofty Vine, doth vow no grapes to take.

A worde paste forth in sporte, to earnest oft doth turne, So where there was no fire before, great flames on fodain burne. F. iii. Not

Not one mans children all, eche Nature is not leeke. But who hath mean to measure wil. shal give the greater gleeke. First looke then leape, the blind doth run in many a brake, And eche thing still by proofe we see is as men list to take.

Who fo doth rule his rage, by wisdoms facred skill. No doubt shal shunne ful great annoy, that follows rashnes still. And who his tongue can stay, till place and time doe serue, His mind at large may better speake and greater praise descrue. Though friends like friends would shade, the sun beams for thy Yet al things are assuredly, as men them list to take. (sake.

But al not friends in deede, of friendships bounds that bostes. Take heede, no house may long indure, propt vp wh rotten postes, Some rotten are at harte, vet beares a friendly face. And vnder cloke of fawning shews, a serpents sting th imbrace. Tis hard to know of whom we certaine counte may make,

For though they smile, yet thee they deeme, as they thee lift to (take.

As they thee lift to take, suche shalbe their reporte, Malicious minds are euer prest against the vertuous sorte, Be chary in thy choice, least frawde thy faith abuse, Of fundrie fectes embrace the best, the flattering stock refuse. Thus warely runne thy race, eschew the lurking snake, Imbrace the good, as for the rest, no force how they thee take.

To the Lady of her doubtfull aunswere.

Wixt death and doubtfulnesse, Twixt paine and pensiuenesse, Twixt Hell and heavynesse, Rests all my carefulnesse.

O vaine securitie. That will not libertie. Fye on that fantasie, ... That brings captiuitie.

My lyfe is lothfomnesse, My pleasure pastimelesse, My ende your doubtfulnesse, If you be mercylesse.

In doubt is lealofie, Hope helpeth miferie, Most women commonly, Haue aunswers readily.



I Helpe best welcome, when most needefull.

He bitter smarte that straines my mated minde,
Through quelling cares that threate my wosul wrack:
Doth prick me on against my wyll I finde,
To pleade for grace, or else to pine in lack.
As fainting soule sokt vp with sickly paine,
Prayeth Phisicks aide in hope of helth againe.

Whilfte Sea-roomes ferues, the shipman seares no soyle, In quiet Porte there needes no Pilotes Arte:
But when through wearie winters tyring toyle,
Cleere Sommers calmes to carefull clowds conuarte,
And streaming stormes at hand do danger threate,
Then Masters ayde is sought in perrill great.

So I right Noble Peere and Lodestarre mine,
Whose Pynnis smale an vpright course hath ronne:
In service yours, am forced nowe in fine,
Mine ancors worne, my sayles and tackling donne,
In humblest wise your honors help to crave,
My foredriven ship from swallowing vp to save.
F. iiij.

You

You are the Hauen whereon my hope depends,
And I the Barck vpon the drie shore dryuen:
You eke the laste that cheerefull Pilotte lends,
And I the wight, whom Seas to wrack hath giuen.
What resteth then, if Harbour you denye,
But that my shyp must perishe, sinck and dye?

For now to late to fownde fome other shore,
And he that hath and should by nature ayde
Withdrawes his hand, and fayth he may no more:
Loe thus alas, I liue lyke one dismayde.
Twixte death and doubt, still surgde vpon the sande,
Stayde vp by hope to light on syrmer lande.

But oh, O me, where Autumne fruitlesse slydes, A barren hope to Hiems salles by kinde:
In Haruest tyme, whose trauaile nought prouydes, A nypping Winter shall be sure to finde.
So carelesse youth that wastes his yeares in vaine, In age repents, berest of hope or gaine.

As yeares increase, vncertaine hope seemes harde,
When sicknesse sharpe hath gathered greatest force:
Then Phisicks cure doth seeme a sweete rewarde,
Which you may yeelde, if please you take remorse.
My stepdame strange, I Fortune yet doe sinde,
Which makes me more to dread some wrack behind.

For where I feeke the depth of hope to founde,
To helpe my felfe, and ftay my credite ftill:
To fronte my course, doth crooked hap rebounde,
Through such I seare, as ever mente me ill.
Or else in state I stande the most accurst,
(If service long me shrowde not six m the wurst.)

Though

Though fome be flowe to reache reliefe at neede, And with delayes the matter will delate: Yet Noble minde then sheweth it selse in deede, By gyuing strength vnto the weakned state:

I feeke no store to lyue and lye at rest, I wishe but ayde in that I am opprest.

Which if you graunt, you shall great honor gayne, And eke encourage those of yonger dayes, With cheerefull hope themselues & friends to strayne, To serve a wyght that so his forwant stayes.

And I releast from wrackfull woes varest, Will blase your praise tyll lyse shall faile my brost.

T Of the Golden world.

He golden worlde is past fayth some,
But nowe saye I that worlde is come:
Now all things may for Golde be had,
For gavne of Golde, both good and bad.

Now honour hie for Golde is bought, That earft of greater price was thought. For Golde the Foole alofte doth rife, And ofte is plaste aboue the wife, For Golde the subtile shewe their skill. For Golde the wicked winne their will. For Golde who shunnes to wrest a wrong. And make it seeme as right and strong? Who spares to pleade as pleaseth thee, If bring thou do a golden fee? The Fatherlesse is quyte forgot, Where golden giftes doe fall to lot. For Golde the Wyddow is opprest, And rightfull heyres are dispossest. Poore Irus cause at dore doth stande, If Croelus come with Golde in hande

What

What mischiese may almost be thought, That now for Golde not daylie wrought? A heape of ylles for Golde are clokte, Yea vice for Golde hath vertue chokte. For gayne of Golde the Flatterer smyles, And oft thee sawnes with sundry wyles. I will not here through golden traps, Say Louers light in Ladies laps. But briefe to bee, what can you craue, That now for Golde you may not haue? Then truth to tell, and not to sayne, Right now the golden world doth raygne.

¶ Of Golde.

Gracious Golde. Whose glittering hie: Doth cheere and holde, Eche gazing eie. The fweete delight. That dwelles in thee: Doth spoyle eche spight, And pouertee. Thou liftes aloft. Who late was lowe: By thee Fooles oft, The wife orethrow. What loy, what gaine, What worldly thing: Doth want to them. That Golde doe bring?

Golde buyldeth townes, Golde maketh ioy: Gold cheereth clownes. Golde quelth anoy. Golde all can doe. · Golde raignes alone: Alas what woe, Where Golde is none. As I poore wight, By proofe doe fee: Which gladly feeke, That will not bee. But well I were. If I might catch, Whyte fyluer cleere, Which all men inatch.



T. A. W.

He wante of coyne fo grypes my breft, That what to doe I know not beft. I trudge, I toyle, I feeke, I fue, But ave good hap bids me adue.

I Aunfwer. H.

F nipping neede Legittimus constrayade, in hande to grype the heavie Hammer great : With which through wante his Princely corps he on flythic hard, in Vulcans trade to beat, (paynde. If he (I fav) of crowned king the fonne, by fate was forfte fuch bitter blaftes to bide: Dispaire not thou thy wrackfull race to runne, for welth as shade from eche estate doth slide. Pluck vp thy harte, thy hap not yet so harde, fince Princes great haue felt a fall more deepe : King Dionise from regall rule debarde, for his reliefe a Grammer schoole did keepe. By which thou mayfte thy wandring minde fuffile, That Fortunes wheele now vp, now down doth rife.

¶ Of Friends.

S fyre doth fine and seperate Golde from drosse,
And shews the pure and perfect Right fo is tryde, when nipping stormes doe tosse, A favthfull friend, from fuch as meane but guvle. Whylste Fortune smyles, and thou no wante dost feele; Of friends no doubt thou shalt have heaped store, But if the once doe whyrle afide hir wheele. They slinke away, as though vnknowne before.

G. li.

Like

Lyke Doues that leave the olde and ruynous towre, And flocking flye to buyldings braue and new: So fayned friends, when fortune feemes to lowre, Their flight do take, and bids thee ftraight adew,

Thus he which earft had friends on every fide, Not having one, alone doth now abide.

I Answere, E. L.

Of perfite tryall might as soone be had,
Of perfite men, as of the pure Golde:
It were not hard to know the good from bad,
Their difference soone might easilie then bee
For Fyre lesse than in an houres space, (tolde.
Will finde the fault of Golde, and make it plaine,
But men haue meanes to counterseyt such grace,
That they will aske at least a yeare or twaine,
And yet at last will not be tryde at all,
For some perchance will byde a toutch or two,
And will not seeme to slye when you shall fall:
But offer you what they and theirs can doe.

Yet not fo founde as they should be in deede, But make a meanes to make you serue their neede.

¶ Reply to the same.

I neuer yet denide nor would defende:

How fayned friends do fayle, if fate doe wrye,
Is totall fumme whereto my tale doth tende.

For euery thing hath certaine tyme I knowe,
The full effect to work of Natures charge,
The tender twig in tyme a tree doth growe,
And little Babes in tyme doe proue more large.

Some fruite scarce rype, when some doe drop away,
Some bloume, some beare according to their kinde,

Some

Some foone shoote vp, fome longer space doe stay, Eche taketh the time that Nature hath affignde. The Marble stone in time by watery drops Is pierced deepe, and eke in time doth fall. The ftately towres with fine and curious tops. For time in time, no doubt tryes all in all. Which triall firste, occasion seekes to make. As fyre by heate the Golde doth fine and pure. In neede likewise occasion men shall take. A friend to try, from fuch as ftand vnfure. But some a time will seeme to stay say you. And after favle, percevuing further neede : No doubt you here have aymde the marke to true, For fuche is fure the fruite of fubtile feede. These friends are like to one that vndertakes, To runne the race, whereby to gayne the prayle: Who running well, at first, on sodaine slakes, And in the midft his race leaves off and stayes. Not aye doth proue the glorious morning showe The fayrest day, ne all that shines is golde: And therefore friends in deede are harde to knowe, For some a storme or two, like friendship bolde. The Flowres yet in tyme from weedes appeare. Whose difference first in spring we scarce discerne, The sunne-orecast with clowde in time doth cleere. And eke in time our friends from such we learne. For as one tutch or two no perfite proofe Doth make of friends, no more doth Golde one heate. Yet tyme vs tels who links, who lyes aloofe, Who byrds doth yeelde, and who the bushe doth beate. Wherfore I ende, as Golde by fyre is tryde, So friends by proofe at needefull tymes are spyde.



I Another way.

The found to fee, and forged friend to feele,
it is not harde, for falfhed hath the foyle.

If then you finde that Fortune stands your foe,
let wisedome welde your wit, and all your wayes:
So fayned friends their fayth that doe forgoe,
shall be ashamde, and you attaine to prayse.

For though the wheele with care do cast you downe,
Yet Pallas playes, when Fortune salse doth frowne.

¶ To his Friend M. S.

If friendship true be tryde when welth doth fayle, from such as fayne, and slee if fortune lowre:

If he a sriend that seemes not then to quayle, but seekes to helpe and ayde his friend to powre.

My Staples then a friend thou art in deede,

That helps thy friend in time of nipping neede.

DEPOSITION OF THE PROPERTY OF

¶ In mediocritie most safetie.

As meane in Musicke soundeth beste,
So meane estate lives most in reste.
The higher clymde, the fall more deepe,
The deeper fall, the doubler paine,
Declyning paine doth carefull keepe,
In man eche lively limme and vaine.
Which proves what change or chaunce doe fall,
Contented meane exceedeth all.

I To the fame.

The poore degree is burdenous.
The welthic forte are couetous,
The needic foule is dolorous.
The youthful Imps are prodigall,
The aged be to riches thrall.
The bolder men foolehard ye call,
And fearefull wightes are daftards all.

Then yll eschew, embrace things cleane, Well fare the sweete and golden meane.

That valiant hartes are desyrous to aspyre.

Che valiant harte and Noble minde, with loftie courage hye: The mightie Mountayne feckes to fcale, and lets the Molchill lye.

Aunfwere.

The mounting minde that hafts to climbe, When Fortune whirles her wheele: With double dolour is deprest, if downe he chaunce to reele.

¶ Another waye.

To climbe to high must needes be nought, the seare to fall doth breede disease:

To fink to lowe brings carefull thought, dispayring payne can neuer please.

The golden meane gives quiet rest, Who lives between extremes doth best.

G. iiij.

T To

¶ To his Friend E. R. of the Bee.

Here as thy minde I fee doth mounte. to buylde thy nest on hve: I thinke it good in meaner forte thy wings thou guyde to flye. For loftie trees on Mountayne toppes, with euery bluftering blafte Are shaken fore, when trees belowe doe stande both firme and faste. The Bee whose force but seeble is. to Beaftes of bigger powre: Hir felfe doth feede with Hony sweete, when greater taste things sowre. Which produes the meane with minde content. more happy lyfe we fee: Than is to taste the sowre, and sitte in seate of highe degree. From thorny shrubs and barren sovle. fwete fap the Bec doth fucke: When bigger beaftes in fertyle Fields. with nipping stormes are sirlucke. And he within his fymple Cell, doth dwell in fafety founde: When such as seeke to sayle alost, in dole are oft times drounde. Seeke not therefore with troubled minde. at stately porte to riue: But live content as doth the Bee. within his homely Hiue. So shall thy foode be Honie sweete. though Fortune fmile or frowne: And eke in fafetie shalt thou sit.

¶ Sure

When higher tumble downe.

I Sure counfell, founde friendship.

OF Louers reftles lyues I lyfte not wryte, Let learned heads describe their painefull plight, But playne in termes, I wishe thee euen so well, As those that can fine Tales for Louers tell.

Whose friendly meaning if thou wilt receaue, Detest disloyall loue, to Vertue cleaue, And seeke by honest meanes thy state to stay, The vertuous lyse doth seldome bring decay.

Counte not the byrds that vndisclosed bee, Waygh words as winde that yeeldes no certaintie, For polisht words that deedes do neuer yeelde, May likened be vnto the barreyn Feelde.

Prouyde in youth, thy aged yeares to keepe, And let fayre speeche go lulle the sonde a sleepe, Sir Machiauell such cunning nowe hath tought, That wordes seeme sweete when bitter is the thought.

Whilst youth, strength, skyll, welth, friends & coyne wil stretch, Thou sayre art borne, by many a guilfull setch, But if these helpes but once beginne to sainte, Adieu, sarewell, colde comfort findes complainte.

Take heede therefore, retyre in time from those, To serue their turnes, that teach their tongues to glose. Whose golden shews, although do promise much, In proofe fall out but Copper in the touch.



H. j.

¶ They

¶ They performe not best, that promise most.

Shee that my fweetest yeares beguylde can tell:

By whome I learne there is no way so sure,

Ne speedier meane to guyde a man to hell.

Loe, he that liste such sayned hope to produe,

Shall subject live, and nere raigne over love.

The pleasure of her piercing eyes me thought, Should be the lightes that lead to happinesse: Alas I was to bolde, but she more nought, To false such fayth, and meaning nothing lesse. What heaven is hid in love, who seekes to see, Must sue and serve a better Saint than shee.

Though tyme hath stayed the rage of my desyre, Yet doth her sight renewe my sestred wounde:

I curste the arte that cause me to aspire,
In hope of truthe, where no trust could be sounde.

But tyll my soule shall brooke this carefull gayle,
Loue may not maystred be, nor I preuayle.

¶ Bewtie the bayte of Vanitie.

Flattering forme hath showes that soone doe passe,
And vade away as doth the withered grasse.
The more it hastes to reach the rypest yeares,
The more it saylth, and worse the forme apeares.
Of pleasant Flowers, the Rose that hath no Peere,
The Violets freshe, and Lyllies whyte and cleere.
Doe not alwayes retaine their hewe and sente,
And sloorishe still with smell most redolente.
So though thou seeme of seature passing all,
And bearst the sorme and frame as principall,

Whofe

Whose bewtie shewes, hath blasse thy shape in sight, Which thou in Glasse to view, takest great delight, Yet tyme on poolish forme shall surrows plowe, And wrythed wrinckles peere on blemish browe, That lothe thou shalte, to note thy changed hewe, And hate thy forme in Mirror bright to viewe.

Loe Ladie sayre, that bewtie is but vaine, Experience shewes, when Vertue voyde of staine, Doth storishe freshe, whome if thou doe embrace, The more she growes, the greater is her grace.

¶ Of Fortune.

Fortune false how double are thy deedes, Thy painted Flowres are nought in proofe but weedes. Who are brought downe, by thy most frowarde frownes. Still fubiect live, and trouble them redownes. To flipper happes annexed are their dayes, To Lyons force, their bodyes are but prayes. What so they winne by meritte or deferte Is from them reft, by power that doth subuerte. Now welthy men doe tell the wifeft tales. And muck is made an equall weyghing schales. No reason vet, but right should be of sorce. And vertue would that wante should finde remorfe. But as the toffed Barke bydes better blyffe. And sharpest thrall in tyme released is. And as the feeble Reedes are rente by Seas. Yet foring againe, when swelling waves appeale. So hope I will, though now the ebbe be lowe, A fpring in time with former course may flowe.



H. ij.

¶ A Sonat.

F wayghtie burthens may be light, Or fayre deniall det requite: If lustice can be termed error. Or droffe for good and perfite treafor. If Maye may be without delyte, Or Snowe of other hewe then whyte. If Cunning can be without skill. Or women without headstrong will. If Pardon where there is no fynne. Or Losse where every man doth winne. If Paradife in Hell you fee, Or fylent whereas women bee. Then shall not Loue be termed hate. Nor low degree the happiest state, But all this must prooue contrarie, And therfore Loue is Loyaltie. Flee it, and it will flee thee, Follow it, and it will follow thec.

MARITALITATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

To her Louer, that made a conquest of her, and sted, leaving her with childe.



Thryfe to whome I might, commit my fecret teares:

My heart the Mountaynes fight, and hollow Eccho feares.

I doubt the *Dryades*, amids the Forrest chase, And thinking on the Seas, I dread the Marmayds grace.

What

What shall I trust the Skyes? then me the windes bewray: Poore soule whom *love* denyes, eche captife doth betray.

Ha heavy hart, thy meede,
O tell, tell out thy minde:
Ponder his fylthic deede,
that left his shame behinde.

And lyke a Cowarde fledde, fearing the chylde vnborne: Whose mother hee should wedde, that hath the Babe forsworne.

Was euer Mayde fo madde, that might her fayth forgo? Was euer boy fo badde, to vse a mayden fo?

His teares did me beguyle, and cleane opprest my powre, As doth the Crocodile, in feeking to deuoure.

Howe could I well denie, when needes it must be so: Although a shamefull I, should have a shamelesse no.

O faythlesse friend my guylte, that first with guyle began:
O foolishe friend that spylte, her mirror on the man.
H. iii.







What

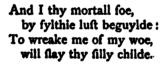
What hath thy Country done, or natiue foyle anoyde:
To force thee it to shonne, wherein thy Louer loyde.



No forrein Hauen can hide, ne colour thine intent: If lyfe in Babe abide, that doth thy fault present.

And when thy fame hath worne, within th' *Italian* cofte:
Thou shalt be taught to fcorne, of them that loude thee moste.

The Gods will have a share, in gyuing him his hier:
That faythlesse falsly sware, and prooude himselse a lier.



In ftead of quiet graue, wherein his corfe should rest: Thy Impe his hearse shall haue, in bowels of a beast.

My daintie tamed wombe, that to thy share befeil: Shal finde no doubt a tombe, amids the mayds in hell.





S Being

I Being burdened to fayne his good will, he aunswereth thus.

> F mine thy little care, if thine my restlesse state, If thine the brunts in breft I beare, of mine to love or hate. Then trie thou shouldst to true. that falshood naught did frame : Though now my fmarts thou lift not rue, but makes my griefe thy game. But out alas I die. this change is nothing lo: For I in languishe still doe lye, and fawne on thee my foe. Who fmiles to fee my fmarte, and laughes when I doe weepe: Regarding naught my faythfull harte, yet from me dost it keepe. Thus harte to faine vnskilde, in being whole is broke: In health is hurte, aliue is kilde, by dinte of dolors stroke. And being mine, is stolne, and led by lyking lust:

Doth leave the waye of certaine stay, and leave to tickle trust.

Thou says I doe not love,

would God thou didft not lye: Such fond affects may nothing moue, Such one thou fayft as I.

The Sages fure were wife,
yet forced now and then:

Pur flathing flames of Cubic fur.

By flashing flames of *Cupids* syre, to shew themselues like men.

H. iiij

Dame

Dame Natures force will shewe,
what so therfore befall:

Tis fure my simple state so lowe,
thou dost missike with all.

My thoughts doe mounte on hie,
though Fortune seeme but base:
Whose yeelding walles before thee lye,
to reare or downe to rafe.

MARKARARA

T Chaunge of Country, shall not chaunge fancie.

Yet diftaunce none, ne tyme, nor toyle fhall pluck from thee my hart.

But as I earft vnfaynedly, haue vowde me wholy thyne:

So will I stande assuredly, howe ere the worlde enclyne.

Where abilitie fayleth, wyll sufficeth.

I F knowledge mine could compasse wylling will,
To sounde her same, so well as deedes deserue:
Or if in Verse by prayse of Poets skill,
I able were to wryte what I reserue.
Then should my pen put forth what now I holde,
And to the worlde her vertues rare vnfolde.

But fithe in me fuch facred lore doth fayle, I leave the fame to Sophos learned brayne:

As

As one whose bare and naked Muse doth quayle,
To vndertake her glory to explayne.

Least lack of skill that might in me appeare,
Should clipse the light which now doth shine so cleere.

A perfite Pearle it felfe doth shewe so well,
That naught it needes a soyle to blase the same:
Her prayse lykewise, the rest doth so excell,
That siner wittes will spred her Noble name.
What should I then upon her seature stande,
Which shewes it felse like sunne against the sande?

Her curious shape, who views and doth not prayse?

In Noble minde she second is to none:

Not Fortune, but deserts, her same doth rayse,

(For Fortune bowes to Vertues lostie throne.)

Where loe she settled sits, in seate so bright,

As Hesser cleare with gleames of glittering light.

MARIOTAL TOURS

Mans impietie, faynes false Deitie.

Whose pecusion power some deeme is dangerous.
A cunning Archer that could neuer see,
Set forth he is, with shaftes right perillous.
A wanton winged boy forsooth he is,
And Venus sonne, whom she doth clip and kisse.

Down from the Heauens he shootes the flaming dartes,
That Fancie quickly burnes with quenchlesse fyre:
Bereauing Reason quite in all her partes,
Preserring wyll with doting fond desyre.

Is this a God? no, no, a Diuell sure,
To sylthic lust that doth the weake allure.

I. j.

For

For Gods to Vertue, not to Vices winne,
Their powers prouoke to good and not to yll:
Tis gainst their kinde to Foster sylthie sinne,
Eche heauenly grace, doth heauenly gistes sulfyll.
Then you that sayne Dan Cupide is a God,
Recante in tyme, least Ioue reach forth his rod.

In love smale inves, sometime breede best content.

Then loues delight, where hartes doe ioyntly ioye?

If vyle fuspect, feare and iclosic,

With gawling grudge did not the same annoy.

Yetwhere this sowre, with sweete somedeale both blende,

Loues perfection oft it doth amende.

For thirst the water sauourie makes to seeme,
And after salting, meate is had in price:
He knowes not peace, nor can thereof esteeme,
That in the warres hath neuer broke the Icc.
Hope is reuiude, and shakes of sorrowes past,
When seruice long doth reape rewarde at last.

Distaunce of Friends maye suffred be with ease,
When fase returne exiles eche former seare:
The farther of, the more doth meeting please,
Things hardly had, obtaynde, are holden deere.
Despayre not then, though eyes beharred bee,
From that sayre sight, the hart doth howerly sec.



¶ What

What Nature fewereth, Arte hardly ionneth.

I N fayth doth frozen Ianus double face,
Such fauour finde, to match with pleafant Maye:
May Horie Hiems now fweete bliffe imbrace,
Where fertyle Iune by flat rupulfe had nay.
No furely no, though iclous heades mifdeeme,
A false vntroth to me the fame doth feeme.

For Frost with Fyre may neuer long agree,
And Maye by course ought mayntaine Venus right:
When shyuering Ianus doth denie we see,
The pleasing sporte that May would most delight.
Then lealous slaunder shut thy chaps for shame,
Depraue them not, whose deedes are voyde of blame.

Since sprinkling showres of sweete Auroraes studde,
In Hierus raigne are dryed vp with colde:
Whose Syluer drops bedewes the blowming budde,
And makes the sertyle soyle her fruite vnfolde.
Who can beleeue? not I, I vowe in deede,
That Ianus olde should gaine such youthfull meede.

Newysheth well to the Crabbe and Maple Tree in Milfeelde, for the Ladies sake that met there under them.

By skilfull choyse doth rooust and rest at night:
Although by wing and will he may go free,
Yet there he pearkes, where most he takes delight.
As Thrush in t...orne, and golden Finch in Fearne,
Great byrds in groues, the smale in bushie hedge:
The Larke alowe, in lostic tree the Hearne,
And some in Fenne doe shrowde themselves in sedge.

I. ij.

So some men bost in Bayes, whose branch they beare, Some Hawthorne holde, as chiefe of their delight: Some wofull wights, the wrethed Willows weare, Some Roses reach, and some the Lyllies white. Some Plane-tree praise, as great Darius sonne, Whose oft recourse thereto, doth wel expresse. That vertues rife therin this Prince had wonne. To lyke the same about the reste I gesse. The Oliander eke, whose Roselike floure. Fayre Polizens so passing well did please: Some lift aloft, and fome the Pien pure. Yet trees I know that farre furmounteth these. Not for their daintie fruites, or odoures sweete. Ne vet for fumptuous shewe that others veelde: But for the Ladies sakes, which there did meete. I give them prayle as chiefest in the fielde. O happy trees, O happy boughes, whose shade Ishrouded hath such Noble vertuous wightes: By whom you were, and are a Mirror made, Who of your felues doe veelde no great delightes. O fertyle ground, in veelding wife that lends. Such causes great of Ladies perfite joyes, O bliffefull place fo fit for faithfull friends, In pleasures ryse, to rid them from annoyes. What wonder may it be, to those shall heare, In Maple hard, or crooked Crabbe tree fowre: Such fugred talke, fuch iests, fuch ioyfull cheare, Such mylde affects, as if t' were Cupids bowre? Nowe fith these Noble Nimphes ybreathed haue, Upon these plants, in vttering forth their minde: If any feeke their fecrecie to craue, High Ioue I pray these trees may showe their kinde. Help Saiyrs eke, you Gods that keepe the wood, The poyloning breath of Boreas rough relift: And thou whose fyluer drops bedewes eche bud. Refreshe these trees with sweete Anivraes mist.

١.

And Ioue if thou in Milfeeld shew thy might,
Conuert them soone, to fruites of more delight.
That Maple may be Mulberie,
And Crabbe tree eke a Medler be.

I Being charged with finenesse, he answereth thus.

Ot fine good Lady mine,
but playne as playne may be:
Your curious hed may finenesse frame,
it longeth not to me.

My symple meaning plaine, not carued with mincing stile: Unsayned friendship seekes to shew,

Unfayned friendship feekes to shew, devoyde of frawde or guile.

No Gnatos parte I play, ne like Corebus crue:

By glofing words to feeke to painte, or publishe more than true.

My cheefe delight to please, is all which I desire:

With nifing Nimphes I lift not deale, Whose lookes aloft aspire.

Plaine truth aye yeelde such trust, as needes no fined phrase:

And my delight hath lesse desire, Dame bewties beames to blase.

Whose heasts in harte I holde, and will till time I die:

Yet truth might truely match delight, with things that feeme more hie.

But needeleffe here to tell, What all men fees right well. Where niceneffe fine is fled.

¶ Such Saintes, Juch fernice.

Hy countnance changde, though clokt in couert fort. Not all things well, long fince did make report. Though thou vnkinde, and twife vnkinde againe To me thy friend, wouldst not impart thy paine. See yet at last, how tyme the truth hath tolde, What thou wouldst not, loe, time doth here vnfolde. No doubtfull drift whereon demurre dependes. So close is kept, that time not tries and endes. And art thou changde? doth fansie so perswade? To heape thy harme, doe secrete flames invade? Will thou from me fo hide thy cause of pine? Hast thou forgot, I rest still wholly thine? Where is become thy manly minde, which late Could fo dehort thy friend, in fraile estate? May one so well approu'd in Pallas seelde By view of fymple peece, feeme thus to yeelde. Shall Buffard blinde, thy constant dealing daunt? Arte thou so sonde, with carren Kyte to haunt? Or wilt thou stoupe, and bend thy selfe to serue. A thanklesse Trull, whose deeds right naught descrue? Whose pecuishe pride, descries the Pecocks grace, Though she God wot, be farre more vile and base. Naught elfe but wante of wyt, makes pride presume, The feete well viewd, downe fals the Pecocks plume. Whose owne concepte, so dimmes her dazeled sight. That deeme she doth for day, the duskishe night. To base she is for thee to lure and call, Though she by lofty lookes would cor quer all. Thy foode to fine her fylthy gorge to fill, Of daintie pray to judge, she hath no skill.

Doe

By course of kinde, she doth for carren craue, Be rulde by me, her diet let her haue.

Doe way the Kyte, that fo doth fcratch and fcowle, My Keeper kepe henceforth fome finer fowle. For looke as veffel aye, yeelds certaine taste Of licoure, fuch as furft therein was plafte. So dunghill byrdes, on dunghill still we finde, To showe the branch whence forst they came by kinde. Cast of therefore thy care and changed cheare, Call home thy hart, let woonted plight appeare. Hoyfe vp thy fayles, and launch from wrackful shore,

Who runnes on rockes, oft brufed is full fore.

I follow what flyeth from me.



Viewe the fertile tree. but fruite I none may get : Most daintie foode I fee. yet starue for wante of meate.

Where drinke stands me before. there greatest drougth I take : My thirst encreast the more, when most I would it slake.

So hunger stryues to seede. when hap withholds repast, So thirst craues drinke with speede, when thrall fayth stay a cast.

Thus Tantals toyle I trie, against the streame that rowe: As hope would heave me hie, dispaire doth sinke me lowe.



I. liii.

No griefe to wante of due regarde.

7 Here forrow funck in breast, hath sokt vo every jove. What comfort there but cruel care, the fource of tharpe anov? Adieu delightfull dayes, that wretch right well may fav. Whose good endeuour made him dreame, till wakt we cold decay. Adjeu deluding hope, that lulde thee so on sleepe. As sleepe thy sences so bereaude, that waking yet dost sleepe. Sith all the fruite thou findst for long imployed paine. (refraine? Falles out but brakes & brambles sharpe, how mayst thou teares When ruth is made rewarde, for favth that fayour fought. What hart can choose but pine away, in plaint & pensive thought? And curse eche practife still, through drift of glosing guiles. That dandled on true meaning minds, by frawde & hellish wiles. To serue their turnes tyll they, vnto the bones are worne. And then on fodaine shake them off, in greatest neede forlorne. Most like the wormes that seede voon the kernels sweete. Forfaking hulke when foode is fpente, to perifhe under feete. So they the hartes of men, doe gnawe in peeces smale, When youth and coine are both confumde, ye leaves them to their As some by to much proofe, have tryed all to true. Enforst to bid their golden time, so sruitlesse spent adiewe.

¶ Of Anger.

Poyfon piercing to the death,
A Traytor to the lyfe:
A Foe to friendships constancie,
a friend to deadly stryfe.
Armed against good counsels force,
weake in aduersitie:
A spoyler of such guiltlesse blood,
as is condemde by thee.
A troubled wyt, a reaklesse hande,
a wrathfull hart to spill:

A partiall Iudge, a icalous wyfe, where anger hath her will. A wastefull pursse, a greedic Foe, a false suspecting thing: A tickle stay, a prowde disgrace,

A tickle flay, a prowde difgrace, a cruell Scrpents fling.

A whip to eafe, a rack to rule, a furie to good reft.

A black infecting Spring they faye, that poylons man and beaft.

A hastic heate, a burning stame, a wylde deuouring whelpe: A forcelesse winde, a furie short, and last a filly helpe.

and a designation of the second

¶ A New yeares gyfte.

- L T Ong may you lyue, and happy yeares enioye,
- A L Among your friends, to staye in blisful state

 D Deuoyde of Focs, safe shrowded from annove.
- I In all your workes: God graunt you happy fate,

K Kindle your care to compasse heavenly things:

- P Presse doune the worlde, let not his power preuayle.
- E Esteeme him not, a Syrens song he sings.
- M Most happy they, where most his flatteries fayle.
- B Beginne no acte, but fyrst foresee the ende:

 R Reache forth your hands to helpe the needle.
- R Reache forth your hande to helpe the needle still,
- O Observe such rules as may your state desende.
- O Offence forbeare: feare euer to doe ill.
- K Knowe God and seeke his holy hests to holde,

K. j.

E Example giue, to make the good more boldc.

¶ Another.

- L T Et wisedome welde your witte and all your wayes,
- A L Among the best your credite twill enhaunce:
- D Detest eche Vice, by Vertue purchase prayse,
- I In Noble moulde, a Noble minde advance.
- M March on with those gainst frayle defyres that fight,
- A And gayne the Gole where glorye great doth dwell:
- R Refist eche wrong, endeuour to doe right,
 - Imbrace good will of fuch as wifhe you well.
- S Suspend to deeme the worst, what ever breede,
- A And poyle eche poynte before you verdit giue,
- V Until you syst the depth of doubts in deede.
- It skill shall shewe to let the matter live.
- L Last beare in minde as course doth chaunge the years.
- Euen fo all Natures workes in time doe weare.

Another.

- L T Ay downe your Pens, that pen vnworthy prayle,
- A L Aduaunfing Dames which naught may claime by right:
- D Direct your course a Ladies same to raise,
- I In eche respect that well deserves your light,
- G Grace is a gifte deciyne given from above,
- C Cancell the scrowles that others praise pretende:
- A All writs are voyde that substance none doe proue,
- V Vertue and blood, this Lady both commende.
- E Eche perfite good in her doth syrmely rest,
- N Noble by byrth, by Nature affable,
- D Disposed well, all ill she doth detest,
- I In euery action modest and stable.
- Set shape aside, where Vertue hath no place,
- H Here shape and Uertue both are loynde in Grace:

Another.

Yme and trust doth trie both weake and sure. O bliffull hap that trust in time maye reache: The patients paine which ficknesse doth procure, H Hath health or ende, at last to be his leache. Effects (alas) I fee doe fall out harde. E L Loft labor reapes the crop of lyngering griefe, 1 And friendships force, through falshoode is debarde. Despite denies deserte to reache reliefe. I fee fome fmyle as they were gyrte with gladnesse, S Stayde vp by hope, though drencht in deepe difpayre: P Preferring sporte, but daunted downe with sadnesse, E Enjoying nought, yet faine to flye in th' ayre. K Kept farre from you (God graunt) all fuch annoye, E Embraste to be with them that lyue in love.

N An Epitaph.

The furest ende of his vncertayne time:
Whome neyther sworde, nor fyre, nor age opprest,
But to his Ghost gave way, in haste to clime
Alost: loc here the instice of such fatall breath,
To haue a God the author of his death?
Fayth and good nature, honor death and lyse,
The Noble harte procureth sauour moste,
These markes, these slowres of his age are ryse,
Wherein both soule and shrine may instly boste.
Where his desyres lodge, the Gods can tell,
Here lyeth the corse that lived and died so well.

K. ij.,

A Dreame.

O clime the high and hauty hyll,
Where Poets preace for praise by skyll,
I lift no labour waste:
The water Nimphes I neuer vewde,
Nor Ladies of the Lake persewde,
That poore Acteon chaste:
King Arthurs Knights long since are sled,
In force that did excell,
And all those Ladies now lye dead,
Whose lyues olde Poets tell.
Reuealing, their dealing,
I purpose not to wryte
But dreaming, a straunge thing
Loe heere I doe recyte.

A fayre Pauillion finely pight,
In fleepe appeared in my fight,
Amidft whereof in greene and white,
The Goddesse fate of all delight,
Be set about with Ladies true,
Which did to her such service due,
As sewe I deeme, the like hath seene
Idone to any earthly Queene.
Her Nimphes all they were,
Of such comely cheere,
Helens sace, may giue place,
Where they appeare.

These Ladies on this Goddesse bright,
Attendance gaue both daye and night,
To work what she would will:
Some sitting heere, some standing there,
As for the tyme they placed were,

According

According to their skill:

For Venus then in Maiestie,
Me thought in Banket sate,
Attended on most curiously,
As best beseemde her state,
Some seruing,
In Office as they stoode,
Some playing,
Some singing,
With glad and cheerefull moode.

That fure me thought in Heauen I was,
To fee this fight it fo did paffe,
But at the laft, this Banket paft,
Of Suters then a Noble route
There did appeare, with drooping cheare,
Befeeching Venus them to heare,
Who ftraight enclynde, with wylling mynde
To peife the playntes that eche put out.
Wherewithall kneelde downe,
A wight of renowne,
Who cryde thus, O Venus,
Let fate cease to frowne.

Aue pyttie on her painefull plight,
Whose lyse is led without dellight,
In sighes and sorrowes still:
My youth saide she with age I waste,
For wealth my Parents me so plaste,
God knoweth against my will.
With that another stept in place,
And craude with wayling voyce,
O Noble Goddesse of thy grace,
Graunt me my wished choyce,
Thus seeking, Dame liking,

They

They call on Venus hie: Still fuing, renewing, Their plaintes with watry eie.

Some out doe crie on iclousie,
And some of great vncourtesie,
With teares complaine, that finde distaine
Where they haue loued faythfully.
Another forte, doe eke resorte,
Exclayming lowde on salse reporte,
Whereby their same, and Noble name
Without desert, oft brute doth blame.
And some Ladies say
Their Lords runne astray,
Whose wanting, and scanting

Oft works their decay.

As thus in course eche made his plainte,
I wosull wretch through loue attainte
In prease my selse did vaunte:
And vnto Venus as I thought,
I hasted fast, and her besought,
My Ladies loue to graunte.
But out alas, euen there withall
A sodaine thundring noise:
As heaven and earth should faile and fall,
My sprites from sleepe did raise.
Then waking, hart aking,
I lanquisht lay in wo,
Bewayling, the sayling,
Of wyshed purpose so.

And to my felfe loe thus I faide, What straunged fight hath me dismaide. May Visions rare, or dreames declare, Such sodaine change from loy to care,

From

¶ Loue afketh loue.

Sawe of late a wofull wight,
That wyllow twigges did winde to weare:
Whose sace declarde the pensife plight,

Which he through loue did prefent beare.

He lookte aloft as though he would

Haue clymed to the starry skies,

But still he stood as though he could

Not once lift vp his heauie thies.

His feathered hands he forced forth,

And thyther fayne he would haue sledde,

But wofull man it was no worth,

For all his limmes were lade with ledde.

You are the bright and starrie skye, I am the man in painefull plight: My limmes are lade, I cannot stye, My wings may not sustaine my weight.

I reade howe loue did Gifmond wounde, The childe of Tancred, Salerne King: Her fauour Guiflard constante sounde, She fancied else no other thing, For riches nought, nor for his wealth, Whereof he had but little store: His vertue was her onely health, She likte that well, she sought no more,

K. iiij.

They

They had their hoped hap and love, If Tancred could contente him fo, But he by working their annoye, Unto himselfe brought greatest wo.

> You are that Gifmond fayre and bright; Would I had Guistards vertuous life, And Tancred chast cleans out of fight, Then would I wylhe for such a wife.

Some fav how Luna loued one. Of lowe estate and little same, By name yelipt Endimion, Whose love was quite devoyde of blame. In Laimi hill it thus befell. She fawe him fit all fadde alone: Tis I (quoth she) I knowe full well, For whom he mournes and makes his mone, She shamed not of Larmi hill, Nor yet of Louers simple state, But foone confentes vnto his will, And him did choose to be her mate. O Luna looke upon thy Loue, Endimion makes his mone to thee: Be not abasht, let pittie moue, That love for love may yeelden bee.

The variable thoughts of a Louer.



Liue in hope and yet despayre, Reloying most when griefe doth growe: I mounte aloste aboue the ayre, Yet lead my life in Limbo loue.

I neuer feeke, though much I finde, Yet finde I nought and still doe feeke:

I fee what best contents my minde, When most in minde I doe misleeke.

One holdes me in captiuitie, So fure that I ne once may fwerue: Albeit I liue at libertie, As free from bands that I deferue.

R. T.

The flyp that late I fawe beare lostic fayle,
Deep lanched in waves of waters wilde:
Whose courage stowte I deemde no storme might quayle,
When her I viewde so fast and syrmely Helde.
With tempest tost, is forst now sayle to streeke,
And in her prime doth houering harbour seeke.

I Aunfwere.

Hough streaming stormes, force ship to harbor haste,
To whom the Seas with rigor great threates wrack:
Whose cables cut, and ankers worne to waste,
Is forste streeke sayle in her so great a lack.
When Neptune yet with Septer plaste in hande,
Shall calme the surious rigour of the Flood:
This shyp repayrde, may safely sayle to lande,
Nought dreading Eolus breth, that her withstood.
So H. doth hope his Howlke such porte shall finde,
When stormes be past, as will content his minde.

¶ Another waye.

But thinke how chance doth check the greatest might:

Aeneas he, Vliss worthy wight,

By lande and seas, did danger great entrap.

None for deferts are lulde in Fortunes lap. Chaunce roules vs rounde, and reaks ne wrong nor right, Ne lewde is he on whom lewde luck doth light.

L. j.

Was

Was not lobe iust, though sokte in sorrowes sap?

They erre that deeme all goes as men deserue.

At length Ameas ranne his weary race:

Vlisse eke and lobe, God did preserue,

So I poore wretch whom Fortune doth disgrace,

Do hope thylke God will guyde my crased barge,

Which beates the seas, whilst none of her takes charge.

T Godlynesse passeth ryches.

He slender store that vertuous wights possesse,
More worth then is the wickeds great excesse.
Yet strange to see what toyle some worldlings take,
For ryches vaine, that soone will them forsake.
Whose greedie guttes, no reason may suffice,
The muck on moulde so blinded hath their eyes.

T His aunswere to one that wrote, saynt hartes
that seare to synne, sayre Ladyes
syldom winne.

HE much more valiaunt is,
whose steps are flow to sinne:
Then who so seekes valawfull meanes,
his Ladies loue to winne.
And greater prayse descrues,
his will that can subdue:
Than thou which boldly brags, to gaine
the thing thou well mayst rue.
A pleasure short thou seekst,
procuring lasting paine:
A poyson sweete thou dost imbrace,
that sundry wightes have slaine.
A dore that lets in Death,
a scourge that whips the soule:

A vice that Vertue ouerthrowes,
who doth it not controule.
A flame of burning fyre,
that reaues all reafons rules:
A gulfe of foule defire,
That oft makes wife men fooles.

1 To I. N.

Ood wyll put forth my Pen in hafte. and made me bolde to craue: And Loue lay on me fore to feeke, that I suppose you have. Pleafure drew forth my doubtfull care, and helde my hande aright: And Use transported like a guyde, the vayne defyre I wright. Hope flattered to these troubled thoughtes. that comforte of the paine: Would force me to appofe thy pen, with fancies of the braine. Slowe of it felfe my little skill, but that thy truth profest: Will parcon bothe my light offence, and graunt this poore request. To tell if avre may alter greefe. or where like luck betide: Thy felfe, that vnder Country Hauens, dofte feeke thy felfe to hide. And if Loue bee, what thing it is, if not, what moues my paine: Good Nedham wayte, or come in hafte. and I shall wryte againe.

¶ H. To his mishap.

He Gal.le flaue that stirres the sleeting Ore,
In foming Seas, to cut the mounting waue:
With heavie cheere doth wish the gladsome shore,
In hope that ende his thraidome then shall have.
Or else doth hope admidst his pyning wo,
That ship will sinke, and end his trauell so.

The fickly wight whom Feuers pinche full fore, With gasping breath, and panting hart in bed: And yeelds himselse content with Natures lore, Reuoltes againe, who was by hope misled,

If vitall breath yet chaunce to sayle him than, Now past his paine, becomes a happy man.

An ende of woes these seelie solke obtayne,
An ende of thrais at length by meanes they finde:
Douoyde of cares, and I as wretch remayne,
To whom aliue the Gods aboue assignde,
That lyuing yet, a thousande times should dye,
And long time dead, vnburied yet should lye.

T Falfyfying of Fayth, breedes many complaynts.

My gaing eye giues ouer her deiyre:

My gaing eye giues ouer her deiyre:

My reaching hand would after fauor grope,

My legs yeelde vp and leaue me in the myre.

Tis light t' outrunne, but not to outread the wife,

Thus finde I strife to hinder my deuise.

The time too shorte, to weare so speedie greese, I still pursue, that shunnes my wylling holde:

Skill

Denide the ioy that my defyres wolde.

My taste of loue, is lost as you may gesse,

That know how Sickmen sauour bitternesse.

Who would his will, must beare the bitter lot,
The Faucons soote distraynth the Princes hande:
When loue was made, his eyes were quite forgot,
The highest towers in greatest danger stande.
O slipper holde, that for a filly eye,
Can finde no peace, but ever seekes to die.

The world first is supposed to the property of the supposed to the supposed to

Die, and doe all the wretched train of loue,
To know the torment of my boyling fmarte:
Her might on me pore man she ment to prooue,
Whom I had thought, should heale my wounded harte.
O cruell penance to my pore desyre,
In such great heat to bring me to the fyre.

¶ To his Song, sent to his Mistresse.

Ong in the fweete place,
Where as my Ladie was
walking.

Thinke if thou shouldst stande, She would reach out her hande, wylling.

Spirite without carceffe,

Mercurie bodileffe,

ply thee.

Tell her I will come,

Knowing not howe foone,

fpeede well.

Loue may no let haue,

This is all I craue,

farewell.

¶ A Poefie.

The streaming stormes, that sast on me doe slowe,
The secrete sighes that waste my wosull breast:
The Isie colde I seele like slakes of Snowe,
The hidden harmes that breede my great vnreast.
My Fancies force doe cause such troublous tyde,
That shyp nowe shakes, which late in roade did ryde.

I Aunswere.

Here reason rules, affections sonde doe flye,
And bewties beames smale bittirnesse may breede:
Where wisedome will, by vertues skill doth tye,
Cupidos stames are quenched forth with speede.
Let reason then thy will by wisedome guyde,
So shalt thou safely shunne this stormie tyde.

The vanitie of rytches.

The ftately Pallace Princely plafte, the hoorde of glyttering Golde:

The Patrimony large of landes, cannot from fickneffe holde.

Nor can they cure the crafed corps, or deck the minde at all:

For who hath most of such a store,

The more he seares as thrall.

Golde

Golde is the Father to the Flock. of Flatterers by lotte: It is the fumme of gricle or woo. who hath, or hath it not. For who it hath, he quakth in feare, least Fortune robbe his thrifte: Who hath it not, laments because, he knowes not how to shifte. Wherfore of ritch or poore I judge, as wifedome fmale I hente: In best estate is he, with his that lives with minde contente.

1 Discorde makes weake, what concorde left frong.

He guvet pawfe that filent night Doth bring from trauayles past: Of dave no fooner had by fleight, A flumber on me caft.

But in my fleepe there did appeare, Sixe fauadge men in mosse and haire.

A Fagot bounde, the foremost wight, Me thought in hande did beare: Which ioyntly and alone through might, All fought to breake and teare. Yet still in vaine their strength they tryde, Eche parte to other was so tyde.

Till wreftling long, a flick at laft, One forth by fleight doth wring. Whereby the Bundell knitte fo fast. Afunder foone they fling. Then eche a scuerde peece doth spoyle, Which late conjoynde, no force could foyle. L. iiii.

This

This done me seemde they vanishte quite, And there my Dreame did ende: Yet so amazed with the sight, That oute a sighe I sende.

I curft the frawde that friends defast, Whose broken band eche harme doth hast.

The wrack of Realmes hereby is wrought,
The force of Foes increast:
The fpoyle of famous Princes fought,
And right by wrong supprest.
Foule fall therefore the guyle of those,
That friendships bande doe seeke to lose.

And happy they that doe restraine,
Their eares to heare when Syrens faine.

¶ Of one that came to borrow money.

I N loane what losse, I want and would,
Two Gods I bring to intreate for Golde,
Perswasion may procure the thing,
That force would vndertake to bring.

¶ Aunswer.

The loss of Friends by bringing home againe,
Such Interest I seeke not so to gleane,
Two Goddesses to match your Gods there be,
Inopie and Impossibilitie.

¶ Truth feareth no tryall.

The Muses calde a Courte of late,
Wherein they deemde of fundry deedes:
To scan eche cause in seate they sate,
The summond peere and law proceedes.
The truth they sought of all mens harts,
And deemde of eche by his desarts.

Upon whose talke he was araynde:
Holde vp thy hande quoth Doubt by name,
Thou art accused to haue staynde
Thy credite, and thy sayth with shame.
And briefe to be, by verdite luste,
Condemde thou art for thine vntruste.

To whom the Captiue gan reply,
I graunt if this be prooued true:
That I well worthy am to dye,
And here I craue no more of you.
But perfite triall of my case,
(The guiltie onely pleads for grace.)

A Queste was then impanelde newe,
And his accusers calde in fight:
Suspition did the sute pursue,
He was indited by Despite.
The Muses now with all the rest,
Made Conscience foreman of the quest.

Wherewith Suspition fled for feare,
Despite durst not maintaine his sute,
The cause was calde, the captiue cleare,
Thus did the last, the syrst consute.
And him that earst should needes have dide.

Through faile report and deepe despight, Condemde had beene to death to go. By which you well may learne and see, The faultlesse ofte condemned bee.

Let pittie therfore moue your minde,
To ftay your doome till truth be tryde:
So you by fearch shall easily finde,
That I from truth did neuer slyde.
As tyme by triall shall declare,
I aske no more, so spoyle or spare.

¶ He complayneth his mishap, with promise to keepe her honor.

He wandring Outlaw borne to woc, and bred a banisht man: Untaught the futtle sleights of love, of love this tale began. When furst my sences dranke the sweete. that gaue my body blood: I felt no Foe to let my loue. nor God against my good. Tyll luste misreckned my delightes, my wandring joves to ende: And founde her out to stay such toyes. to stande my trustie friende. I boast the graunt if all were gluen, it may, would God it might:. O happie man, more happie mayde, if all had hit aright. Mishap withholdes no meane to hope, to purchase my pretence: Beautie me rauisht first, and now revength without offence.

Thus

9 G. To his Ladye.

Than reason can reueale to me that would:
Accuse the cause that makes me think amis,
And finde the sault of such vntempred mould.
Of sundry workes doe divers wonders growe,
Yet skill shewes why, and how they should be so.

I fee the Sunne both moue, and melt, and change, At once both dry and dew the dustie sande: Yet are the raging stormes of loue so straunge, As I forbeare the cause to vnderstande.

Except I should impute it to the wurft, And curse the kinde that neuer Louer durst.

I see the starre that guydes my stirring loue, The goodly Saint that sacrifice deserues: Sometime I sayle, and sinke for seare to prooue, And oft my solemne obsequies reserve.

Yet but for loue her passing giftes deuine, Nature had never made them halfe fo fine.

I fee the fecrets of my wofull eyes, Must feeke to rest on no such persitnesse: Would they had kept her still aboue the skyes,

¶ For smale offence, smale punishment.

MY Lady gives the revne to her despite. And lightly she beleeves what others sayne: With death she vowes my service to requite. And paynes me not with like good will againe. So that she seekes to trusse vp my good will. With trusting those that ever ment me ill.

The murdring Knyle for my offencelesse crime. I see preparde to gore my guyltlesse blood: The cruell voyce of rough condemning rime. Hath scapte her mouth, and maye not be withstood. Yet let her date my death with this one line, Here lyeth my Servant buryed in his Shrine.

If mercie favle, there is no other charme, If that preuavle, vngracious luck farewell: My guiltlesse trespasse shall escape the harme. That enuye wisht on me to have befell.

Of my estate, let her say yea or nay, I most regarde her doome for to obay.

From heaven the grace of gentle minds descends, And like the maker should the matter bee: Then let my Mistres when she wrath pretends, Affects of mercie in the Gods forefee. And when she graunts to sollow them in that,

Let her recure and pardon she knowes what.



¶ Loues myghtinesse growes by Louers weaknesse.

Of curteous hartes, the Gods had then agreede:
Difgraded Saturne had not tumbled downe,
Nor loue had durft in Goldlike Artes proceede.
O cowardly Gods againft your kinde to fee,
Your felues, your fonnes, the flaues of loue to bee.

Could love take league with *Ioue* against his will,
Or staine the streame of *Neptunes* water Springs:
And could not *Pluto* keepe his honor still,
But give the Heavens and Hilles to other kings?
In faith the sace amongst sweete soules should dwell,
That conquered these, in spite of powers in Hell.

A comparison of his troubles.

Reat (welling floodes are foone dried vp, with meaner calmes I fee:
And mightie Frostes, with gentle heate are woont dissolude to bee.
The darkest clowdes in th' ayre tost, depart with no great winde:
Yet can the tempest of my care, no quyet harbor finde.

¶ I. K. to H. being ficke.

He fickly state, thou griped art withall,
When brute had blowne and sounded to mine eare:
From eare to heart, the sodaine noyse did fall,
And there begins to change choise of my cheare.
M. iij.
For

For choyce is past, needes must I match with mone, When hope is crackt, what comfort may endure? The best part eke of me, to greese is gone, Scant then the partes beside, may well be sure. Yet seare not H. quayle not, be of good cheare, Thy Keeper bids thee haue a hardy harte: Be lyke a man, the weather will be cleare, If not, for thee, yet cause not me to smarte. So being bolde in thine extremitie, Thou shalt saue two, that is both thee and me.

¶ Aunswere H.

He plunged state wherein I restlesse lay,
When these thy lynes were brought before my view:
A certaine tyme began to cease and stay:
And still mee thought my pinching paine withdrew,
To heare from thee, such comfort did ensue,
But when at last, I learned had thy greese,
My comfort fledde, berest was all releese.

And then a newe my crased corps in paine,
Lay languisht long, not knowing what were best,
A thousand thoughts within my troubled braine
So mooude my minde, that vnneth could I rest,
The slipping loyes that worldly wights possest.
Loe then I sawe, full soone awaye did slide,
And nothing was, that still might stande or bide.

No Forte fo strong, no Bulwarke raysde so sure,
But tyme consumes and tumbleth downe at last:
Mannes force is frayle, and lyke the seeble flowre,
That bendes and breaks with euery little blast,
His dangers great, his pleasures soone surpast.
As now by me appeares, whose ioyes doe vade,
Whose griefe doth grow, whose comfort glides to glade.

Whole

Whose lyse lyke smoke, doth slylie slynck awaye,
Whose Rock is reelde, whose satall threed is spunne,
Whose dreame doth ende, whose slumbring sleepe doth staye,
Whose web is wouen, whose Glasse is welnie runne,
Whose parte is playde, whose tale is tolde and done,
Whose will doth yeelde, to leave this wretched vale,
Where naught is sure, but driry Death most pale.

¶ Of Friendship.

Although he would, he may not store his friend,
But he that seekes his secrets there to plante,
Where wealth is free, shall finde a quyet ende.
Giue me the poorest man to triumph on,
Or welthiest friend, or let me liue alone.

¶ Aunswere. G. H.

Glue me the equal friend, for greater state
Will euer grudge the want of lowe degree,
And eke the meane repine at welthier mate,
Thus enuy breakes what friendship did decree.
By inste agreeing porte no larre doth grow,
Where wealth ne wante denies the friendly show.

¶ H. To M.

The crased Barke sull oft is saued by Pylots care,
The greatest grieses by pleasant ioyes asswaged are.
The daylie toyles by some quiet rest are alwayes eased,
The vering spirites by Musike sweet, seems somewhat pleased.
My onely ioy regarde you this my wosull case,
Sith none but your distaine, my forrow can delace.

¶ Admonition to his Friend.

▼ F thou wilte be rightfull,

Vaine talke flye, and learne wit, Marke wife speeche and loue it. Alwayes praye, and boast not, Eschue pride, and vaunte not. Hate no man, distaine not, Take time and sleepe not. Eche vertue trayne iustly, Regarde betters wisely. Offend no wight wrongly, And declare alwayes truely. So God sure will loue thee, And good men will praise thee. When Vertue shall grace thee, All same shall embrace thee.

Who feekes this Worlds felicitie, Fyndes nothing else but vanitie.

TX 7Ho feekes on earth to finde, his Mansion sure to dwell, Forfakes his God, forgets his heaven, & hies him fast to bell. For why no flesh hath force, eternitie to finde, But as of Clay it came, to Clay it must conuert by kinde. If Bewtie blynde thine eyes, or Coyne it be thou craue, Be furn therof they clogge thy foule, whe carcasse comes to grave. Not strength, not honors stage, nor Empire helde alone, But conscience cleere must only scrue, before the heavenly throne. Suppose before thy Prince, thy onely tale furmounts, (accounts. Tryumph not thou, for th' angels trumpe, calles thee to more More pleasures here thou takes, in toyes on earth below, More feeble thou, more force is theirs, to yeelde thine ouerthrow. No comfort doe conceaue, in vaine and tryflying toyes, No minutes myrth can counteruayle, aye during deepe annoyes-On earth the force of flood, and flame thou doest defyre To shun, then chiefly seeke to auoyde, the force of endlesse syre. In heaven the whylst thou dost neglecte, the loy yt shall remayne. Then dye on earth to live, and live on earth to dye, Repose thy trust in heavenly things, and joy eternallye.

T 70

more daunger when they swell:
Yet in all Tydes we see,
they wie to sounde them well.

Reason and Fansis doe often varie.

Here Fansie bids vs runne, and Reason staye,

And presse our powres, that frayltie nought preuayle:

Assection blinde doth beare so greate a swaye,

That we in greatest daunger hoyse vp sayle.

We burne our selues, and yet doe blowe the syer,
And trust the ayde that leaves us in the myer.

Desyre assayes with Fansies winges to siye,
When hap with holdes, to yeelde our will successe:
Hope would advance it selse vnto the skye,

Defyre, dispayre, hope, hap, by fansie prest,
Thus ioyne their battayle in affections brest.
Reason resistes, vayne hope, hopes Lead will swymme,
Wyt would preuayle, assection will not yeelde:
Desyre with Frayltie ventures lyse and lymme,
Inforcing Reason to forsake the fielde.

Despayre sinkes downe, and sits in sad distresse.

And thus with Fancies lore our reason ledde,
In Follies brake, we oft bring sooles to bedde.
Looke ere you leape, beware least footing sayle,
Example take by poore Actions fall:
We thinke that pretie sanse man prepayle.

A little bewhing Curre doth oft procure, Affault of greatest Dogs, as doth appeare, So while we rashely yeelde to Fansies lure, Pore eger Curres are readie us to teare.

Our owne defyre, affection, lust, and will,
Are those same Dogs which doe their maysters kill.
Yet neyther counsayle, wisedome, sence, nor aste,
Can brydle youth from his desyred ioye:
Graue precepts have no power to stay his harte,
From working of his owne extreme annoye:

And though our felues doe know such things are vayne, Yet doe we seeke the selfe same things to gayne.

What madnesse thus to stryue against all sence?

To sue, where Reason would we should resrayne:

Against all counsayle thus to make pretence,

And voyde of wisedome so to beate our brayne.

To buye repentance with so deepe desyre,
And with such heate to set our thrist on syre.
And yet no helpe, when Fansie freightes our boate,
But Follyes force, perforce will hoyse vp sayle:
Till midst the waves of had I wist we stoate,
We thinke our pleasant course should never sayle.
Unlesse Gods speciall grace doe make a stay,
Our nature weake thus works her owne decay.

T A Poefie.

Where Vice aboundes and Vertue doth abate:
Why doe we not our lyues with speede reforme?
That Conscience cleere may seele no gnawing worme.

The Conscience cleere may seele no gnawing worme.

to fundry purpofes.

T Certaine Verses translated out of Petrark, concerning
Rome, written by him many yeares since.

Flame from Heauen streame down vpon thy head Thou wicked one, that from the water colde, And Acornes wilde, (that whilom was thy bread) Arte mightic made, enrichte by others Golde. Since thy delight is setled all on ill, //Shame thee destroy, and forrow soone thee spill.

Thou Nest in whome the treasons hatched are,
That through the worlde abroad are spread this hower:
Slaue to Wine, chambring and delicious fare,
Where Lust doth trye the strength of all her power.
In Closets thine, yong gyrles and aged Siers,
With Belsabub doe daunce in soule desiers.

He Bellowes, Fyre, and looking-Glasse doth beare,
Amidst them all, but why I blushe to tell:
Naked to wyndes, and bare soote late thou were,
No beddes of Down vnto thy share befell.
Course clothes did serue thy corps from colde to shrowde,
Scarce God thy peere, thou now art growne so prowde.

Thou Babilon that buyldes thy Neast so hye,
By courtous frawde thy sack to brimme dost fill,
With Gods great wrath and vices out that flye:
Whose poysning smell a worlde of soules doe kill.
Gods to thy selfe thou makst, not soue nor Pallas,
In Venus and Bacchus is all thy solace.

In fearching long, what should of thee ensue, My selfe with toyle I seeble brought and lowe: But at the length mee seemde, a Soldan newe,

Delightfull Discourses

Thy Idols on the grounde shall scattered lye,
Thy Towers prowde to heaven that enimies bee:
And Turrets all by fyre downe shall slye,
Then shall iust soules the friends of vertue, see
The golden worlde a newe beginne to raigne,
And auncient works shew forth themselves againe.

Thou forrowes fource, the finke of many a one,

Thou Schole and Temple whence all errors growe:
Once Rome, but nowe that cruell Babilon,
For whom the worlde in teares doth overflowe,
//Exclayming on thy-curfed wickednesse,
//Bewrapped in the vayle of holynesse.

O Forge of false deceyte, prison to yre,
Where goodnesse dyeth, and euils all are bredde:
To those that liue, thou art a hellishe syre,
//The ruine eke of many wretches deade.
A wonder straunge though spared thou be yet,
If Christ in fine not treade thee vnder seete.

Thy ground was fyrst on humble pouertie,
But now thy pride doth presse thy Founders downe:
Thou shamelesse strumpet seeking suffraintie,
Where rests thy hope? what in thy triple crowne?
In thy adulteries or base borne rytches
Begotte in guile? vaine are all such wytches.

Since Conflantine may nowe returne no more,
The mournefull worlde that fighes thy state to see:
Consume and cut thee quick vnto the core,
That all to long is forst to beare with thee.

//Of Rome the fall, here Petrark doth vnfolde,
//As view they may, that lift the same beholde.

In patientia victoria.

FINIS

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. THE ARBOR OF AMITIE &C.

Title-page, I. 4, "forth"—here and throughout the 'oo' represents a, Lr.,
two o's conjoined.

- Page 5, Epistle-dedicatory to 'Lady Anne Talbot' she was Lady Anne
 Herbert, daughter of William, first Earl of Pembroke. She
 was married to Francis, Lord Talbot, who died in 1582, before
 his father George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury; li. 6-7,
 "most purest" the double superlative is frequent contemporaneously, and later; l. 11, "fondly" = foolishly; l. 13,
 "laster" unknown to Editor: l. 22, "vides" it do.
- Page 6, l. 9 (from bottom), "flagrant" = fragrant the spelling also occurs in p. 19, l. 5; p. 127, last line, and is not infrequent contempotaneously.

.. 7. l. 14. "Ais"-misprinted 'hir' in the original,

, 8, 1. 8, " faine" - pains, painstaking ; 1. 12, " frace" - track.

- ,, 10, 1. 24, "Fem" corresponding with 'gent' for 'gentleman.' So p. 45, l. 11; p. 51, An Epitaph, l. 6; p. 137, To a friende, &c., l. t.
- , II, heading, " John Kuper" see our Introduction on this 'findent."
- ,, 18, above these lines is a rather spirited woodcut of the hunting dog named the Talbot, distinguished by his large long drooping ears.
- ,, 19, 1. 2, "brickle" = brittle so frequenter contemporaneously; cf. p. 42, 1. 9, &c., &c.; 1. 3, "cresse" = encrease. So p. 60, A Poefie, 1. 2; p. 72, ll. 15, 26, &c., &c.; 1. 6, "Lylies white... that grofe"—either by collective noun or relation to the nearer adjective 'white'; 1. 24, "retchiefe" careless, negligent, reckless.
- ,, so, Deferibing his left, &c., 1. 4, "pafed not" = passed not, cared not, regarded not; 1. 9, "Acus" = held. So p. 50, last line. &c.
- , 21, 1. 2, "corps" body (corpus); 1. 16, "fayor" assays, tries. So p. 45, 1. 9.

,, 23, When he thought, &c., 1. 5, "plight" = plighted, pledged.

- , 25, 1. 3, "fabled"—stablished or strengthened; 1. 9, "impe"—offspring, so frequenter.
- ,, 27, At his Friends departure, L. 7, "parture" departure.
- ., 28, second column, 1. 9, "Then" = then. The spelling is very arbitrary in this word.
- .. 30, To his Friend, &c., 1, 3, "Mee rue" = pity me.
- ,, 33, Being destitute, &c., L 6, "pinsons" = pincers.

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266
 Page 34. L 4. "Samples pof" - grinding in the mill or hard toil, like the
               blind Bible-cleat.
   .. 35 M crouch &c., L & "suble" - vile.
   . 36, L. 9. "writing" - twisting.
   .. 30. Matterers, L. 1. "Autoing" - enticing?
   43. To a Priend, &c., L 3, "doome" - judgment.
   m 45 h 17, "Agininder" - lash and punish.
  ... 46, 1, 18, "Alie" - bolive, immediately, instantly, as still in Scotland.
   m. 50, The venities, &c., L. I, "sight"-pitched : L. 2. "larne"-enlarged.
   . SI. Lady Gardred, the first wife of George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrews-
               bury, who succeeded to the title 25 Sentember 1560, and died
               12 November 1000. She was the Lady Gertrade Manners.
               eldest daughter of Thomas first Earl of Rutland, and mother
               of all the earl's children: 1. 2. " brth" - bitch - this kind of
               shortening of words is frequent in these Poems.
  ,, 61, let line, "lemlafe" - studine.
65. L. 6, "remorfe" - curious use of the word - niv.
  " 69, The languishing, &c., L & "Serie" - descry. describe or point out.
               CL B. 141. L 2. &c.
  " 74. L 13. " Adjing" - pelf or money.
  " 76, 1. 16, "male" - mate; 1, 18, " Flore" - husband or wife; 1. 20.
               " Tide" = golden-created wren. See Nares, s.v. (1876), where
              · Halliwell and Wright udd. "It is usually considered to be the
               titmouse." Our conjust shows this to be a blunder, as the
            "Titmus" is named immediately after and distinct from the
               'tidy.'
77, L 14. "lelge" - give as a behest or bequest?
  " 78, L 7, "by hooks and . . . . crooks" - by sickle or by rod - a forest
               term : L 12. "cerks" - cares.
.. So, L 7, "gley" — unknown to Editor.
  82, A Poefe, L. 2, " flipper" - slippery, frequenter,
. , 85, 1. 3, " Ale" - he's; H. to his Priend K., 1. 8, "wood" - mad.
1 89-91 - see Introduction on this capital dialect-poem; p. 89, l. 14.
               "Courineles" = courinobles; p. co. l. 6. "Dountemes" - a
             · local denor.
. .. 93, L 13, "/qye"= assay or prove.
 IL NEWS SORETS, &C.
Page 111. Existle-dedicatory to "Houry Laffels" - see our Introduction.
114 L 9, "oncoming writer" = un-cunning writings; L 14. "werld"=
               world's.
  .. IIS, l. 9, "affecti" = affections, passions.
  ,, 117, L 8, "wife" - early use of this somewhat slaugy word; l. 26,
               "hrywe" = tllure, lead on. Modernly Scott uses it in this
               sense frequently in "The Talisman."
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,, 118, L 8 (from bottom), "of/" = advise, pander?

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Page 121. l. 6. "woode"= mad, as before.
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- .. 122, The description, &c., 1. 2, " Sife" assize.
- ., 124, I. 22, "A mirrour," &c .- see our Introduction.
- ,, 125, l. 10, "meane" = middle or medium. So p. 130, The Commenda-
- 126, l. 7, "line" lain ; Liberalitie, l. 3, "cantle" part or share.
- , 128, An humble, &c., 1. 9, " feathered handes" = fettered, as on p. 243, 1. 9.
- ,, 129, Il. 21, 25, "Laemi"—an evident misprint for "Lata:1." So too p. 244, Il. 13, 17; l. 28, "make"— mate, as before.
- ,, 137, 1. 6, "feares"= mates.
- .. 138, l. 3, "trils"- trickles ; l. to, "proching" = approaching.
- ., 139, 1. 5, "boustrous" apparently misprinted 'bousteous' in original.
- ,, 146, The lamentable, &c., I. 1, "luji" list, choose; last line, "glofe"
- .. 148, l. 18, " Nut" = notch : L. 21, "pnrws" = arouse.
- ,, 151, 1. 5, "cockes"= foolish fellow.
- .. 152, 1. 14, "wilksome" irksome?
- ", 153, L 1, "peare" = appeare; and p. 154, L 17, "peares" = appears;
- " 154, 1. 2, " laist" = leadest.
- . 155, l. 26, " Her"= hag : l. 34, "vice"- sic, not 'vile."
- ,, 150, l. I, "mome" = blockhead; l. 9 (from bottom), "lefe" here and onward misprinted 'lost' in the original.
- ., 157, l. 8, "plumpe" = mass. But see Nares, s.v., last line, "laith" = layeth.

III. H. His Druises, &c.

Page 165, Epistle-dedicatory to "Lady Marye, Counteffe of Pumbreshe" = "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

- "It, 1. 8, "lethe" lack, but also = look, apparently. Cf. p. 172, preliftmate line; 1. 16, "Spyders poylon take," &c. one should lose no opportunity of protesting against the libel of this exquisite Weaver and marvellously accomplished little creature.
- ,, 173, l. s, "Imps" offspring, as frequenter.
- ,, 174, Professitie, &c., 1. 16, "Aunger" = long for.
 ,, 175, ibid., 11. 5-6, "A King's sounce," &c. CL p. 215, Aunftwer, 11. 1-4;
 1. 9, "tickle" = inconstant, as before; 1: 12, "where" =
 whether; Once warnde, &c., st. 2, 1. 6, "Proof Cynthes findes"
 = actual experience finds to be the moon not the sun.
- ., 177, L 3, "Venus Baby" = Cupid.
- ,, 180, 1. 15, "Gnales fair": p. 181, last line, "glosing Gnates"—see our Introduction. Cf. p. 232, ll. 9-10.
- .. 181, 1. 7 (from bottom), "Corodus crows"—Wid.
- ,, 182, l. so, "pendie" -- See Narce, s.v., but an odd use of the word here.
- ,, 183, l. 12, "rue" = pity; l. 19, "vapleto" = availeth.

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Page 184 L 12 "corolled" or coolect.
    " 185 L 12, " Indiag" - looking looking? It is a not unbecomet word in
                  Howell, and somewhat dubis, s. See enweel.
    " 186, The lementalle, &c., 1. 7, "france" - secon.
    .. 189, L 4 (from bottom), "instigut" - implended, accused?
    " 190, L 18, " Prace farming" - apparently some misprint here, and in the
                  Table
    ... 100. A Winter, &c. L 1, "Bruter Citie"- London 1 L 3, "debting"
                  - delaying, meditating.
    .. 193 L 13. "pefe"-surpess; Mess ligh, &c., L 8, " met "= metch.
    " 194, 70 Mr Miffreft, &c., L. G. "Atch" - unbterlege, pretext.
    " 195, Who hard, &c., L 3, "coult"- and 1 L 11, "let"- blades.
    .. 197, L 6, "47#"-trill, trickle; L 22, "alighe"-eclissed. So p. 204.
                  Where Servere, &c., L &
    .. 199 L 11, "ffer"- fit or frink: L 15, "brimmel"- fallest. bundent.
    " soo, L 1, "gesich" - living; L 17, "Alexant" - pleasantest; L 18.
                  "fine"- facet; L st, "leele." See on p. 18c, L ta. Here
                  - lack or west. See also p. 210, L 11 L to. "brains"-
                 stratagem.
    ,, 200, Omnis, &c., L 3, "quist(/)"-quietest.
    203 L 10, "Caller" - ropes ; L 18, "faile" - seldom.
    10 SOS l. 1, " Parflet" - ornamented.
    " 206, I. 9. "minst" - whist, hushed suggests itself; but Nares gives
                  'What' - concealed.
    .. 207, L 20, "refull" - pitifall ; L 24. "Nor" - miserable.
    ,, 208, Aunfmere, 1. 7, "Grype . . . tyers" - griffin [vulture] that feeds,
                 i.e., the Prometheus' myth.
    .. .210, L 2, "glaste" = jest, scoff.
 , 211, Bele, &c., l. 1, "motel" - amazed ; l. 14, "Prints" - pinnace.
    ,, 212, L 9 (from bottom), "remer/e" = pity, as before.
   ,, 217, L so, "m" = not.
    " 218, In Mediscritic, &c., L. I. "messir" - middle or medium
" 219, L 5, " Impe" = offspring, as before; L. 6, " feelshard" = foothardy;
                 firites wore, &c., L 2, " difeefe" - distress, suffering.
,, 250, L 7 (from bottom), "rius" = arrive.
, sst, last L, " touch" - testing or proof.
    1 233 L 4 "Acre" - appear; or qu., look out from? I. 6, "in Mirror".
                 it is said of Elizabeth that as she aged she would not look into
                 a 'mirror'; Of Fortune, L. 2, "freefe" = testing or trial;
                 L 6, " props" - prey.
    ,, 227, L 7, " rue" - pity, as frequenter.
    228, last l., "Soffer" - the Sophi, or wise men.
    219, 1. 9, "festers" = her person. So used by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson.
                 Sir Robert Chester, &c.
  ., 230, In low, &c., l. 3, "feore" - a dissyllable.
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- Page 231, l. 6, "the"—misprinted 'they' in the original; He wyfieth, &c., l. 4, "pearker" = perches and looks about.
 - ,, a32, l. 11, "Pien" = pine ; l. 9 (from bottom), "affecte" = affections.
- "longeth" belongeth; Il. 9-10, "Gnater . . . Cordus." See note on p. 180, l. 15; p. 181, l. 7; l. 15, "nifing" see our Introduction on this word; l. 21, "heafts" behests, requests.
- "deferies" = points out, describes, as before; 1. 30, "pray" =
- ., 235, I follow, &c., l. 6, "drougth" thirst; l. 12, " stay a cast" wait a little, or Scotice. bide a wee."
- Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, both of whom were named Catherine. The first was a daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffoik (from whom he was divorced), and the second a risughter of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Probably Howell's friend was the latter.
- .. 238, Lady Mary Savile—there were several contemporary—impossible to identify now; 1. 6, "pretend"—advance; 1. 10, "verdit"

 verdict; Lady G[race] Cavendish—third daughter of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, married Henry Cavendish, Esq. (eldest brother of the first Earl of Devonshire), M.P. for Derbyshire, &c., who died in 1616, æt. 67, and was buried at Endson in that county.
- " 239, Lady Speke—there were father, son and grandson of the period, and knights, and she might have been the wife of either; I. 4. "leache" = physician.
- ., 240, l. 2, " presc." press.
- ,, 241, L 19, "peife" = appease.
- ., 242, l. 18, "prasse"- press, crowil.
- ., 243, Loue, &c., 1.9, "fauthered" = fettered, as before; 1.15, "lade" = ilead; 1.17, "Gismond" = Sigismond or Sigismund.
- ., 244, Il. 13, 17, "Latmi" same odd mistake as in p. 129, Il. 21, 25.
- ,, 245, Another waye, &c., 1. 6, " reaks" = reckons.
- .. 246, l. 6, "thylke" that.
- ,, 248, l. 1, "facting Ore" = flitting oar; l. 6, "traud!" = travail; l. 11,
 "than" = then; l. 13, "feelie" = feeble; l. 14, "wretch" =
 wretched; l. 2 (from bottom) "too" = here in our usage,
 usually 'to' in Howell.
- .. 249, l. 7, "baight" = bait, i.e., the object baited; but qu. = lure? L. 27, "doe" = end with.
- ,, 251, l. 10, "hente" = hold.
- ,, 254, He complayneth, &c., L 7, "let" = hinder.
- ,, 256, l. t8, "doome" = judgment; l. 21, "presends" = offers, not simulates.

- Page 193, L. 5. "Different" or imperiod, piecer, hours, L. 4. " Analite" or mercencepy is 3 from belong, "least" or land to the page in malmortonity married action "shalls" in the segment.
 - and Anglory . III, "punch" net male.
 - ... agg, "And" of direct, specing wheel. So is Section will; A + M., A + Mailler" unline.
 - as also, is, "denting"—an uninters word : is a flown business, "den' / opt. I frequent in Boson and in volpes speech, a.g., "bed I was, one I has, da.
 - , sig. 1. 4 from hottom; "Soldies." Scott care this chi-labored regal mans Sequently in The Telemon.
 - _ sig. The mask if want convergence quantum; query for emphasis making or — anterpolation? A. R. G.

Charles Simus & Un., Printers, King Street, Manchester.

XXIII. THOMAS HOWELL.

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Page 5, 1, 13 (and note) 'faffet' or 'faucet' = spiggot, vent,
 .. 6, 1, 8, 'eftiones'-in prose noticeable ; 1, a (from foot), 'enelled'- killed.
 .. 19, 1. 10 (from bottom) - it was perhaps unnecessary to insert the 'L' as
               the spelling 'mar' occurs, e.g., in Spenser, F. O. vi. zill. 27.
     21. l. 2 (from bottom), 'earth' = eareth, ploughs.
 .. 33, l. 19 (and elsewhere), 'by lote,' meaning by destiny. Of course we
               still speak of our flot' in the same sense. Cf. 'lotted.' p. 46. L. 22.
 .. 35, 1. 19, 'fundris where' - variation of 'anywhere.'
  45, L II, 'fem' - woman I and see 137 'To a proud Dame,' L II
  , 46, I. 11, 'pouerishment,' - impoverishment.
    48. 1. 19. 'Aprili foranch' read 'Aprills branch.'
    49, L. 12, for 'file' rend ' file.'
    55, 1. 6 (from bottom)-this is the adage alluded to by Lady Macbeth.
                1, vii. 45.
     57. l. 13, 'to feeme' read ' do seeme.'
     59, IL 20-1, punctuate 'loft, is put Eche,' &c .- 'put to face' must - put
                to shame.
     60, last line, 'Aipper'-adjective.
 .. 63, I. 5, 'depaire' opposite of 'repaire.'
     65, L 6, 'remorfe' = pity, ut freq.
 " 74, l. 13 (and note), 'pelfing' = silly, trifling. V. Halliwell, s. v. 'pelf.
               He quotes peifish in this sense from Hollinshed.
     76, 1. 13, 'bride,' is this simply a variant spelling of 'bird,' or a name
               for the cuckoo?
     78, 1, 24, '/it' - are at a discount (jacent.)
      80, L. 7, 'glay,' possibly = glaive, sword. Morgiay, the sword of Bevis,
               is explained "Sword of death."
     85, 1, 5 (and note), 'his' rather - 'is,' which is the reading in the copy.
               p. 245, infre.
     97. L 8, 'amount' = make to mount.
     103, l. 11, 'worde' read 'woode.'
     104. l. 18, 'egerlie' (Fr. aigre) = sourly.
     114, l. 9, 'uncenning' = unknowing, ignorant; l. 16, 'world' read
                'werid' (wearled:)
     115, L. 17, 'Wyth' read 'Wyth'; L. 25, 'Chaucer: florent' read
                Chanceri forent.
     118, 1. 8, 'pander' - misprint for 'pender': 'Vile' - Fr. 'vicet,' i.a. to
               look. He has not time among the many thoughts to advise
                or ponder.
    120, 1. 3 (from foot), 'Mrs/A'= trust.
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(69)

121, L 2 (from foot), 'Dame' read 'Dames.'

1

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Rage 124, L 9, insert 'of' after 'life'; L 11, 'life Cirus' read 'life of Cirus';

(last couplet) Crossus seems to be confounded with Crassus the triumvir, the real hero of this anecdots.

,, 128, l. 9, 'w' misprint for 'we.'

, 134, last line. If there is no misprint (which I suspect there is), 'dow' informer facts' must mean 'deed formerly done.'

256, L 23, 'faming forchers,' I suppose a vulgar term for thunderbolts.
135, l. 17, read 'O Cefar file had lived,' &c., see p. 187, L I.

139, L 5, boilens'— the older and better form.

140, 1. 6, 'Encopied,' apparently a misprint for 'Encopie.'

,, 141, l. 3, 'in halfe'—unusual phrase in this sense; l. 4 (from foot),
'were' read 'were.'

, 145, l. 25. Howell probably wrote 'enlargath th'delen.' If the 'th' were written 'y' the ductus literarum is almost identical. The passage quoted is, I presume, Ecclus, xxvi. 1.

144, L 2, 'find' read 'sinde,' i.e., assigned. Howell is very fond of abortening words by docking their first syllable.

145, L 13, 'wede' - weeds - query 'weede'!
146, 'The lamentable,' &c. 1 L 1, 'last' - desire.

146, 'The lamentable,' &c. 1 l. 1, 'last' - desire
150, l. 13, 'breade' read 'dreade.'

151, L. 5, 'codes'- misprint in note 'coches'- cockney.

18 196, 1. 20, "dowre." Howell was evidently of Puttenham's opinion (Arte of Baglick Poesie, repr. Arber, p. 94): "Neverthelesse in all such cases (if necessitie constrained) it is somewhat more tollerable to help the rime by false orthographie, then to leave an unpleasant dissonance to the eare, by keeping trew orthographie and loosing the rime."

157, L 2, 'in' read 'is': and cf. Breton's Floorish upon Fancie, repr. p.

29; l. 6, 'pagner' = panges.

171, l. 9 (and often.) Comparison of the passages shows that by 'linke'
Howell meant 'like.' See p. 210, l. 1, where it = 'like' in the
sense of resembling; and p. 245, l. 2, 'mificule.' The meaning
in the present passage is 1 If you seek curiously-wrought patterns
you need not be at the trouble of looking at this booke, where
you will find nothing to like. With the spelling compare

'strecht' = strike, p. 85, l. 3 and l. 9; 'stecht' = pick, p. 78, l. 26.

3. 182, st. 3, l. 2, 'game' read 'game,' as both sense and metre require;
L. 2 (from foot), for 'highe giery A' read highest gierie' — a
curious misprint.

,, 183, st. 4, l. 3, 'unjroft' = unready. 'Prest' in this sense is of course very common.

, 186, II. 1-4. "To looke for, and not to come; to be in bed, and not to sleepe; to serve, and not to be accepted, are three tedious things." Book of Marry Riddles, 1629 (supposed to be much elder), repr. Halliwell; last line, does 'Antrom' = pattern?

(70)

or is it a misprint for matrone, the reading in the other copy of this piece, p. 138?

Page 188, st. t. l. 4. 'explaine,' in sense of exhibit, occurs again p. 220, l. s.

.. 180, l. 4 (from foot.) 'impleyde' read imployde, Cf. 'acloyde.'

,, 190, L 18 (and note). Is this simply phonetic spelling for Un jes arreival

.. 191. 1. 7 (from foot), 'bownce' = act.

197, L 2 (from foot), ' highe gleryst' read ' highest glery.'

, 202, muddle in title, 'portuna'-misprint for 'fortuna.'

204, l. 9 (from foot), 'forfets' = forcordains -- a word worth reviving.
209, l. 4 (from foot), 'would no forfake,' read either 'not' or 'me.'

, 210, l. I, 'beke,' and see notes on p. 171, 185 - all = like.

, sai, last line, 'touch' = by the test of the touchstone.

227, l. 12, 'lo' rend 'so' ; l. 26, 'leane' read 'leane.'

,, 228, last line, 'Sophor' - the word 'brayne' shows that this Sophos = the wise (man) in singular, not the Sophi - the wise men.

read 'debarred.' This piece is taken from Ariosto, O. F., canto

. 231,1. 4, for 'rupulfe' read 'repulse.'

, 241, 1. 19, 'pafe' - weight, judge, consider,

243, 'Lone askelb Lone' -note this is a repetition of 'An sumble suits,' &c., p. 128, with some slight verbal alterations; L 15 'lade' = laden.

. 245, last line, 'reaks' = recks.

.. 243, I. I, 'Acting' is the word, not 'Acting' (as in text) = the oar which makes the vessel to 'fleet,' the word being used in its causal sense; I. 16, 'Douvyde' read 'Drovyde,'

,, 249, l. 17 (and note). Rather take 'doe to know' together, as "we do you to wit," 2 Cor. viii. 1. ; and "His looke was looke that did his folke to ware, in letters large, he burn'd of hope delicyd."

Carew's Tasso, repr. p. 27, l. 27.

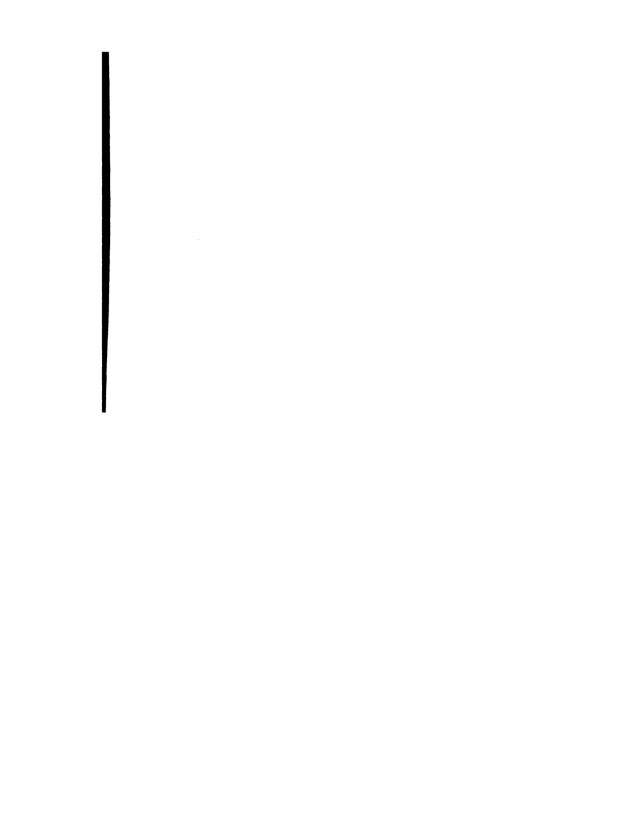
, 256, l. 5, 'payner' read 'payer,'

,, 257, l. 6, 'Godlike Artu' — the context indicates that we should read 'Godlike Asarts.'

,, s61, 1. 4 (from fort), 'man'—is this a misprini for 'may,' or is it the Scotch mann?

,, 266, st. 34, 1. 4, 'Sampjon poft'- probably no Scriptural reference here.



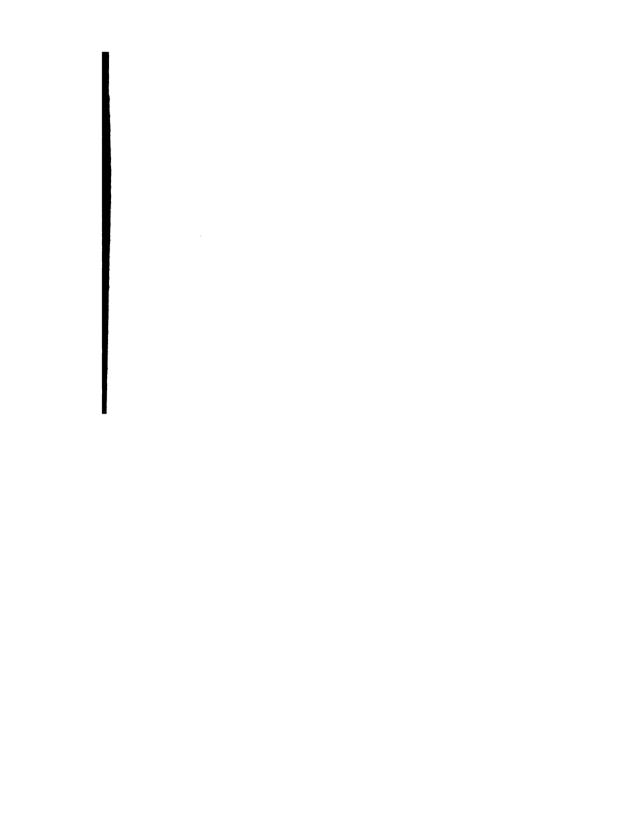




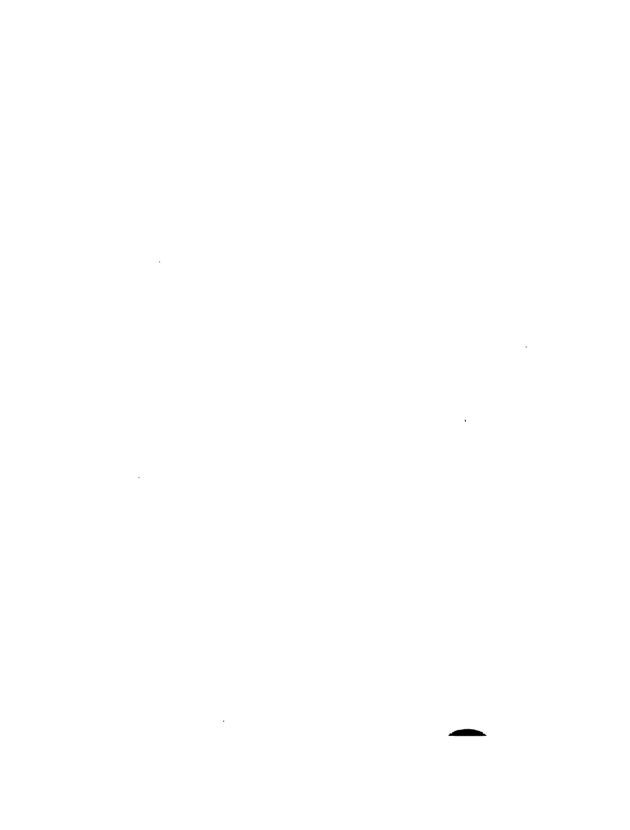
















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